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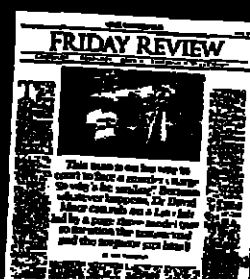
FRIDAY 11 SEPTEMBER 1998

(1RS0p) 45p

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

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of Dr Death and
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Four criminal charges that could sink the presidency

BY ANDREW MARSHALL
AND DAVID USBORNE
in Washington

THE POLITICAL typhoon lashing President Bill Clinton intensified last night as word leaked out that the investigation into his illicit affair with the former intern, Monica Lewinsky, will yield grave allegations of serial criminal misdeeds committed over several months inside the walls of the White House.

If upon its release the report by the independent counsel, Kenneth Starr, into the Lewinsky scandal is as devastating as the leaks suggest, it could end the presidency of Bill Clinton.

The report is destined to be made public, at least in part, via the Internet as early as lunchtime today.

The President is expected to face no fewer than four charges of criminal misconduct. Sources said that he would be charged with perjury, abuse of power, witness tampering and obstruction of justice, each committed in a months-long effort to hide his relationship with Ms Lewinsky from the American people.

The report, which was kept under armed guard in a sealed room on Capitol Hill yesterday, is a "straightforward narrative" of a classic cover-up, the sources asserted, which demonstrated that the President of the United States "continued to lie, and lie and lie".

Potentially devastating to the President's hopes for survival, the combined charges could compel Congress to move swiftly towards impeachment proceedings.

INSIDE

President under siege
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The last president to face impeachment, Richard Nixon, chose to resign rather than undermine the office of the presidency 24 years ago, while confronting only one charge, obstruction of justice in the Watergate case.

The consideration of the evidence compiled by Mr Starr, delivered amid high drama to the Hill on Wednesday, is likely to begin in the Judiciary Committee today. The process is likely to drag on well into the new year. Only the President's resignation - which few in Washington dare to predict - would bring it quick close to the entire affair.

As well as reams of testimony and written evidence, the Starr report is believed to contain audio tapes of conversations between Ms Lewinsky and her friend Linda Tripp when the scandal first threatened to erupt, as well as results of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's laboratory test of alleged semen stains on Ms Lewinsky's infamous blue dress.

Mr Starr is understood to allege specifically that the President lied under oath, first in his deposition in the Paula Jones civil suit for sexual harassment last January, and then again in his testimony to the grand jury on the Lewinsky case on 17 August.

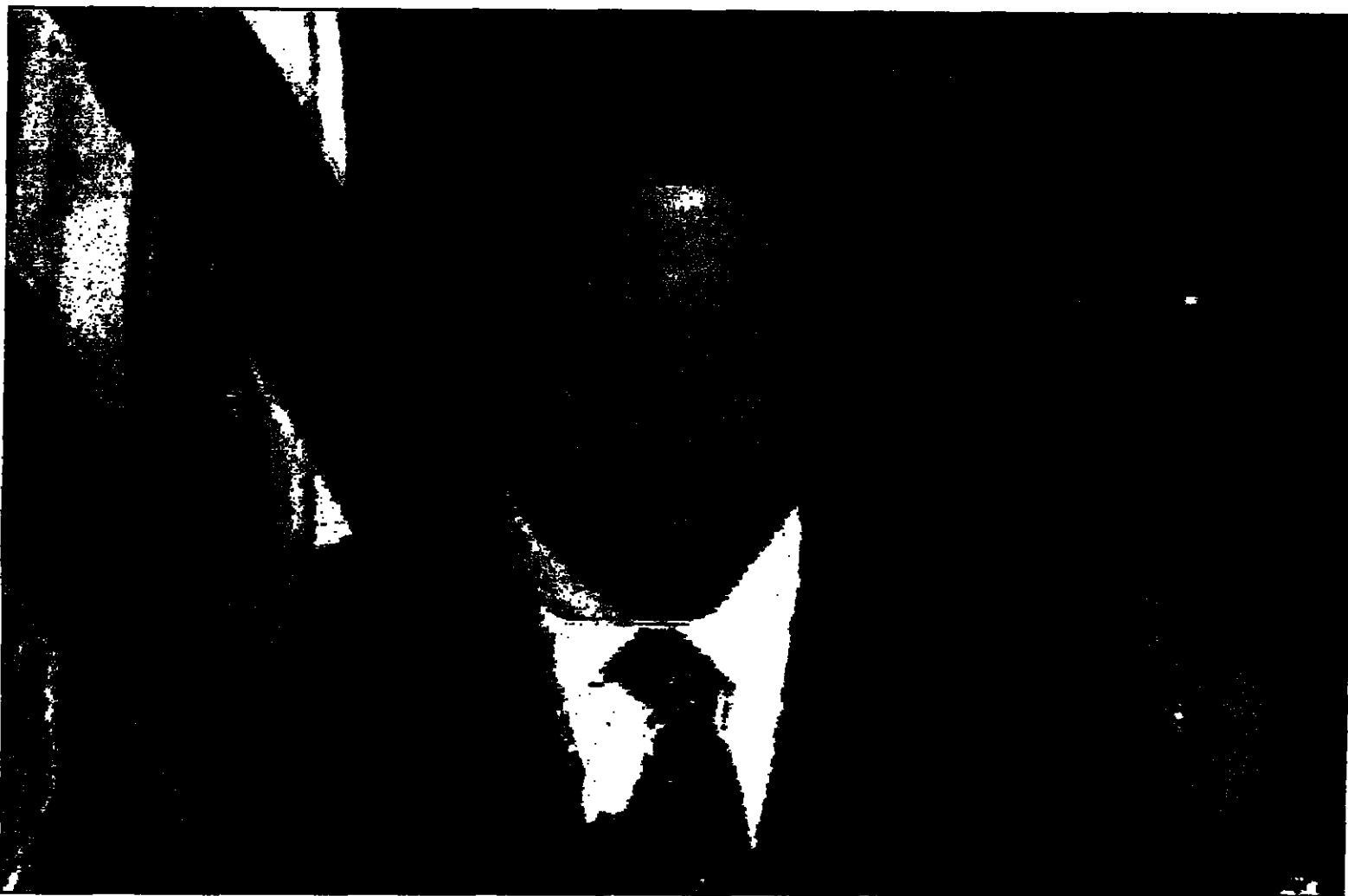
Mr Clinton will be accused of sustaining the cover-up by using members of his personal staff. He will reportedly be accused of approving the release of a misleading statement given to the press by the White House spokesman, Mike McCurry, on the day that the revelations first surfaced last January.

Mr McCurry, who resigned some weeks ago when the depths of Mr Clinton's problems became evident, said yesterday that the President might feel the need to apologise publicly yet again. "If he does - and I expect he does - I'm sure he'll make that apology," he said. "He's got a lot of amends to make and he will be making those amends."

A prayer breakfast at the White House today may be the occasion for another display of penitence.

Mr Clinton was energetically maintaining the contrition of his confession yesterday, inviting key Senate Democrats to the White House to hear his regret. "He shared his feelings and apologised to us," said Senate minority leader, Tom Daschle. "We expressed the hope that the President will continue to demonstrate his contrition."

In an effort to do just that, the President was due to convene a meeting of his cabinet last night, the first such meeting since he told them last January that there had been no sexual relationship with Ms Lewinsky. Many feel that he betrayed them by making them lie for him. At the time, they stepped up immediately to defend him. The Clinton apologies have



Bill Clinton makes a point at a science awards event in the White House last night while awaiting publication of the Starr report

CNN

done little to cushion the impact of the new revelations, with more members of Congress yesterday demanding his resignation. The political chaos created

by Mr Starr's sudden release of his report hit Wall Street hard yesterday, sending the Dow Jones industrial average down 300 points by lunchtime. If im-

peachment proves to be the next step, many will fear further damage to the office of US President itself, which is held in semi-religious regard.

Trimble and Adams make history

DAVID TRIMBLE and Gerry Adams yesterday became the first Unionist and republican leaders to meet for several generations, in an encounter remarkable both for its historic import and its non-confrontational character.

The Ulster Unionist leader said the meeting had been "civilised and workmanlike" while the Sinn Féin president described it as "constructive and useful, a good meeting".

In a significant relaxation of security, meanwhile, the RUC announced that all army patrols are to be taken off the streets of Belfast at the weekend.

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

Although there were no handshakes at the meeting, which took place at Stormont within the context of the new assembly, it was described as cordial. While many political battles lie ahead, some optimistic observers were predicting it could help set a new tone.

The meeting had two phases. In the first, a number of members from each party discussed various technical and administrative matters concerning the assembly. In the second phase Mr Trimble and

Mr Adams went into another room together for more wide-ranging discussions.

These touched on the vexed question of IRA arms decommissioning, a matter raised by Mr Adams, but even this issue, which has generated so much heat in the past, appears to have been discussed without any raising of voices.

Afterwards both men conspicuously refrained from launching attacks on each other, though Mr Trimble did observe wryly that in politics "you have to meet and work with a range of people and that they are not all angels".

But even in dealing with de-commissioning his tone was markedly conciliatory. He said: "We are not saying to people that you have to surrender arms or in any way feel humiliated. I am quite satisfied in the discussions I have had this morning that Mr Adams recognises the need for progress to happen on all fronts. I am sure he is aware of the obligations of the Republican movement on the front of decommissioning. I'm encouraged and I hope that things will happen."

Mr Adams said of the Unionist leader: "He's a man who I can do business with, he's a

man I have to do business with. I put it to Mr Trimble that he and I had been cast in these positions and we had to narrow the gap. We had to find ways for him to help me and me to help him." In a later television interview Mr Trimble responded with a grin: "I hope very much that Gerry will do the business."

The next milestone in the peace process is expected today, when about half a dozen inmates are scheduled to be freed from the Maze prison.

The men, who are expected to include both republicans and loyalists, will be the first to be freed under the early release scheme laid down in the Good Friday agreement.

Jeremy Isaacs &
Taylor Downing

COLD WAR

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breaking BBC TV series

OUT NOW IN BANTAM PRESS HARDCOVER

Rail historians rocket Stephenson

HE IS one of the towering figures in British history. George Stephenson, the father of our railways, is a man so important to our heritage that his face appears on every five pound note.

Or he was until today. This morning, just a few miles from Stephenson's birthplace, railway historians will present a debunking of what

BY DARIUS SANAI

they believe is the myth surrounding the man most of us know as the inventor of the steam locomotive. At the end of a day that will have the self-taught engineer steaming in his grave, delegates to the International Early Railways Conference in Durham will have

heard that Stephenson did not invent the locomotive at all.

His first engine, My Lord, built in 1814, was, according to Andy Guy, the historian giving the talk, a joint effort between Stephenson and two other engineers, who never received credit. "All the work done on My Lord had been done before," said Mr Guy, a historian at the

Beamish Museum, Co Durham. "Stephenson wasn't entitled to make the patent claim he made in 1815." The historians believe his "greatness" was partly a construct of his self-aggrandisement.

The new evidence shows William Chapman and John Buddle, engineers who have little chance of appearing on a

five, had "significant input" into the design of Stephenson's first inventions, Mr Guy said. Alan Pearce, another Durham-based railway historian, compares Stephenson to today's Japanese car manufacturers. "He went around looking at other people's inventions and said, 'That looks good, I'll use that bit and that bit'."



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THREE WAYS TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY



17 AUGUST

"I did have a relationship with Ms Lewinsky that was not appropriate ... it was wrong"



5 SEPTEMBER

"I made a bad mistake. It's indefensible and I'm sorry about it"



10 SEPTEMBER

"I let you down, I let my family down. I let my wife down. I let the country down"

Middle America braced for deluge

BY DAVID USBORNE
in Washington
PHIL DAVISON
in Miami

IF YOU think that President Bill Clinton, after months of denial and self-delusion, may at last be getting with the plot, consider this from his contrition-laden speech in Orlando, Florida, on Wednesday. He said: "I hope that millions of families all over America are, in a way, growing stronger because of this". Pardon?

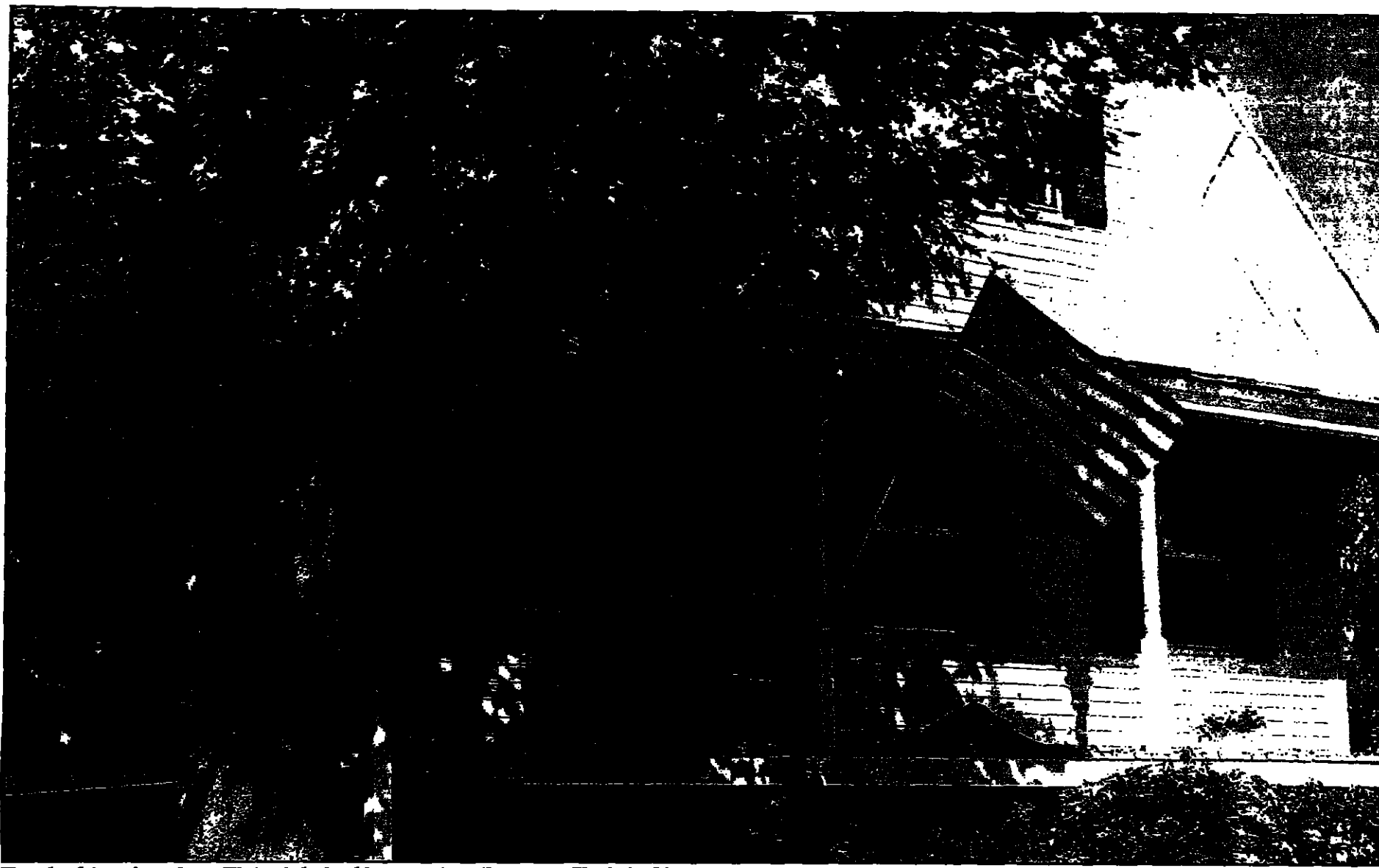
This is a nuance that was surely escaping most Americans yesterday as they awoke to newspapers and morning television shows that offered them nothing but gloom. If there was anyone left who did not already grasp it, back in Washington they were facing the worst constitutional crisis since Watergate.

While the latest evidence shows some softening in the numbers, the President's approval - for the job he is doing, rather than the nature of his private life - remains high. How much more distressing, therefore, to see the ground opening beneath him.

The lurid nature of the allegations evokes dismay. Few parents in America are grateful to Clinton for the slew of sewage which his actions have unleashed to the curious ears of their young children.

Now that flow is about to become a raging torrent. By the time you read this, much of what Kenneth Starr has uncovered may be available to all, minors included, on the Internet, courtesy of the House Judiciary Committee. Word from the publishing houses of New York suggests book versions of the report, doubtless with several steamy chapters, will be on our bookshelves by Monday.

Support is still high for Mr Clinton's record in office, especially his stewardship of the economy. If it persists, and if voters turn against Mr Starr, politicians on the Hill may yet shy away from impeachment proceedings.



Heartland America, where Clinton is losing his supporters; they may still admire him as a president, but many have turned their backs on him as a man Robert Harding

But there are signs beyond the Washington beltway that public sentiment is moving away from Mr Clinton. Why else would so many members of Congress, on their return from the Labor Day weekend listening to their constituents, suddenly be stampeding from the President's side, Democrats included?

In Orlando you could almost hear a collective intake of breath in the packed little school hall where Bill Clinton on Wednesday night thanked the attractive local teacher, Susan Waldrip, for her introduction. "I wish I could take her to Washington for about a month," he said.

There was an uneasy silence. "It might change the entire atmosphere up there," the President quickly added, apparently referring to the bubbly personality of the teacher, known to her pupils as "Wacky Waldrip".

The uncomfortable moment at the Hillcrest Primary School revealed perfectly how President Clinton's image had changed. "Every time you look at the man now, you can't help but see him with his pants down," said Geoffrey Miller, 24, a local law student following the President's visit on local television in a bar.

But Mr Miller added that as a loyal Democrat, he would still support Mr Clinton politically, and would vote for Democratic candidates in November's Congressional and gubernatorial elections.

There is great concern over how Mr Clinton's actions may affect the elections. After a \$4,000-a-head fund-raising dinner at the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables, outside Miami, on Wednesday, Mr Clinton apologised to Democratic supporters and asked for forgiveness. But he stuck to his leit-

motif, that he may be a lousy husband and father but it hasn't affected the job of running the country. "I've tried to do a good job of taking care of this country, even when I haven't taken such good care of myself or my family," he said, biting his lip.

As always in his contrite moments, he slipped into that drawl white blues singers would kill for. But not everybody was buying. "Do you know where your daughters are tonight?" Clinton is in town, "was the message on one of the placards held up outside the Biltmore by 37-year-old Steve Hodge.

Next to him was a Miami Beach kindergarten teacher and mother, Myrna Armengol, who, in between chanting "Clinton, go home," told reporters: "I'm protesting the fact that we can't trust him ... Ask my three-year-olds who Monica Lewinsky is and they'll tell you she's President Clinton's girlfriend."

Ms Armengol waved a placard reading: "Hey, Clinton, I hope my kids don't want to grow up to be like you."

That was a reference to Mr Clinton's luncheon speech in Orlando earlier in the day, in which he said a little boy he had met at Hillcrest school had told him: "I want to be a president like you." But reporters who tracked down Marcos Encinas discovered he had said simply: "I want to be president."

Mr Clinton appeared to have added the words "like you", not an insignificant distortion under the circumstances.

"I've met him. I've served him," said Olga Townsend, a 44-year-old Puerto Rican who works as a banquet captain in the Biltmore. "He should have told the truth ... but I still admire him as a president."

Claire Hoey, a teacher at the Hillcrest school, said voters were less interested in the President's behaviour than in local issues, notably a proposed change in the current law that forbids bars from opening within 1,000 feet of schools.

Outside the Hotel, local Coral Gables resident Carolyn Fuller hoisted a banner which read: "Lovers are better for the world than haters."

"I'm here because Clinton needs a laugh," she said. "JFK did the same and all he got was a slap on the wrist," said Miami carpenter and night taxi driver Guy Montizello, 29. "And that was after he was dead, so he didn't feel a thing. Clinton's not a machine. He has the same urges as any other man."

But the voices of condemnation are multiplying. Mr Clinton has presumably seen the cruel placards that now greet him on the passing of his limousine whenever he ventures from the White House. "Impeach the Ozark-Caligula" was the message from one voter in Orlando.

At the last count, 30 city papers across the country had told their readers that Mr Clinton should resign, even before editorialists had seen the Starr Report.

Evidence that could lead to impeachment

Q: What does the delivery of the Starr report to Congress mean?

A: Kenneth Starr, the independent counsel, has finished the inquiries that arose out of the Whitewater affair. The Arkansas land scandal led him to investigate the President's sexual adventures with Paula Jones and obstructions of justice he believes arose from them. That is where Monica Lewinsky came in. Witnesses were heard in secret before a grand jury in Washington. But Mr Starr was just an investigator: now Congress must decide if there are grounds for impeachment. All he has done is accumulate evidence, and

BY ANDREW MARSHALL

send it down the line.

Q: What is in all those boxes? A: There are two sets of the report and supporting documents. Some is steamy, which Mr Starr has asked Congress not to release. Beyond that, we do not know. It is possible Ms Lewinsky's semen-stained dress is there, with copies of books the two gave each other - Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* and Nicholson Baker's *Vox*, about telephone sex. Q: What is the President charged with? A: Nothing. But, according to early reports, the report examines specific charges, al-

Questions and answers: What awaits President Clinton?

though it is up to the House to decide which passes muster. Potentially the most damaging is perjury. The report alleges two occasions on which the President lied - once to the Jones sexual-harassment trial and in his videotaped evidence to the grand jury last month. It examines whether he obstructed justice in his efforts to find Ms Lewinsky a job. It looks at the question of abuse of power - whether the President sought to impede the workings of the Starr inquiry itself. And it looks at whether he pressed the former White House employee Kathleen Wil-

ley to lie about another sexual episode in the White House. It seems Mr Starr concluded the President did not suborn perjury, and that Vernon Jordan, his friend and adviser, did not engage in wrongdoing when he tried to find Ms Lewinsky a job. Q: What happens next? A: First, the Judiciary Committee will hold hearings. If there are grounds for impeachment - "high crimes and misdemeanours" in the words of the Constitution - a vote will take place in the House. If that results in a majority verdict, the President will be impeached.

He would then go for trial before the Senate. Q: Is this the end of the Starr inquiry? A: No. There are issues outstanding and the grand jury continued yesterday to hear witnesses. Others may yet be indicted on other criminal charges. There are outstanding inquiries, too, into the President's handling of campaign finance during the 1996 election, launched by the Attorney-General, Janet Reno, this week. Q: What can the White House do now? A: The legal phase of the inquiry is over; politics and politi-

cians take over. The President's lawyers will want to present their version of the case. A "war room" was buzzing away yesterday. But the most important thing now is congressional opinion, so the President met House Democrats on Wednesday and senators yesterday, to buttress support. Many Democrats think he should be impeached, and since last week have not been shy about saying so. Q: Can the government turn on Mr Clinton, as it would in Britain? A: No. The Cabinet is appointed by Mr Clinton; no members

are elected. Congress, where Democrats are in a minority, is kept at arm's length from the White House by the separation of powers, which means the executive (White House) and legislature (Congress) have discrete powers. Impeachment is one of the few ways they can directly affect the presidency. But once the House has decided to impeach, the President has no appeal, and must comply. Q: Who is in charge if the President is impeached or resigns? A: Vice-President Al Gore would move up to the big chair in the Oval Office, as Gerald Ford did when Richard Nixon resigned in 1974. He had al-

ready been lined up as the heir-apparent to Mr Clinton, and had been hoping to slip into the Democratic nomination.

He would have to choose a vice-president; there has been little speculation but one name that has surfaced as a possible running-mate for Mr Gore is the Connecticut senator Joseph Lieberman, who tripped off the latest round of Democratic criticism of Mr Clinton. Mr Gore is also under investigation over allegations of fund-raising irregularities, though it has not reached the stage of an independent counsel. The nightmare scenario for Democrats is that he could be impeached as well.

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Echoes from history as Trimble meets Adams

FACING THE CAMERAS in Stormont yesterday, David Trimble gestured towards the statue of Viscount Craigavon and noted that Northern Ireland's first prime minister had set a precedent in meeting republicans.

Although the folklore today has it that in political life Lord Craigavon was as unmoving as his statue, he actually took far greater risks than Mr Trimble, placing himself in the hands of the IRA to be taken to meet Eamon de Valera in Dublin.

Escorted to the meeting by "three of the worst looking toughs I have ever seen," Lord Craigavon concluded that de Valera was "impossible." But yesterday's meeting, in the altogether more civilised atmosphere of a Stormont committee room, seems to have been more productive - both Mr Trimble and Mr Adams giving the impression that it was a useful first encounter.

Although major controversy continues on many issues -

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

most of all that of arms decommissioning - the general political sense is that the formation of an executive including members of Sinn Féin is now a near-inevitability.

The sterility of the Craigavon-de Valera encounter was followed by something close to euphoria when Lord Craigavon went on to meet Michael Collins. They got on so well that they produced a detailed agreement dramatically proclaiming: "Peace is today declared." That proved to be a false dawn, however, which was swamped in a rising wave of violence.

Lord Craigavon's account of his first meeting with Collins may not be a million miles from what passed between Mr Trimble and Mr Adams yesterday. He asked Collins if it was his intention to have peace in Ireland or continuing strife. Collins made it clear he wanted

ed a real peace, while hoping to coax Northern Ireland into a united Ireland later.

Today Unionists are still determined to stay out of a united Ireland while republicans are still working towards it. But the tone of yesterday's encounter, described as civilised and constructive, appears to have been an advance on one Craigavon-Collins meeting when, reported Winston Churchill, "they both glowered magnificently".

As Northern Ireland's first prime minister, Lord Craigavon is seen by nationalists as having set a sectarian and anti-Catholic tone for the state. The history books quote his declaration in Stormont: "All I boast is that we are a Protestant parliament and a Protestant state." Down the years this, slightly misquoted, has entered folklore as "a Protestant parliament for a Protestant people." It was, therefore, intriguing when, in front of Bill Clinton during last week's presidential

visit, Mr Trimble made a point of using a phrase clearly intended to indicate a new departure for Unionism. He declared: "I believe we can provide a pluralist parliament for a pluralist people." This was seen as signalling a new era of coalition government including Unionists, nationalists and even republicans.

In Stormont, Sinn Féin is already installed in well-appointed offices. The mail-tray is right next to that of the United Kingdom Unionist party, while Gerry Adams has his own personal pigeonhole, just along from that of the Rev Ian Paisley.

Yesterday Sinn Féin people were flitting in and out of Room 263. None really seemed "the worst looking toughs I have ever seen," but many have certainly been behind bars for activities aimed at smashing the Northern Ireland state. Lord Craigavon would be astonished they might now be on the point of entering its government.



First Minister David Trimble at Stormont with a statue of Ulster's first prime minister, Lord Craigavon

Blair to delay electoral reform

TONY BLAIR is to delay some of Labour's plans for constitutional reform to prevent his Government getting "bogged down" with changing the way Britain is governed.

After a Cabinet summit at Chequers yesterday to approve the programme for the Parliamentary session starting in November, government sources said Mr Blair was determined to avoid "constitutional overload."

The Cabinet agreed that a bill to strip hereditary peers of their speaking and voting rights would be included in the Queen's Speech. But the Prime Minister is urging caution about further constitutional change, arguing that many voters want the Government to concentrate on "bread-and-butter" issues such as the economy, health, education and crime.

Labour's manifesto promise to bring in a freedom of information law will be delayed for a second year and plans to turn the House of Lords into a partly-elected body have been shelved until after the next General Election.

Close colleagues said Mr Blair remained "cool" about the introduction of proportional representation for elections to the House of Commons.

"Nobody has been able to persuade him of the merits of wholesale change to the electoral system," said one source. "Although he is keen to continue promoting close links with the Liberal Democrats, this exercise has certainly not converted him to PR."

But Cabinet ministers believe Mr Blair will decide to support a limited electoral reform package expected to be proposed next month by a commission chaired by Lord Jenkins, the Liberal Democrat peer and former Labour minister. It is likely to endorse the election of 500 MPs by the alternative vote system, under which voters mark the candidates in their

BY ANDREW GRICE
Political Editor

order of preference, topped up by 100 MPs elected to reflect each party's share of the total vote in each region.

Although a referendum would be held on the Jenkins blueprint before the next General Election, ministers believe Mr Blair would not introduce the new system until the election after next.

One reason for Mr Blair's caution is that support for PR amongst Labour MPs has



Tony Blair: Avoiding "constitutional overload"

cooled. Opponents claim a majority of MPs support the present first-past-the-post system.

Trade unions will mobilise against PR at next week's TUC conference and Mr Blair will come under pressure at Labour's annual conference to rule it out. Left-wing constituency parties who oppose reform, and the right-wing AEEU engineering union have joined forces by tabling motions declaring support for the present system.

The AEEU has written to all local parties and is to appoint an "anti-PR campaign co-ordinator" in each constituency. "PR would lead to a weak coalition government in which politicians, not the people, decide who governs," Ken Jackson, the union's general secretary, said yesterday.

SUZANNE MOORE

'Even economists get it wrong and their powers of predication are often on a par with Mystic Meg'

— THE FRIDAY REVIEW, PAGE 4 —

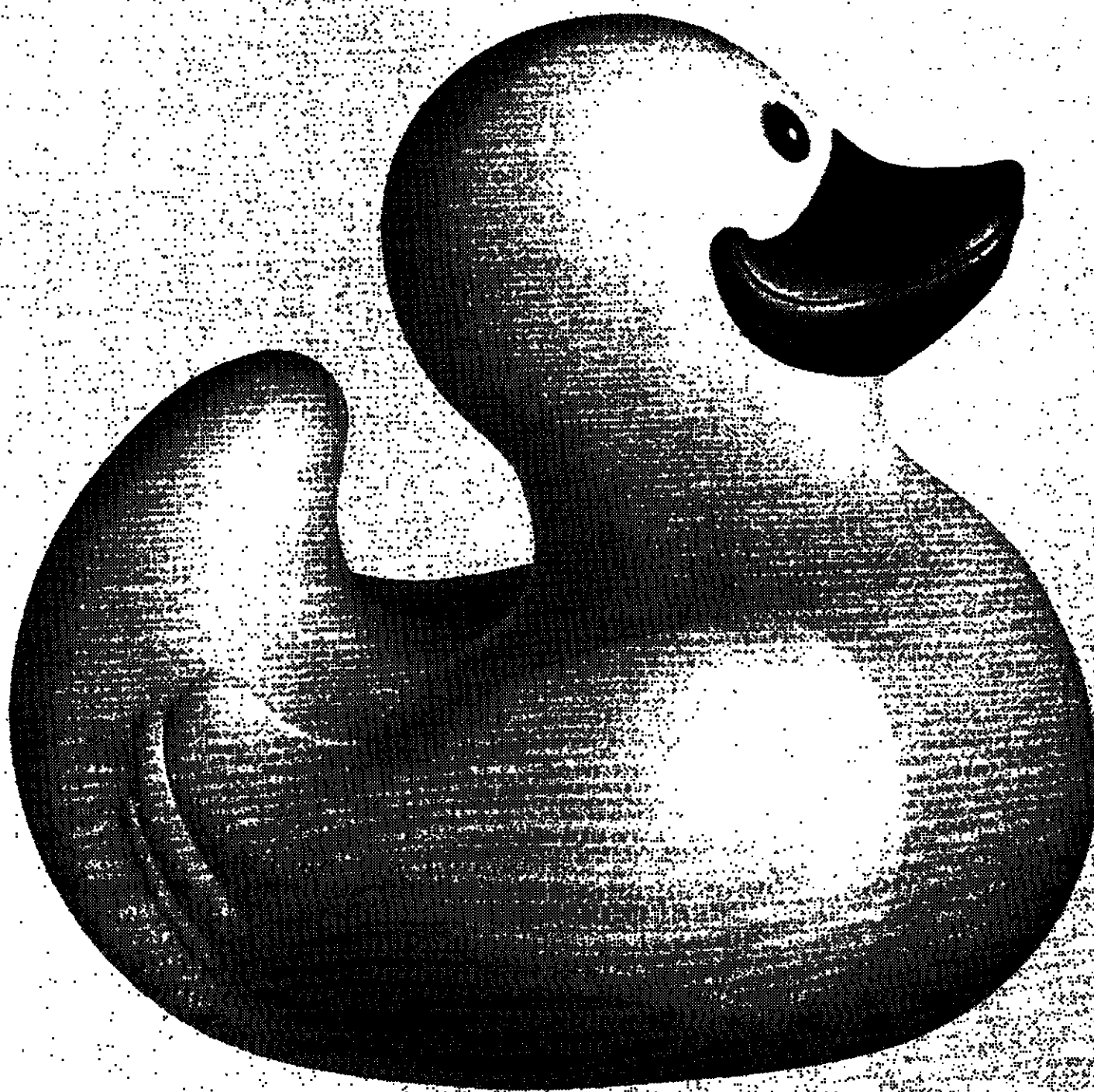
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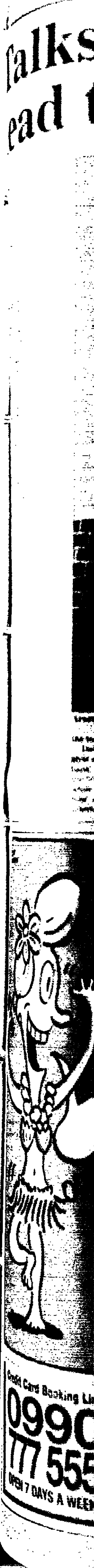
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Schools crisis over lack of headteachers

THOUSANDS OF SCHOOLS are being run by temporary heads because of the worst headteacher recruitment crisis ever. It has brought the rise of a new phenomenon - locum headteachers - sent in by agencies to run schools that cannot find heads.

Headteachers, who will today submit a pay claim for an average rise of 17 per cent, say that uncompetitive pay and mounting pressure on heads to raise standards are putting off prospective candidates.

David Hart, general secretary of the National Association of Head Teachers, said: "The current instability surrounding thousands of schools which have acting or locum heads is bad for children's education."

"Acting heads do their best, but there is no substitute for a permanent head who can conduct long-term planning and improve standards over time."

In London, agencies report that they cannot find enough "locum" heads to fill all the vacant posts.

Locums are often headteachers who retired when the Government tightened the early retirement rules last year.

Mr Hart suggested that such

BY JUDITH JUDD
Education Editor

appointments might be of dubious legality as they were not covered by the teachers' pay and conditions agreement.

A survey conducted by Education Data Surveys for his association found that nearly two-thirds of primary headships in London are re-advertised, often because no suitable candidate comes forward. For the Home Counties, the figure is a quarter and for elsewhere 22 per cent.

Acting heads are appointed for a term or more while the search continues.

Only 17 per cent of small primary schools receive ten applications or more, compared with 30 per cent last year and 50 per cent three years ago, the survey shows. Only a third of large primary schools received ten or more applications.

Mr Hart said the level of primary school heads' salaries had reached "scandalous proportions" compared with those for people with similar responsibilities in other jobs.

From next April, the head of a small primary school earns £29,355 and that of a large one £36,270.

Secondary-school heads earn between £42,603 and £55,557.

An average pay rise of 17 per cent would make up the difference between heads' salaries and those for comparable jobs.

Mr Hart added: "Since headship is going to determine whether the Government hits or misses its targets by the next election, it would be well-advised to pay attention to these problems."

"If you can't get enough people of the right quality into the most responsible position in education, you have to do something about it." There is no prospect of an immediate end to the crisis.

Mr Hart said that last year just over 4,000 candidates came forward for the Government's new headship qualification, against an annual target of 5,500.

A Department for Education spokesman said: "The Government will be taking action on this. We will shortly be submitting evidence to the Teachers' Pay Review Body which is expected to cover some of these issues. The Green Paper later in the autumn will be addressing these matters in a fundamental way."



Fry: 'Example of how apparent failure can turn to success'

Hugh Thompson

Fry to be offenders' champion

STEPHEN FRY, the actor and humourist, has emerged as the unlikely new champion of Britain's old lags. The tweedy and erudite performer has been appointed director of the first national association of ex-offenders.

Mr Fry's interest in the rehabilitation of prisoners stems from his experience of three months in jail facing fraud charges as a young man, after being wanted by police in eight counties.

He will launch Unlock at Pentonville prison in London next week. It aims to give ex-prisoners a voice in the debate on the future of the criminal justice system and put in place new measures which will help reform criminals in jail and complete their rehabilitation after release.

Mr Fry said yesterday: "Many people have a simplistic approach to crime and its causes but the situation is often more complex than it appears. I believe Unlock is an excellent organisation, much needed and long overdue."

Mr Fry, who played another former prisoner, Oscar Wilde in the recent Hollywood film *Wilde*, experienced life inside after running away from his exams while a student at Norfolk College of Art and Technology. He paid for his travels

BY IAN BURRELL
Home Affairs Correspondent

with a clutch of stolen credit cards. He was held in jail on remand, but recovered to win a scholarship to Cambridge.

It was during the February 1995 theatre performance of *Cell Mates* - in which Mr Fry played the spy George Blake - that the actor suffered the low-point in his career. The play closed after Mr Fry, in a state of depression, deserted the production and fled to Belgium.

In recognition of the talents of some of those in jail, Mr Fry will, next Thursday, present the annual Koestler awards for outstanding pieces of artwork by prison inmates at a ceremony in west London.

Two days earlier he will be at Pentonville with Richard Tilt, the director general of the Prison Service, to launch Unlock.

Mark Leech, the chairman of Unlock, a reformed armed robber who makes his living as a writer, said Mr Fry was "a classic example of how apparent failure can with effort be turned into success".

Unlock also has the support of the former chief inspector of prisons, Sir Stephen Tumm, who has agreed to become its president.

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The overdraft's in the oven, dear...

IN THE past it could only be done over a counter on the high street. Then it could be done over the phone, and later at the supermarket. Now, that popular activity - banking - is set to take place in thousands of kitchens nationwide.

Not content with letting customers conduct bank transactions on a personal computer or mobile phone, the country's biggest banks are now proposing to bring banking to that most logical of places, the microwave oven.

Yesterday the launch of Britain's first Microwave Bank went ahead with the blessing of no less an institution than Barclays.

Developed by NCR, a technology company specialising in "automation solutions", the new microwave oven will include a touch-screen allowing

to pay bills and transfer money from their kitchen.

For customers who find it tiresome pressing "cook" buttons, the Microwave Bank has the solution: it is voice activated. And there is no need to check your balance before you buy it. NCR insists it will cost no more than today's top-of-the-range microwave.

Barclays even has an answer for those who would rarely fuss about their bank balance while they re-heat their spaghetti. "This is the tip of the iceberg in looking for other devices around the home that can be used for banking," said Roger Alexander, managing director of Barclays Emerging Markets Group.

"One of the issues we have with electronic commerce is

that relatively few people want to access it with a PC so something has to take over from it as the preferred access device. And we don't think TV will be the answer to that maiden's prayer. We think people will be looking for more simple devices around the home."

NCR's research apparently shows that more than 70 per cent of consumers do not own PCs and regard the TV room as somewhere to relax, not to work.

But is the kitchen the answer? "Think about what your grandparents would have thought about ATMs," Mr Alexander said.

"If you'd told them 30 years ago they would be able to get money out of a hole in the wall, what would they have thought of us? It's all about possibilities."

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Sir Cliff Richard is more than a little blue that he's not been asked to sing at the Millennium Dome *Paul Cox*

Sir Cliff begs for chance to sing in the Dome

BE MAY BE pop music's last word in longevity, with a new album about to be released and a European tour lined up, but Sir Cliff Richard has been spurred by Peter Mandelson and the organisers of the Millennium Dome celebrations.

In an interview with *The Independent* yesterday, Sir Cliff expressed astonishment that there were no arrangements for inviting Britain's rock and pop stars to perform at the dome. And he warned it was fast becoming too late for them to find space in their diaries.

"I sit here before you a totally stunned man," he said. "I think, 'They have got to ask me'. I've been around during five decades. I've kept New Year's Eve 1999 free, but I gather no rock stars have been asked."

"There doesn't seem to be anyone planning ahead. They should be getting any star who will be passing through London to commit to a date, with the proceeds going to charity. It wouldn't even have to be New Year's Eve (1999). Surely there should be an entertainment zone in the dome, be it Pavlov or Sir Cliff Richard. If I wasn't asked, I would be really disappointed. I'd have a number one record in each of five decades."

Sir Cliff said he would be taking part early in the year 2000 in a Christian event in the Dome's Spiritual Zone. "But that was organised by the churches a year and a half ago," he added.

Events at the Dome are being organised by the New Millennium Experience Company (NMEC), with Peter Mandelson answerable to Parliament for arrangements. A NMEC spokesman said: "We haven't decided in the organisation yet what the programme will be for the opening night, but we are thinking of having rock and other performances in the 5,000-seat Baby Dome Theatre during the year."

In a wide ranging interview Sir Cliff, 57, went on to tell me about the resentment he felt in not being played on "rock and roll radio stations", and revealed a rarely seen, frustrated side to his normally ultra-gregarious character. "It's unfair," he said. "Steffi Graf is near the end of her career, yet she is allowed to compete with 18-year-olds. Why can't I? I would just like to be allowed to compete. But you won't hear anything from me played between Blur and Oasis. It's very unfair."

"Why should I be satisfied with 150,000 sales for my new album, *Real As I Wanna Be* when it deserves one and a half million. I'm not very different from the Spice Girls. I mean, of course I'm different, they wear tarty skirts and I don't, but they record nice songs and put them together well in a pop-rock style. And so do I. Yet we have to spend thousands of pounds marketing my new album because it won't be played on rock and roll radio stations."

Anger, he said, was something he felt, but it was a feeling he tried to subjugate, as "it saps emotion and energy."

Sir Cliff said record companies were no longer investing money in young talent that would last. "People like myself, Elton, Clapton and Tina Turner, we are the bread and butter for the record companies. What will they do when we pop off? You will have to wait ten years to see if Oasis will still be here. Personally, I'm not a fan. Their music isn't very innovative."

Sir Cliff revealed that, in spite of his 40 years in the pop world, he did not have one close friend in it. "My friends are the people I play tennis with, a professor, teachers, accountants."

And he spoke of how he and his sisters were being affected by the illness of his 78-year-old mother who is suffering from dementia. "My mother doesn't actually suffer, she is in her own little world. We are the ones who suffer, but as a family we have to deal with it," he said.

Abattoir tests for 'hidden' BSE

THE GOVERNMENT will survey more than 1,000 cattle brains taken from abattoirs to see if animals are harbouring "mad cow" disease without showing symptoms of BSE.

Scientific advisers have asked the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (Maff) to draw up plans for a large-scale test for "subclinical" BSE where the animals are infected but appear healthy.

The survey falls short of a much wider programme of BSE testing which some scientists have sought. They believe official figures showing the epidemic's decline - based on animals with clinical symptoms - cannot be trusted due to under-reporting by vets and farmers.

Professor John Pattison, chairman of the government's Spongiform Encephalopathy Committee (Seac), said Maff has agreed to do the study as soon as the experimental protocol can be agreed.

"The reason for the survey is not to address the question of under-reporting of BSE," he said. "We recommended that Maff should develop protocols for looking for non-clinical disease."

"There are two states an animal may be in if it have evidence of infection but are not sick.

"One, strictly speaking, is preclinical, where if you wait long enough they will eventually all sick. The other is subclinical infection where an animal

shows some signs but never gets sick. It is to really to look at this question that we suggested to draw up a protocol."

Professor John Collinge, Seac member, said the Swiss are already surveying abattoirs for subclinical BSE and he has argued for a wider test of cattle to investigate the possible appearance of different strains of the infective agent.

"You could broaden this survey. You could conceivably argue that there are different strains of BSE. Different strains may behave in different ways," said Professor Collinge.

"We have to address at least the possibility of there being multiple strains of BSE."

"One way of doing that, which I suggested to Maff 18 months ago, is to take 1,000 BSE brains and look at them to see if they have different patterns [of infection]."

The abattoir survey of healthy cattle brains will involve using a new test developed by Professor Collinge which might distinguish subclinically infected cattle from non-infected animals. Although the test has shown to be successful under laboratory conditions, Maff scientists have been unable so far to get it to work on a larger scale.

"This is not about strain typing, but about seeing whether there is evidence of BSE as a subclinical level in cattle."

BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

SNP's blueprint 'a damp squib'

THE SCOTTISH National Party unveiled its blueprint of ideas yesterday, promising policies based on "enterprise, competition and democracy" in the run-up to campaigning for the Scottish Parliament elections.

SNP leader Alex Salmond said the three "key themes" would cover a range of policy intentions to culminate in a fully-crafted manifesto next year.

These included reforming business rates, proportional representation in local elections — and an end to "discrimination" against students from England, Wales and Northern Ireland studying in Scotland.

But the document is likely to be criticised at the party's annual conference this month for its lack of an radical edge and its reliance on Blairite caution.

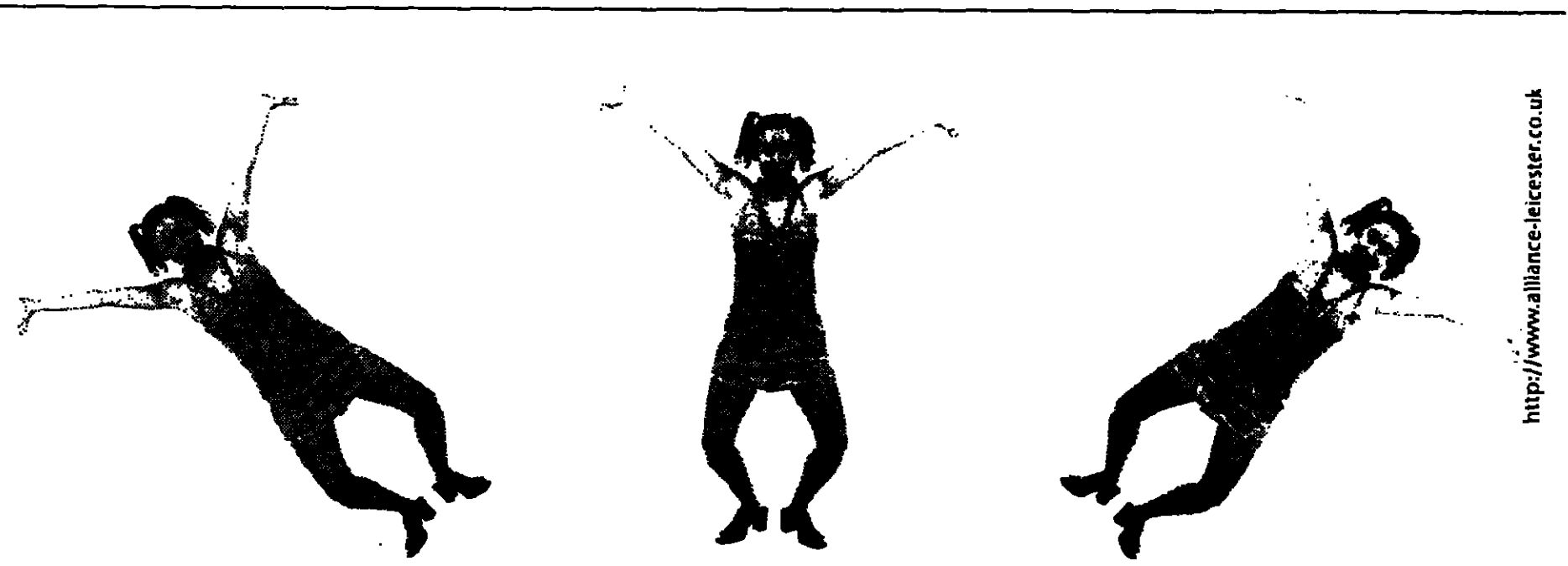
Helen Liddell, the Deputy Scottish Secretary, said the SNP statement was a damp squib. "The poverty of policy in this document is because the SNP is party-ridden with factionalism. All the separatists are offering is constitutional trans-

mol while the needs of the people of Scotland are ignored."

Wearing her other hat, as education minister, Mrs Liddell announced an extra £24m to help teachers deliver the "Higher Still" improvements to standards in schools and colleges.

Donald Dewar, Scottish Secretary, will today make a "vision statement" on which Labour will fight next May's election to the new parliament. Although Labour will adopt the campaigning title "Scottish New Labour", Mr Dewar is appealing to traditional voters, emphasising education, social justice and inclusive communities.

Tommy Graham, the Labour MP, yesterday vowed to fight the party decision to oust him. He may seek judicial review in the Court of Session. Pat Lally, the Glasgow Lord Provost, used the same route to force the party to reverse disciplinary action this year.



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YOUR HOME IS AT RISK IF YOU DO NOT KEEP UP REPAYMENTS ON A MORTGAGE OR OTHER LOAN SECURED ON IT.

British Association: Compulsive buying habits, deadly American invaders and a technique to prevent brain damage

Shop to drop - a modern disease

THE PAST 20 years have seen compulsive shopping, where people find they cannot control their buying habit, more than doubling and it is affecting more men and children than ever before, researchers told the British Association's science festival in Cardiff yesterday.

An estimated 2.5 million people in Britain can be described as compulsive shoppers, with the rise being largely attributed to a 20 per cent increase in disposable income since 1979. The researchers also believe more people are suffering "self-image" problems which they attempt to remedy by purchasing goods that are specifically directed at boosting personal identity.

A detailed survey of 95 compulsive shoppers who were asked to keep diaries of their shopping habits over several weeks found that one of the most important motives for their behaviour was an attempt to gain a better self-image, said Helga Dittmar, a social psychologist at the University of Sussex.

Men have traditionally been in a minority among compulsive shoppers because, it was thought, they had other outlets - such as sport and the pub - to bolster their self-image, but this is changing, she said. "I would not be surprised if compulsive shopping goes up among men as well as going up generally."

With disposable income increasing, cash has begun to trickle down into the hands of children and, Dr Dittmar said: "Shopping is now a hobby, even down to 10-year-olds".

The researchers found that women have tended to suffer

CONSUMPTION
BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

from feelings of personal vulnerability and self-doubt, which have led them to buy clothes, handbags and jewellery to make them feel good. Men tended to buy electronic and leisure goods, such as compact discs and sports equipment.

"These purchases often did not meet the need for which they were bought. Compulsive shoppers frequently regretted their impulse purchases because they did not feel better as a result. Ordinary shoppers... were more likely to rate unplanned purchases as having helped to boost self-image," the researchers said.

Peter Taylor-Gooby, professor of social policy at the University of Kent, said the changing role of men and women in society, with more women taking up full-time careers, was likely to lead to more men becoming compulsive shoppers. Increasing wealth and the growth of large shopping centres have both made it easier for people to get caught up in compulsive shopping, he said.

"What we are talking about is not ordinary shopping but compulsive shopping, which is uncontrolled. People are aware of what they are doing but they cannot control themselves. It is more than impulsive buying," Professor Taylor-Gooby said.

"It's a psychological condition and has been identified by psychiatrists who offer treatment at compulsive shopping clinics."

VIEWS FROM THE SHOP FLOOR						
	Murat Gurel	Haroula Lagos	Alex Farmiloe	Neha Gadhvi	Jessica Farmiloe	Anna Kaufman
Age	16	17	20	17	17	17
Bought today	Levi's Jeans	Trousers and jeans from Miss Selfridge	A coat from Oasis	long leather jacket, no brand	I haven't bought anything today, I'm in withdrawal	"I'm going on a binge - trousers, jeans and tops, any brand I don't care"
Last purchase	Assorted t-shirts	"Clothes for holidays"	skirt and trousers from Warehouse	pair of brown shoes from Dune	DKNY Trainers £100	Pair of combat trousers
Pocket money	£15	£30	£100	£60	£120	£150
Hours shopping	6 hours per week	"Every other day"	10 hours per week	10 hours per week	10 hours per week	10 hours per week
Favourite shop	Next	Miss Selfridge and Top Shop	Warehouse	Jane Norman	Morgan	Oasis, Morgan
Favourite brand	Levi's	No favourite	DKNY	D&G	Gucci	Versace
Quote	"I wouldn't say I'm a shopaholic, I don't feel the pressure."	"I only spend on big occasions"	"Yes I live for working and shopping"	"I'm a shopaholic and proud of it."	"Shopping is really sad, we are bombarded with ads all the time. I'm not a shopaholic, I'm a fashion victim."	"I'm not a total fashion victim but anything that looks good, I will buy, it's retail therapy. You spend to feel good about yourself."

Laser hope for 700 new babies

HEALTH
BY CHARLES ARTHUR
Technology Editor

A TECHNIQUE that shines pulses of laser light into babies' skulls could save 700 newborn children from brain damage each year, scientists say.

Dr Jeremy Hebden of University College London (UCL), who is leading the system's development, said it could be tested in hospitals in a year.

An array of detectors picks up how much of the red laser light manages to penetrate the thin bones of the infant skull, and uses that data to reconstruct a picture of how well oxygen is reaching different parts of the brain. That can then be used to plan treatments.

Five per cent of the 14,000 premature babies born in Britain each year suffer birth asphyxia, in which their brains receive insufficient oxygen. "If you can diagnose that it's happened, you can treat it to prevent permanent damage," said Dr Hebden. "But you can't put them into an X-ray machine or NMR system to see if enough oxygen is getting to the brain."

Cooling the baby to slow brain cell death, or increasing the amount of carbon dioxide in the air it breathes, which encourages blood vessels to expand, are effective treatments.

The system now being built uses components developed to measure neutron flux in nuclear power stations. It arranges 32 light detectors and low-powered laser emitters in a band that would fit around the baby's head. Laser pulses lasting just one picosecond (a thousandth of a billionth of a second) are fired in sequence around the head. Some of the light can penetrate the thinner tissues, some will be absorbed by bone, and some will be absorbed by the blood. But oxygenated tissue and blood absorbs more red light than when deoxygenated, so they will transmit less light.

Simple versions of such systems - which slip over the end of a finger - are already used in many hospitals to measure blood oxygenation levels in adults. The new system is a huge leap forward.

By building up a picture of how different pulses sent to different parts of the skull are absorbed or transmitted to other parts of the skull, and using computerised reconstruction techniques, the scientists can work out how different parts of the brain are coping.

But building up a picture of how well oxygen is reaching tissues within the brain is a very complex problem. "The mathematics are amazingly complex," said Dr Hebden. "There are the bones, and the tissues. You have to make various assumptions about symmetry of the brain. But in the end it should construct a picture of a slice through the skull."

US wildlife takes over Britain

THEY ARE over-successful, over-sexed and over here. An American invasion force has landed in Britain and the locals are not happy - in fact they are dying out.

Several American animals, such as ruddy ducks, mink, otters and crayfish - have established beachheads on British territory and their rapacious ways are threatening to destroy many native species who cannot compete with them in the struggle for survival.

The most voracious hunter of all is the American mink which has built up a formidable wild population in the British countryside since it first es-

ENVIRONMENT
BY STEVE CONNOR

caped from mink farms in the Twenties, David MacDonald of Oxford University told the association.

"American mink are a triumph of adaptability and opportunism in their success. They are perhaps the most successful mammal carnivores one can think of. Not only have they been causing problems in this country, but in many other areas of the world where they have been introduced," Dr MacDonald said.

The American mink is wiping out the native water vole be-

cause it can attack them in their burrows or in the water.

"The thing about mink is their versatility... They are a jack of all trades," he said. "They are marvellously adapted to hunt in all sorts of circumstances. They are no more nasty than any other animal. They just earn their living, but it happens that the way they earn their living is irritating to us."

Ruddy ducks, whose males mate with more than one female, are breeding with the European white-headed duck, whose population has declined from around 100,000 in the Thirties to only 5,000.

"The ruddy duck is more

aggressive and less demanding in its habitat requirements. Unchecked, it is likely that the ruddy duck will completely absorb the white-headed duck population," Dr Baz Hughes, head of wildfowl conservation at the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust, said.

American crayfish are running riot in British waterways, where they were first became established in the Seventies. Since then they have outwitted and eaten the smaller, native crayfish and are even destroying riverbanks by burrowing into them.

They are known to crawl overland from one pond or

river to another, especially at night when the grass is damp. Their claws are powerful enough to remove a finger, said Dr David Holdich of the University of Nottingham.

Morris Gosling, of the Zoological Society of London, said the introduction of foreign species has become one of the most important factors influencing extinction rates.

"It is second to habitat destruction in terms of being one of the main factors causing the current extinction catastrophe. Invading species are a major factor in explaining the high levels of disappearing native species," he added.

Hi-tech cars distract driver

TRANSPORT
BY CHARLES ARTHUR

MODERN, top-of-the-range cars provide so much information on their dashboard displays that they distract the driver, according to new research.

"Cars like that have up to 100 pieces of information on the dash, and it produces a sensory overload so that the drivers miss important visual warning signals from the road," said Dr Charles Spence of the University of Oxford.

Tests in driving simulators have also shown that drivers who hold mobile phones are distracted by the attempt to hold a conversation and concentrate on the road.

"Your senses are very highly integrated," said Dr Spence. "You can't stimulate one without affecting the other. Research in Canada has shown

that holding a mobile phone is as dangerous as drink-driving. The reason is that it divides your attention."

One solution to the latter problem would be to locate the sounds coming from the phone in front of the driver, so that their attention is not split between a point in front of them - the road - and the phone at their ear.

"People performed up to 25 per cent better in our tests when the visual and auditory communications come from the same position," said Dr Spence.

Even hands-free phones lead to a higher risk of having an accident, though Dr Spence

said that those who continue to use their phones might in time adapt to the conflicting sources of data. "But you can't separate the two," said Dr Spence. "We have adapted to integrating them over millions of years."

The problem of conflicting sources of information is now creeping into the fly-by-wire cockpits of digitally controlled fighter planes.

"Pilots don't have a sense of what's going on because sensory information is lost in electronic planes," he said.

"In fly-by-wire planes the joystick moves smoothly no matter what's happening. There is some work now to try to add vibration to the joystick in certain situations as feedback to alert the pilot when something unusual is happening."

IN BRIEF

Why Scotty isn't beaming

STAR TREK fans can have the good news: powering a starship would require only 20kg (44lb) of antimatter, says Professor Frank Close, a director at the European particle accelerator facility CERN.

Now the bad news: at our present rates of production of antimatter, it would take 10,000 times longer than recorded history to produce that amount, he said. So far, less than a millionth of a gram of antimatter has been produced. Next year, CERN opens an "antimatter factory" to make 2,000 atoms of antihydrogen per hour.

Extinct mayfly found in amber

AN EXTINCT species of mayfly has achieved a form of immortality by becoming trapped for 25 million years in amber.

Andrew Ross, curator of fossil arthropods at the Natural History Museum in London, identified the mayfly after being sent the amber by an American collector who bought the specimen from Mexican Indians.

"Mayflies are incredibly rare in amber [as] they only live a few hours," Dr Ross told the British Association.

Friday Review, page 11

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White-collar crime not seen as wrong

LAWYERS, ACCOUNTANTS and other middle-class professionals men convicted of fraud refuse to accept they have done anything wrong, a new study suggests.

Instead, they tend to believe that they are morally superior to "common criminals" and argue that they are stealing to provide money for their families, or to keep their businesses and staff afloat. They also blame envy among middle-class "little people" or "boys" in the criminal justice system for dragging them down. Prison is seen as a place for working-class villains - "it's like Dante's *Inferno*", said one.

The findings, revealed at the British Psychological Society's division of criminological and legal psychology annual conference in Durham, followed interviews with 20 convicted upper-middle-class men, all aged 40 and above, including accountants, solicitors, lawyers and vets. Many of the offenders, who are in prison or on proba-

BY JASON BENNETTO
Crime Correspondent

tion, ran their own firms or with senior partners.

One man said he would not return to work for less than £40,000 to £50,000.

Comments by the offenders made during the interviews included discussion about life in prison. "Francis" said: "You become 'a criminal'. You are taken down and you are put in a cell. And you can't sit down in that cell - there's nowhere to sit - and someone will say 'Are'll bring you a cuppa tea in a minute' (in a growing Cockney accent) and you wait half an hour."

"Lawrence": "So you read the graffiti."

"Rupert": "Smasher woz 'ere, 1982." (In a Cockney accent.)

"Lawrence": "That's right, and the spelling is wonderful."

"Francis": "And you've got great butch female prison warders - it's like going into the

maelstrom, it's dreadful... It's like Dante's *Inferno*."

Sara Willott, a lecturer at Coventry University's Psychology Department, said that the men justified their crimes in a number of ways.

"They believe it's different from blue-collar crime. They account for the crimes saying: 'It was a genuine need, I was sucked into something again', and that it was 'not selfish'."

"They also don't admit stealing. Instead, they might say 'I dug into the funds'."

She added: "They believe they should be judged on a different basis. They were different to other inmates. They see themselves as morally superior and perfectly reasonable people." Ms Willott said the men considered themselves "super-providers", having responsibility not only for their immediate family but for employees as well.

Commenting on his responsibilities, one convict said: "I think that is a strong factor; be-

cause although my family's grown-up now, at the time this had happened I had a young family. Then you look to your staff, who in turn have got responsibilities and young families themselves."

"Owen" added: "My crime was taking money, not for my personal benefit, but for the benefit of the others to keep the firm going."

On maintaining their social standing, "Francis" said: "There is tremendous pressure on all of us to keep a standing and to keep a sort of presence, you know, among your peers."

People who undermine them and were involved in their convictions were often referred to as "little boys." Time in prison was considered a working-class experience.

Ms Willott concluded that the upper-middle-class offenders were "able to retain the moral high ground despite entering the alien working-class underworld of prison."



The Conservative leader William Hague sitting in the jump seat of a prototype Merlin EH101 multi-role helicopter, made by GKN Westland/Augusta, at the Farnborough air show in Hampshire, yesterday. Peter MacKinnon

Too many in prison, say MPs

A POWERFUL House of Commons committee yesterday called on courts to lock up fewer criminals and make greater use of community sentencing to relieve pressure on Britain's "full to bursting" prisons.

The Home Affairs Select Committee said the Government should set up trials using weekend sentences, where offenders go to work during the week and are jailed only on Saturday and Sunday, in order to reduce the burden on prisons.

The MPs also called for greater use of suspended sentences and backed government plans to extend home curfew initiatives where offenders are made to wear electronic tags.

The report was heralded by penal reformers as the "death knell" for the culture of tough sentencing policy which has seen the jail population rise by

BY IAN BURRELL
Home Affairs Correspondent

50 per cent in the past five years to 65,000. The figure is expected to grow to 82,000 by 2005 - despite a falling crime rate.

Paul Cavallaro, of the National Association for the Care and Rehabilitation of Offenders, said: "It is the clearest all-party statement for several years of the futility of jailing more and more offenders in increasingly overstretched prisons. It reflects a striking sea-change in the political consensus away from the idea that locking up more offenders holds the answer to crime problems."

But the report was criticised by the Police Superintendents' Association of England and Wales which said the bulging prisons were the reason for the fall in crime. The president,

Chief Superintendent Peter Gammon, said: "The fact is prison works. That has been proved over the last five years. Yes, on the face of it prison is expensive, costing £1.5m a year, but so is crime which costs... as much as £300m a year," he said.

The Commons report states that according to Sir David Ramsbotham, the chief inspector of prisons, about 30 per cent of adult prisoners should not be in jail. In addition, about 70 per cent of the women and 40 per cent of young prisoners did not need to be jailed.

The committee chairman, Chris Mullin MP, said: "There are offenders for whom prison is the only appropriate penalty, but there are many people currently sentenced to imprisonment who could be dealt with more effectively and at far less expense by a non-custodial sentence."

MPs said there was evidence that the best forms of community sentence were more effective in stopping criminals repeating their offences and were cheaper. They said the bill for an average prison sentence was £24,271 compared with £1,770-£3,500 for a community sentence, depending on the type of order.

The committee was also critical of probation officers for only taking action against offenders who breach their community sentences in 28 per cent of cases.

But Harry Fletcher, of the National Association of Probation Officers, said: "The number of probation officers in post has fallen by 10 per cent since 1995. During the same period court orders have grown by 29 per cent. Improving standards is not sustainable without sufficient staff."

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Daimler-Benz has developed the first-ever fuel cell car to use methanol as the fuel. Based on the Mercedes A-class, the revolutionary new vehicle represents a decisive breakthrough in the quest to develop a drive system with extremely low emissions.

The car, known as NECAR3 (New Electric Car), fills up with liquid methanol. With the aid of a reformer system located in the rear of the vehicle, the methanol is converted on-line into hydrogen through water-vapour reformation. The hydrogen gas is then fed into the fuel cells where it is combined with atmospheric oxygen - but without combustion - to directly produce electrical energy used to power the vehicle.

Previous fuel cell systems could only operate in conjunction with bulky hydrogen tanks for fuel storage. With NECAR3, the entire process is much more direct: press the accelerator pedal and an astonishing 90 per cent of the system's power is available in just two seconds.

In terms of driving dynamics, this puts fuel cell vehicles using methanol on a par with conventional petrol or diesel-

powered cars.

Dispensing with the hydrogen tanks not only reduces vehicle weight, but it also greatly improves the everyday practicality of the new vehicle: petrol stations can theoretically handle methanol, which doesn't require special safety measures, nearly as easily as petrol or diesel. What's more, NECAR3 has a range of some 250 miles on a tank of 8.7 gallons of methanol - similar to conventional vehicles.

Daimler-Benz decided to opt for methanol because it is the most suitable fuel for hydrogen generation. Although petrol and diesel were also considered, the efficiency levels of these fuels would have been lower. For the introductory phase of fuel-cell powered vehicles at least, engineers are considering the possibility of a multi-fuel concept which, as the name suggests, would permit the use of different types of fuel until methanol is widely available.

The drive system of NECAR3 is virtually emission-free. Neither nitrogen oxides nor soot particles are created during conversion of methanol to hydrogen or in the subsequent

generation of electrical energy. And thanks to the extreme efficiency of the fuel cells, carbon dioxide (CO2) emissions are substantially below those of conventional cars.

With the advent of onboard hydrogen generation, a crucial step has been taken towards developing the environmentally friendly fuel cell technology that could eventually power vehicles of the future. An equally important milestone on the road to this lofty goal is the incorporation of the entire system into the 3.57 m long A-class. Once again, the innovative double-floor sandwich concept employed in the A-class has proved its worth, allowing the complete installation of the fuel cells and several auxiliary units underneath the passenger cell.

The methanol fuel tank, reformer and control system are located in the rear of the car. The methanol reformer technology in NECAR3 has benefited from a wide range of technological advances at Daimler-Benz. Not only has the system been made smaller and more efficient, but the performance and dynamic response of the reformation

process have also been improved. The result is a compact unit of some 18 inches in height. Located in the rear of the A-class, the reformer directly injects hydrogen into the fuel cells. Hydrogen production occurs at a temperature of 280° centigrade: methanol and water vaporize to give hydrogen (H2), carbon dioxide (CO2), and carbon monoxide (CO).

The hydrogen protons travel through the polymer membrane while the electrons travel through an external circuit to arrive at the positive electrode. There, the oxygen, hydrogen protons and electrons combine to form water. An electric motor attached to the external circuit is then used to drive the vehicle.

Fuel cell cars represent one facet of the wealth of research and development being carried out by Daimler-Benz into the way that cars and other forms of transport can be improved for the future. If these advances continue with the same speed as they do currently, we could be driving fuel cell cars by 2004. For more information, contact the Mercedes-Benz website at www.mercedes-benz.co.uk

Wildlife site vandals face huge fines

By MICHAEL MCCARTHY
Environment Correspondent

TOUGH NEW powers to prosecute landowners who damage Britain's most valuable wildlife sites were proposed by the Government yesterday. Courts would impose stiffer penalties and have the power to order restoration of damaged wildlife habitats, while prosecution itself would be easier under the proposals by the Environment Minister, Michael Meacher.

The present system, under which some landowners receive large payments merely to avoid carrying out damaging activities, is to be scrapped, and replaced by one in which payments are only made for positive conservation work.

The proposals were unveiled in response to concern about the health of Britain's 50-year-old network of Sites of Special Scientific Interest (SSSIs), the 6,400 areas of woodland, meadow, mountain, heathland, bog, and river valley that have been designated as important for their flora, fauna or geological features.

Most are privately owned and the Government has hitherto relied on a voluntary approach for their management, but they are being degraded by inappropriate farming practices, housing and road development or simple neglect, and plants, insects, birds and animals are disappearing.

Earlier this year the Royal Society for the Protection of



Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire, one of Britain's 6,400 Sites of Special Scientific Interest, which are to get more protection

Environmental Picture Agency

Birds said the network was in crisis, that one in five sites had been damaged in the past five years and that nearly half were suffering from neglect or mismanagement.

Yesterday Mr Meacher moved to tackle the problem with proposals for better protection for the 5,000 sites in Eng-

land and Wales (similar proposals for Scotland will be announced next week).

"They are our finest and most important conservation and geological areas, and our most significant and often most fragile habitats, and they are home to some of our most threatened species," Mr

Meacher said. "But their framework of protection is not adequate."

The Government is proposing the wildlife agencies that oversee the SSSI system (English Nature and The Countryside Council for Wales) should be able to refuse permission for any operation which damages

a site's conservation interest, such as the ploughing of a chalk grassland.

At present they can only delay it for four months while they try to seek a management agreement with the landowner, unless the Secretary of State for the Environment intervenes directly, something

that happens rarely. In future, if damaging operations go ahead despite the prohibition, the landowner could be prosecuted and tougher penalties imposed, with persistent or repeated offenders subject to an unlimited fine, in contrast to the present statutory maximum of £2,500. Magistrates would also

be given power to require restoration of the damaged land, which might be even more costly.

The much-criticised scheme under which landowners could receive large and secret payments for "profits forgone" - for not doing something potentially damaging - is to be

scrapped and replaced with payments for positive conservation management.

Mr Meacher indicated that the details of such future agreements were likely to be made public. The Government recognised that most landowners and farmers were responsible in the way they handled SSSIs, but a minority were not.

The Government will investigate the possibility of refusing to pay EU grants which result in sites being damaged, and thinks there should be special powers to stop damage to sites from "third parties", such as motorcycle scramblers. Planning guidance about developments involving sites is also to be toughened.

The proposals are out for consultation and there is no time in the coming parliamentary session to bring in the legislation they will need, although Mr Meacher is keen for it to go ahead as quickly as possible.

Environmental groups that welcomed the proposals said converting them into law was a key test of the Government's commitment to the environment. "Michael Meacher and John Prescott have signalled their support for these changes but only Mr Blair can give them the ability to make them," said Tony Juniper, Friends of the Earth campaigns director. "If this is not in the Queen's Speech in 1999 this government will not have the right to call itself green, as it did in the election to get people's votes."

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Damien Hirst's diplomatic bag

MODERN ART works, such as Damien Hirst's dead sheep, are to be displayed in British embassies around the world in a drive to update the nation's image abroad.

Show-casing works by young British artists was one of a raft of proposals unveiled by the Foreign Office's Panel 2000 to rid Britain of its "stuffy, conservative" reputation.

The panel called for the creation of "one-stop shops" abroad, putting embassies, the British Council and British Tourist Authority offices under one roof.

In a consultation paper published today, it also highlights key countries that need to be targeted by concerted campaigns to change their prejudices of Britain as an old-fashioned, unchanging nation.

Germany, Brazil, Poland, China, South Africa, and a part of the United States, have been lined up for the new PR push that would sell the best of British arts, technology, business and sport.

Foreign Office Minister, Derek Fatchett, said that the campaigns could be modelled on a recent drive in Australia to persuade its people that Britons were not "hidebound" by tradition.

The panel called for the refurbishment of key "gateways" such as Heathrow and Gatwick airports and proposed an award for individuals or companies that promoted excellence overseas. Mr Fatchett revealed that the FO was in talks with the Royal Academy to display "Brit Art" in ambassador's residences or embassies.

IN BRIEF

Champions of rural life

THE COUNTRYSIDE Alliance - formed from the British Field Sports Society, the Countryside Business Group and the Countryside Movement - yesterday launched its manifesto, aiming to "champion the countryside". It has 80,000 members and 415,000 affiliated members.

Vaccine for fatal flu side-effect

A VACCINE to protect children under five from developing a potentially fatal brain inflammation caused by flu should be considered, according to research. Encephalitis caused by flu in children is rare, but nevertheless can strike quickly, said an article published in *The Lancet* today.

Plea to man over shotgun killing

ESSEX DETECTIVES hunting the shotgun killer of Martin Cass, 23, last night appealed to a man they named as John Piccolo, 51, to come forward. Mr Cass was shot dead on Wednesday. Jane Smith, 36, Mr Piccolo's ex-girlfriend, and his son Darren, 26, were also shot and badly hurt.

'You're knicked'

AN UNDERWEAR thief caught taking sniffs off a washing line had amassed a stock of 10,000 undies in a five-year campaign of pilfering, police said yesterday. The man, 37, from Wembley, north London, was caught while wearing a stolen swimming costume and someone else's knickers.

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Army on call for year 2000 'bug' trouble

TROOPS MAY be on the streets in the year 2000 under emergency Home Office plans to maintain vital services which could be crippled by the millennium computer bug.

Armed forces will be on standby to help councils and police provide disaster relief if key infrastructures such as hospitals, water supplies and roads are hit by the electronic change.

The Home Office confirmed yesterday that local authorities are being encouraged to draw up contingency plans to deal with the "nightmare scenario" of failed traffic lights, disabled water pumping stations, fuel shortages and other disrupted services.

The bug, which represents the inability of most computers and electronic systems to deal with the change of date from 1999 to 2000, could also hit vital equipment in hospitals, lifts, benefits payments and phone lines.

Most computer experts believe that major failures are unlikely, but councils, which have a statutory duty to provide emergency relief, have been told to prepare for the worst. They will be allowed to use the Armed Forces Military Aid to Civil Authorities Act to call in emergency help.

The plans emerged as the Government's Action 2000 group held the first meeting of all private and public sector bodies involved in maintaining the nation's infrastructure.

Rail, telecommunications, gas and electricity regulators

By PAUL WAUGH
Political Correspondent

were joined by BT, Shell, Transco and Trafalgar to agree ways to reassure the public that their computers were being adapted to avoid the bug.

Action 2000's chairman, Don Cruickshank, warned that any private firms that failed to prepare adequately for the change could be penalised with the withdrawal of their licences.

In one key sanction, BT and Cable and Wireless have been told they will be given the power to disconnect firms that corrupt phone connections.

Nineteen key sectors of the economy on which the country depends have been identified by Action 2000, with power, water, transport, oil, telecommunications and finance judged the most critical for preventative action.

The group is insisting that all private and public bodies involved in maintaining the infrastructure should have their plans to tackle the bug independently assessed.

The different bodies will share information so they can declare by next summer that the public has little to fear from the millennium.

Mr Cruickshank said: "The aim is disclosure amongst the members of this group so that confidence is high that it will be 'business as usual' when the day comes.

"We are all committed to functioning as closely as possible to normal on the day. This

is crucial for the British economy. Elements of the national infrastructure underpin everything else and everyone is reliant on them."

Mr Cruickshank met Home Office officials earlier this week to discuss its plans to encourage emergency planning at local level. Emergency powers could be invoked in the worst-case scenario, he said.

Home Secretary Jack Straw is ultimately responsible for emergency planning as chairman of a body called the Civil Contingencies Committee. The Home Office Emergency Planning Division will meet this month to firm its own proposals.



Pop star Gary Glitter, real name Paul Gadd, 54, at North Avon magistrates court yesterday. He denies indecent assault of two girls under 16, serious sexual offences and possessing child pornography on his computer. The hearing resumes today. Kieran Doherty Reuters

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Treatment for diabetes inadequate

ONE MILLION people in the UK who suffer from the commonest type of diabetes have received inadequate treatment over the last two decades, putting them at increased risk of death, blindness, kidney failure and amputations, researchers have found.

Intensive treatment to control blood pressure and glucose levels in sufferers can dramatically reduce their risk of complications, but it has not been routinely offered because there was no firm evidence until now that it made any difference. Instead, many patients have been left to control the disease by restricting their diet.

Results from a clinical study of diabetes that was started 20 years ago were presented yesterday at a conference in Barcelona and are published in a series of five papers in the *British Medical Journal* and *The Lancet* today.

They show that if drug treatment is started as soon as blood pressure or blood glucose rise above an agreed target, the risk of death, strokes, kidney damage and loss of vision are cut by a third.

The findings relate to Type 2 (non-insulin dependent) diabetes which comes on in middle age and is normally

By JEREMY LAURANCE

controlled by diet. It accounts for 90 per cent of all cases of diabetes and is distinct from Type 1 which affects the young and requires daily insulin injections.

Type 2 diabetes is rising rapidly and is expected to affect 3 million people by 2010. It is commonest in the overweight.

Professor Robert Turner of Oxford University, who led the study of more than 5,000 patients, said: "This study shows for the first time that a substantial improvement in the health of people with Type 2 diabetes can be obtained."

Professor Turner said the drugs involved were cheap and the extra costs of intensive treatment would be largely offset by savings from reduced hospital admissions.

Poor detection of diabetes, which is marked by increased thirst, weight loss and extreme tiredness, means that many sufferers live with the condition for years before being diagnosed.

The study has taken 20 years to complete because the complications come on over decades and it required a lengthy study to show that treatment could prevent them.

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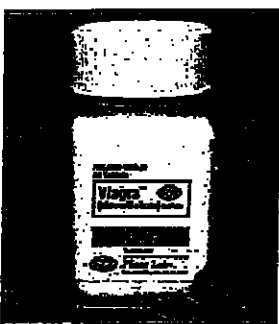
DISPATCHES FROM THE FRONTIERS OF MEDICINE

VIAGRA WILL cost less than £5 a pill in Britain, roughly half the cost of rival treatments for impotence and a tenth of the price charged by some private clinics.

Pfizer, the manufacturer, which is expected to get a UK licence for it next week, said it had suggested an NHS price of £4.84 each. This is close to its US price of \$7.

Goaded by predictions that the drug could cost the NHS over £1bn, the company said yesterday that total spending on the drug would rise to no more than £50 million a year after five years.

A company spokesman said: "Let's face it, a lot of



men are no longer interested in sex when they get older. It's a fact. To get a figure of £1bn you would have to assume that every impotent man came forward for treatment and they all had sex four times a week."

JEREMY LAURANCE

Primakov to end Russia's stalemate

THE BALANCE of power in Russia was transformed yesterday when President Boris Yeltsin, weakened and battle-weary, conceded defeat in his conflict with parliament and nominated his Foreign Minister, Yevgeny Primakov, as a compromise prime minister.



Primakov: Taking power

His climb-down, forced on him by an economic crisis and his ill-judged decisions, was the biggest victory by the State Duma in its five-year life. After clamouring for more power, it has proved it can face down the Kremlin on an issue of prime

BY PHIL REEVES
in Moscow

figure who could not uncoil his name from the venality, crime and disarray that marred his six years in office. Twice rejected by the Duma, he left complaining that he was the victim of a "creeping coup".

Mr Primakov, 68, does not come to power willingly. He has said he does not want the job, and, given Russia's chaos and his years and uncertain health, this is more than false modesty. But he begins with broad political support. Parliament's main factions, including the Communists, signalled approval, having secured Mr Chernomyrdin's ejection and probably, although this was unclear, a power-sharing agreement giving parliament the right to vet Cabinet appointments. Opposition came only from the ludicrous nationalist, Vladimir Zhirinovskiy.

Mr Primakov's appeal owes much to his own Everyman credentials. He spent five years as head of the foreign intelligence service, was a candidate member of the Soviet Politburo and spent many years as a Pravda correspondent in the Middle East and Asia. Such orthodox party service will recommend him to the more regressive elements on the left. But he is also a liberal apparatchik from the Gorbachev era who pushed for rapprochement with the West. In the 1991 abortive coup, he issued a courageous statement condemning the plotters. Appointed Foreign Secretary in January 1996, he earned a reputation for being anti-Western by trying to counter the US. But he was respected as a tough, realistic negotiator.

As he rarely says much about himself, Russians have

little idea of what to expect. He has avoided aligning with any political faction, although he has been loyal to Mr Yeltsin. He has a reputation for being retiring, a reader of detective thrillers but has flashes of extroversion; brought up in bibulous Georgia, he is said to be an accomplished *tamada*, or toastmaster.

His appointment today will end a conflict that has paralysed Russia's government for two weeks, while an economic catastrophe unfolded, halving

the value of the rouble and causing food shortages and fast-rising prices.

His arrival is the result of Mr Yeltsin's mistakes, the impulsive sacking of Mr Chernomyrdin in March and of Sergei Kiriyenko last month. These owed much to the business moguls who hover around the Kremlin; there is no evidence of any special relationship between the oligarchs and Mr Primakov.

So what can Russia expect? Mr Yeltsin phoned his friend

Helmut Kohl yesterday and said "reforms" would continue. But there are far more pressing matters – a budget in ruins, collapsing banks. Although Mr Primakov is not economically illiterate, the global money, stock and currency markets are also not his speciality.

Western eyes will be fixed hopefully on the fortunes of the head of the liberal Yabloko party, Grigory Yavlinsky, the foremost supporter of Mr Primakov's premiership. He may be rewarded with a Cabinet job.

In the end, this episode could have been worse for Mr Yeltsin. Mr Primakov is, at least, from his camp. Other candidates put forward by the Duma – the Communist, Yuri Maslyukov – would have involved a much more humiliating climb-down. But the President does not usually make concessions; it is against his nature. Yesterday he had to. It meant delivering a victory to the legislature which history will see as symbolic revenge for the day he sent in the tanks in 1993.



With the economy in crisis, more Russians are relying on produce from their plots to survive

Reuters

Britain blocks air sanctions on Serbia

BRITAIN BROKE ranks with the European Union yesterday over plans to punish Serbia for its brutal treatment of ethnic Albanians in Kosovo.

London's EU partners are outraged by the refusal of Tony Blair's government to enforce immediately a ban on the Yugoslav state airline JAT. The ban was formally approved by foreign ministers of the EU at a meeting in Salzburg last weekend. The Foreign Secretary Robin Cook was absent from the meeting at which the decision was taken.

Germany, France and most other member states suspended JAT's landing rights in their airports on Tuesday but Britain has told the regime of Slobodan Milosevic that JAT, which operates seven scheduled flights a week into Britain, can continue those services for a year.

Germany's foreign ministry said Britain's behaviour was a breach of EU "solidarity", which would undermine the message the international community wants to send Serbia.

BY KATHERINE BUTLER
in Brussels

Britain says it cannot "tear up" an international airline agreement signed with Yugoslavia in 1959. Whitehall says the agreement on scheduled flights predates the existence of the European Union.

"If we are telling Belgrade to observe its legal obligations towards Kosovo then how can we fail to observe our own international legal commitments?" a spokeswoman said. That argument cuts no ice with other EU member states, however. Most have similar bilateral agreements with Belgrade, which they have opted to scrap, in spite of the risk of being sued for damages by JAT.

"It is likely we will be sued but for us it is a political decision. Legally we feel EU Council decisions are more binding than bilateral agreements," a senior Bonn source remarked. "Perhaps for the British it is a question of money."

IN BRIEF

One man wounded as crowds protest over election victory

CAMBODIAN POLICE fired into protesters in Phnom Penh yesterday, wounding one man in the fourth day of riots against the rule of Hun Sen. The Association of South East Asian Nations has urged all sides to accept the results of the elections, in which Hun Sen won a slight parliamentary majority.

Former ministers to face court

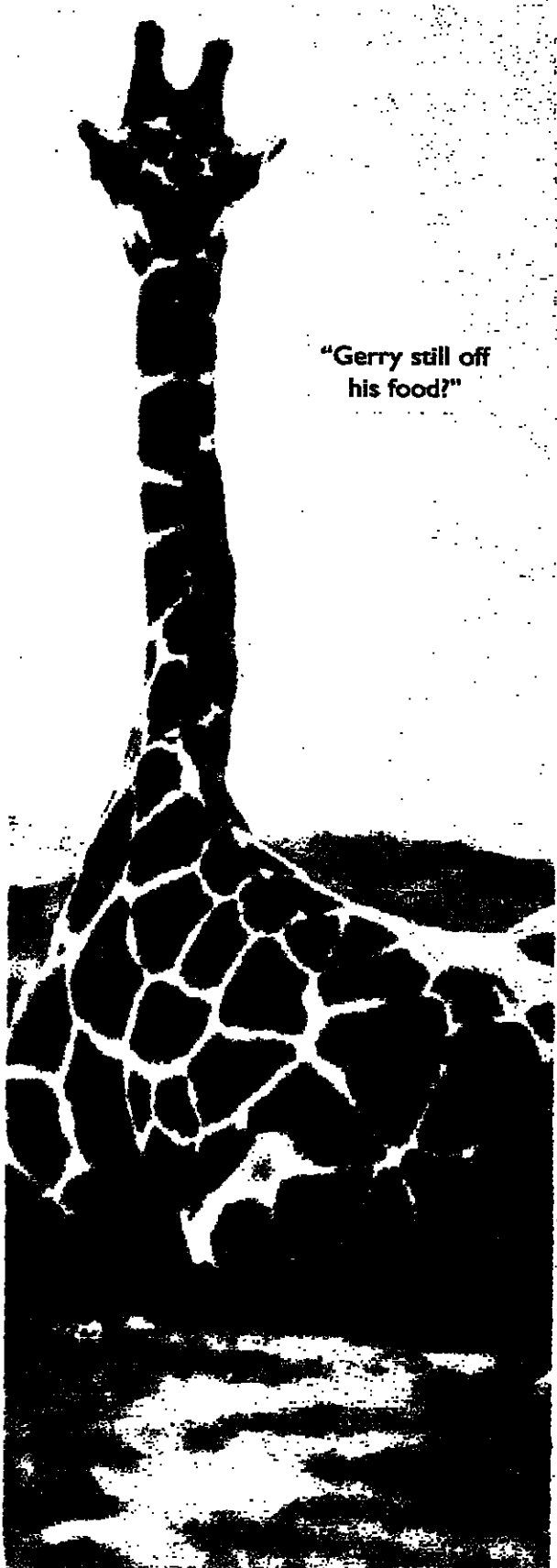
THREE FORMER French ministers will go on trial in February for their roles in the Aids-tainted blood scandal, judicial sources said. The trial will be held at a special Court of Justice of the Republic that judges officials for crimes in office, the first time it has sat to try ministers.

Taxi deal to curb drunk driving

THE GERMAN regional state of Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania is trying to deter drunken driving by offering half-rate taxi fares for young people heading to and from dance clubs. The offer will last to the end of next year, state officials said.

Security increased at McDonalds

McDonalds, the fast food chain, said it will maintain a heightened level of security at its 62 outlets in Belgium after a radical animal rights group claimed responsibility for three cases of arson at restaurants there.



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09/11/98

A whale of an ending for Free Willy

KEIKO, THE killer whale who starred in the hit film *Free Willy*, arrived safely in Iceland yesterday.

It was tears for his fans in Oregon, in the United States, as they waved goodbye to their famous Hollywood resident and smiles in Iceland as he arrived on the rugged, volcanic Vestmanna Islands just off the mainland.

He was flown from the US to Iceland aboard a C-17, one of the world's largest aircraft. The Vestmanna Islands runway is designed only for light aircraft, and with just a few hundred yards to play with a heavy landing was unavoidable. The aircraft was damaged and the waiting crowd became anxious, but moments later Keiko appeared looking unscathed and his tank was rolled onto a lorry.

The curious and the global media had turned out in their hundreds to witness the arrival of the unusual parcel. The lorry with a police escort - looks like a carnival float with a live killer whale on board. Keiko was then loaded by crane onto a large and sailed off to his £1.5m floating pen in a bay.

The last time I saw Keiko he was underweight and had a nasty skin disease after spending a year in a cramped pool in Mexico City. His recovery was clear as he was lifted out of his tank and lowered into the water. The five-ton fellow - who has put on at least a ton since he left

BY CHRIS ROGERS
in the Vestmanna Islands

Mexico two and a half years ago - looked well considering he had just flown 4,000 miles.

Keiko's new enclosure is the closest he has come to his native North Atlantic environment since his capture in the Seventies. His floating pen, the size of a football pitch, is all that separates him from the ocean.

But not everyone was happy about his arrival in Iceland. John Gunnarsson caught Keiko off the coast of Iceland 19 years ago. He says he was just doing his job. Now he is not keen to catch up with the orca he sold to a company across the Atlantic.

"These Americans are crazy," he said. "Why bring Keiko back here after so long in captivity? There are plenty of killer whales left in the wild here. Why spend so much money on a whale when children starve in Sudan."

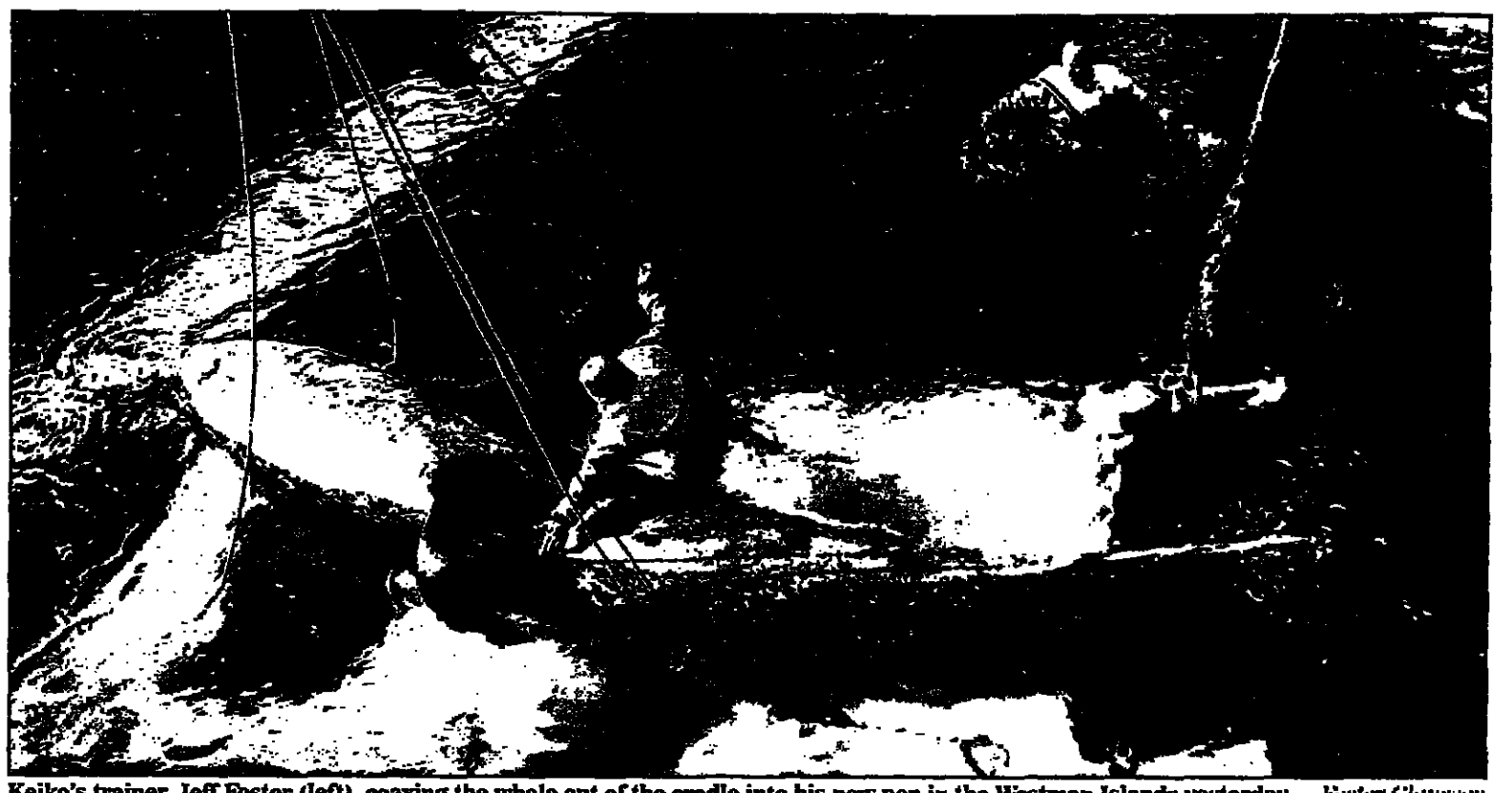
Keiko has been dependent on humans all his life, and his progress in his Icelandic pen will determine the timing of his release. He must learn to catch fish, adapt to the cold water and find a family of whales - a pod - that will accept him. Conservationists believe that Keiko's keepers are attempting the impossible.

"We just want what's best for Keiko," said Diane Hammond of the Free Willy Keiko Foundation.

"He will not be released until many obstacles have been overcome. If release is not possible then there are other options. Keiko can remain in the pen, have more freedom in the bay or even be a commuting whale; he can swim out to the ocean and then come back to the pen for food. As long as we can say we did everything we could for Keiko we will be happy."

The locals are well aware of the benefits Keiko can bring. An increase in tourism is expected and the government has given permission for the local school to have lessons from within Keiko's pen. "We are so lucky," 10-year-old Gunnar said. "How many children get to study a killer whale close up and meet a movie star in one go?"

Yesterday, Keiko was nursing his sore muscles after his long journey. He seemed to be adapting well to his new home. The final chapter of his adventure remains unwritten. Whether it will have the same fairy tale ending as the movie he starred in - when he won his freedom with a dramatic leap over a harbour wall - remains to be seen.



Keiko's trainer, Jeff Foster (left), coaxing the whale out of the cradle into his new pen in the Westman Islands yesterday. *Foster/Clarus*

Sad plight of sea's star performers

WHILE MILLIONS of dollars are being lavished in an ambitious project to return Keiko to his native Iceland, conservationists are fighting to stop the capture of more killer whales for display in marine parks and aquariums around the world.

As recently as February 1997, a family of wild killer whales was captured by Japanese fishermen. Ten of the animals were herded into shallow water near Taiji, on the island of Honshu. Five were released but the other five were transported to marine parks in other parts of Japan. Two are known to have died and there are reports that a third has died.

The way the Japanese capture wild orcas is notoriously cruel, and marine parks elsewhere in the world often refuse to buy the badly treated animals. For a killer whale the transition from life in the open sea to confinement in a small concrete-sided pool is traumatic. Some have good facilities but the captive whale can no longer hunt or hear the sounds of the sea, cannot dive, and has to acclimatise to a diet of dead fish, the presence of noisy human observers and a lack of familiar company.

There is no doubt that captive killer whales are hugely popular. Millions of people flock to see them every year, unaware of the terrible truth behind the entertaining shows. But the orcas' plight has be-

BY MARK CARWARDINE

come a controversial issue in recent years.

Keiko himself began life in the wild, in cold Icelandic waters. Captured in the late Seventies, probably at the age of two, he has since been on display in Iceland, Canada and Mexico.

When *Free Willy* was released, there was a public outcry when cinema-goers realised the star of the film was still living in a small concrete tank only 12ft deep in an amusement park outside Mexico City.

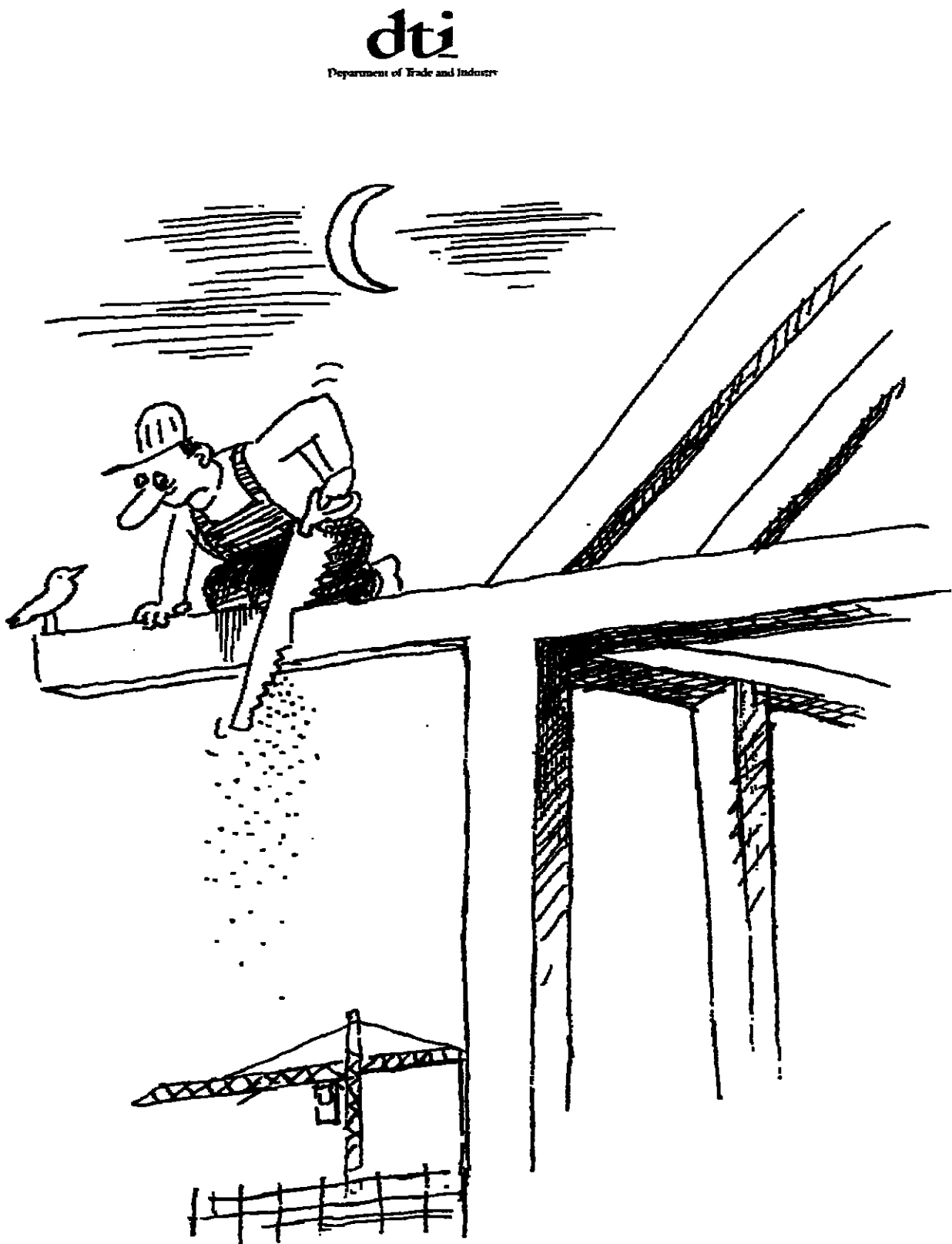
After the formation of the *Free Willy Keiko Foundation* and a fund-raising drive, Keiko was taken to a purpose-built pool in Newport, Oregon, on the west coast of the United States.

Since then, he has undergone intensive rehabilitation lasting almost three years and costing nearly \$12m (£7.4m).

Having been nursed back to health, and exercised daily to help him hold his breath for long, deep dives, he is now being taught to catch live fish. It is a long haul.

Public interest is such that more people are expected to be following Keiko's progress home than watched the World Cup.

After nearly 20 years in captivity, Keiko deserves a break. But the real story behind the headlines is the continuing capture of wild killer whales. Unless this can be banned, Keiko's story will merely repeat itself.



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An ancient statue is dredged from the sea by archaeologists at Alexandria

Pharos wonder of world to be rebuilt

BY JOHN LICHFIELD
in Paris

SEVEN HUNDRED years after it was destroyed by an earthquake, French engineers are to rebuild one of the seven wonders of the world - the giant Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria in Egypt.

The ancient masterpiece reincarnated in the form of a 500ft-high, glass-fronted obelisk, capable of projecting computer and laser generated lights in rainbow colours, was unveiled at the Expo '98 world exhibition in Lisbon yesterday.

The £30m tower of light, designed by Jacques Darvillat, an engineer, will be funded by a charitable foundation set up by Pierre Cardin, the couturier. Work is to begin shortly and is due to be completed by 2000.

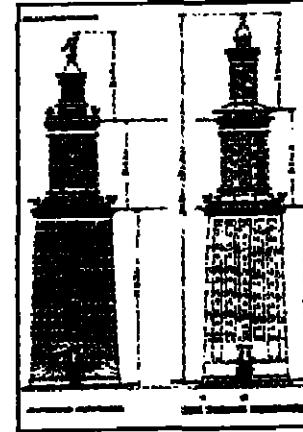
The original Pharos, built around 290BC at Alexandria harbour, collapsed in an earthquake in 1302. The new tower will be built some distance from the presumed site of the



A third century model (left) and archaeologist Hermann Thiersch's view at building and after renovation

original to allow archaeological investigations to continue.

The Egyptian ambassador to France, Aly Maher el Sayed, said it would cement Franco-Egyptian friendship and symbolise "the triumph of light over obscurantism and the forces of darkness", presumably a reference to Islamic fundamentalists fight-



ing the Government in Cairo.

In the day, the tower will be a vast mirror, reflecting the surrounding sea and city. At night, there will be 40 light shows, ranging from long-distance beams to luminous, multi-coloured symbols, representing the civilisations of Egypt, with hieroglyphics, Greek, Latin and Arab characters.



A model of how the new wonder will look

AP

Divers inquest points to sharks

WHEN THOMAS and Eileen Lonergan joined other tourists on a diving trip to the Great Barrier Reef last January, no one took much notice of them. At St Crispin Reef, where the boat, *MV Outer Edge*, pulled up for the day, they donned their diving gear, jumped overboard into the turquoise waters of the Coral Sea and disappeared beneath the surface ... for good.

For the Lonergans, the trouble was that no one noticed they were missing on the trip back to shore either. Two days passed before anyone realised that the American couple from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, had been left behind in the open sea almost 40 nautical miles from shore.

In the eight months since they vanished, the mystery of what happened to the couple has deepened and theories have abounded. Some of their diving gear has washed ashore, intact, on the north Queensland

BY ROBERT MILLIKEN
in Sydney

ple had told a diving instructor that they would "go off and do their own thing".

The boat returned to Port Douglas at about 3pm. But, police told the inquest, no one checked if all 26 passengers were on board.

Two days later Jack Nairn, the *Outer Edge*'s owner and skipper, found the Lonergans' dive bag on the boat.

He told police: "I looked in the bag and thought, 'Jesus Christ, it's got a wallet and papers in it'."

Police and the Australian navy launched a sea and air search lasting several days, but there was no trace.

Then in early February, the Lonergans' scuba vests were found on a beach near Cooktown, about 100 miles north of Port Douglas. In June, a diving slate was found elsewhere with a message apparently scrawled by one of the Lonergans. "We have been abandoned ... by *MV Outer Edge*," it said. "Help!"

If the Lonergans did stage their "disappearance", then save themselves, they would have had to swim almost four miles to the nearest puntoon, at Agincourt Reef. But then they would have been marooned.

At the inquest, counsel for the *Outer Edge*'s owners suggested that Thomas Lonergan could have murdered his wife, then committed suicide. Counsel for the couple's families said the idea was "outrageous", "disgusting" and "slandorous".

The most grim explanation has so far come from Ben Cropp, a veteran Australian scuba diver who lives in Port Douglas and knows the Barrier Reef intimately.

He said he thought the Lonergans were eaten by tiger sharks, probably soon after the *Outer Edge* departed. "Tigers are very cautious sharks," he told the court. "They just circle and watch. They may do this for an hour before moving closer and may follow you for another hour before they take that first bite, and then you don't have a hope."

But if the sharks did eat the Lonergans, how does this explain the discovery of their buoyancy vests, with no signs of blood, teeth marks or tearing, on the Cooktown beach?

Whatever the real explanation, the "left behind" theory seems to have taken precedence at the inquest. Noel Numan, the coroner, said he anticipated that counsel for the police and the Lonergans' families would seek the laying of "charges of manslaughter based on criminal negligence".

Whatever the outcome, speculation about what happened to the Lonergans is unlikely to fade away.



Some of the divers' gear has been washed ashore

coast. Eileen Lonergan's diary has been found, in which she wrote that her husband had a "death wish".

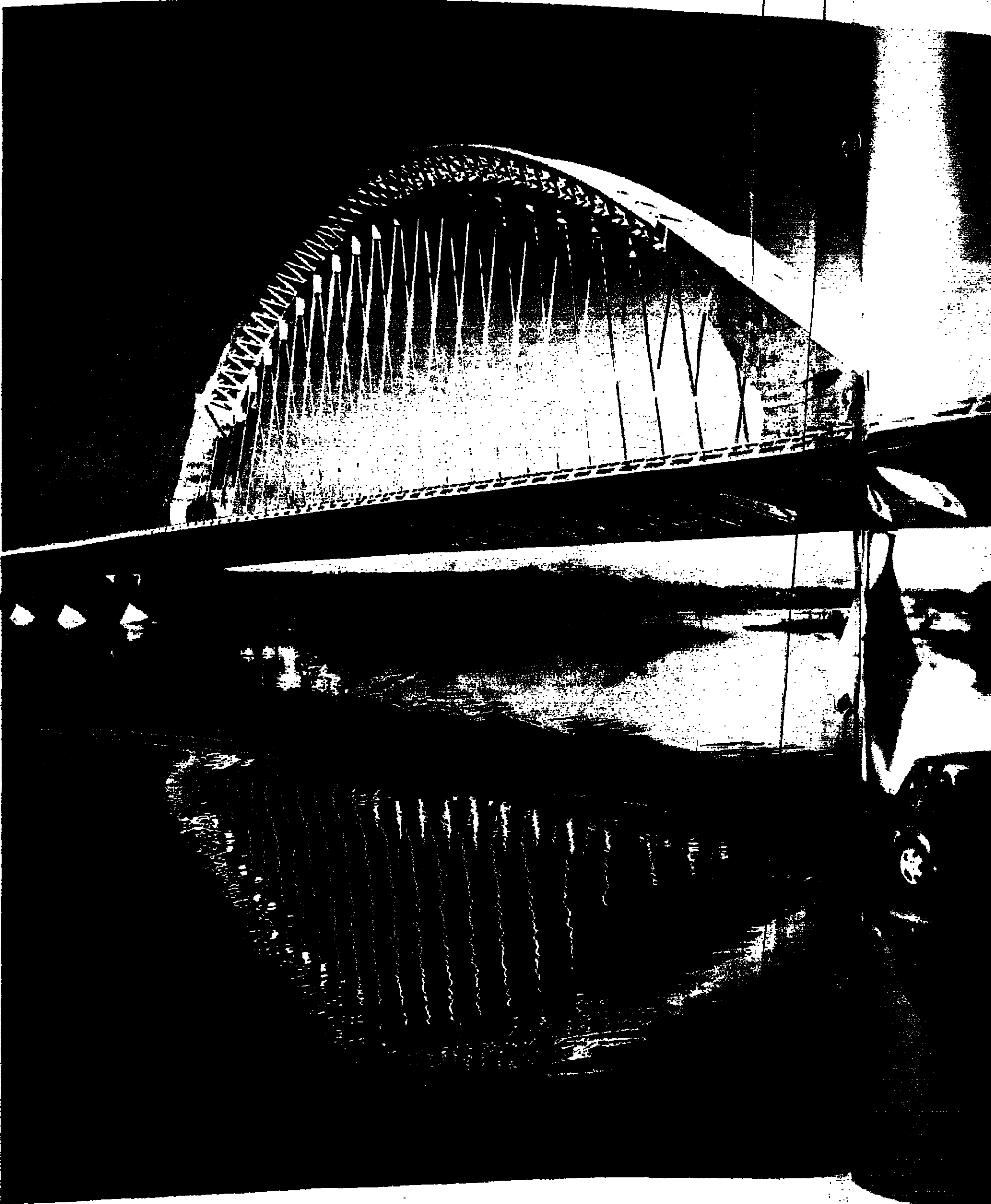
Was it simply an appalling mistake that they were left behind, to drown or be eaten by sharks? Or did they engineer their own disappearance - and, if so, why?

This week, an inquest opened in Cairns, Queensland. Johnny and Kathy Haines, Eileen Lonergan's parents, have flown in to attend.

With no body or body parts to prove that their daughter and her husband are dead, they must deal with speculation that they could still be alive.

Police have received at least 25 reports that the couple have been seen more than 1,000 miles away, in locations stretching from the outback of New South Wales to Darwin in the Northern Territory.

Thomas Lonergan, 34, and Eileen, 28, who were on holiday in Port Douglas, Queensland, were experienced scuba divers. Richard Triggs, a fellow passenger on the *Outer Edge*, told the inquest that, after the third and final dive of the day, the cou-



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Sept 10 1998

Socialists defend dirty war minister

BUSLOADS OF Spanish Socialists converged on a prison in Guadalupe near Madrid yesterday to show solidarity with their former Minister of the Interior, as he begins a 10-year jail term for conducting a dirty war against Basque terrorists. The Socialist leaders, far from distancing themselves from Jose Barriouneo, who was convicted by the Supreme Court for organising and funding illegal armed actions, have leapt to his defence, angering other parties in the process, and baffling many Spaniards.

Spain's socialist former prime minister, Felipe Gonzalez, has emerged as the principal champion of Mr Barriouneo and his former deputy, Rafael Vera, who has been sent to prison with him. Mr Gonzalez has resumed his old profession as a lawyer to defend the two men and appeal against the Supreme Court

BY ELIZABETH NASH
in Madrid

ruling. The former prime minister believes that the judges were nobbled by the ruling right-of-centre Popular Party and the Prime Minister, Jose Maria Aznar, and that they were determined to put a socialist minister away.

The socialists issued a strong statement on Wednesday stating their continuing "affection" for the two men and their "appreciation" of their services to peace. The two men were "unjustly condemned", the statement said.

The ruling conservatives are taking a hands-off stance, saying justice must take its course. Mr Barriouneo and Mr Vera, meanwhile, continue to protest their innocence, insisting that their fight against Eta terrorists in the 1980s, in the early years of Mr Gonzalez's gov-



Barriouneo: Dirty war

ernment, never resorted to illegal methods. Some 25 people were killed by undercover hit squads masterminded from the Interior Ministry.

The recently elected socialist leader, Jose Borrell, has sought in vain to keep his party at arm's length from the im-

broglie. But he has been outflanked by a party machine which is still in the grip of Mr Gonzalez and his parliamentary spokesman, Joaquin Almunia.

Mr Borrell has appealed to the party to avoid being bogged down in the past, and has called on the left to refresh its image in order to ensure victory in elections due within two years.

But many within the party believe that Mr Gonzalez's actions are preventing such a renewal. They suspect that Mr Gonzalez would rather see the party he once led languish in opposition rather than win under the leadership of Mr Borrell, whose candidacy he did not support.

The socialists say they did not invent the "dirty war" against Basque terrorists, which claimed many victims before they came to power, and they want the government to pardon Barriouneo.



Georgette, the French Lioness, takes a loving look at paintings once banned by the Nazis Peter Macdiarmid

Animals enthused by caged modern art

EUROPEAN TIMES
PARIS

REMEMBER THE monologue about the little boy called Albert and the lion called Wallace who accidentally ate him at the Blackpool zoo? A less violent, post-historical version can be visited daily at the menagerie in the Paris botanical gardens (the oldest unreconstructed zoo in the world and the smaller of the city's two zoos).

To paraphrase the old rhyme: "There is one great big lion called Maurice, in very strange art show he stars. He lies in a somnolent posture, gazing at paintings hung behind his bars."

Maurice, and his companion Georgette, are among a score or more animals whose cages have been decorated, or invaded, by works of art.

The ostriches share their enclosure with a copper sculpture of a grand piano, decorated with golden busts of female heads which look rather like ostrich eggs. The orang-utangs live with blown-up photographs of three of the official artists of Nazi Germany. The vultures have large reproductions of dollar bills stuck to their tree, like leaves. The owls, wisely, cohabit with busts of the French philosophers, Rousseau and Descartes. The sloth has a full-length human portrait, which has been hung upside down, so he can see it the right way up (if he can be bothered).

This is the first time an art exhibition has been held behind the bars of animals' cages in a zoo. For Braco Dimitrijevic, 49, the show is the realization of a 20-year dream and the culmination of 10 years of pestering the French authorities.

The Sarajevo-born artist is celebrated for his sometimes dotty, often startling form of post-historical art, which seeks to squash fixed categories and pre-conceptions. His previous exploits include taking photographs of passers-by in the street, blowing them up, Stal-in-like, to 30ft high and hanging them on public buildings. He also got in trouble with the British tabloid press for an exhibition at the Tate, in which he used original Turner and Cézanne canvasses to prop open cupboards.

The exhibition at the Ménagerie in the Jardin des Plantes (beside the Seine near the Austerlitz station, a brisk walk from Notre Dame and open until 10 November) is the ultimate statement of his guiding principle. In 1978, he declared: "Seen from the moon, it's no distance from the Louvre to the zoo."

During a brief, guided tour Mr Dimitrijevic enthusiastically recalled what the lions ("fuxes" or wild animals) did when they first found reproductions of celebrated fauviste paintings in their cage - they made love. When the camels found mock marble pillars carved with the artists' favourite aphorisms in their enclosure they smashed them

to bits. And when the male orang-utang saw a portrait of Hitler's architect Albert Speer he slapped him in the face.

As Mr Dimitrijevic rattled the bars of the lions' cage with his umbrella to persuade them to move into better positions for the Independent's photographer (Maurice and Georgette are old friends by now), he explained the meaning of his work. "In the 19th century, man categorised everything. He separated the museum from the zoo. The human from the animal. Nature from culture. People from their environment. I believe these are false categories, which must be broken down if we are to understand our true nature."

Each display - there were 20 before the camels got the hump - has its own subsidiary message, some of which are obvious (vultures/dollar bills), and others rather moving. The lions share their cage with six paintings by celebrated fauviste



Braco Dimitrijevic: Dream

artists of the thirties, whose works were condemned as decadent by the Nazis and, in some cases, publicly burned. The artists include Léger, Chagall and Mr Dimitrijevic's father.

"The reproductions in the cages are strengthened to withstand rain but not to withstand attacks from the lions," said Mr Dimitrijevic. "In fact, the lions have left them completely alone. Humans destroyed the art; the lions did not."

As a man who admires animals, does he not share the aversion to zoos of many other animal-lovers (and some French arts journalists, who refused to attend because they hated the smell)? "I understand what animal lovers say. The zoo, like man, is neither purely cultural, nor purely natural. It is a statement of the human dilemma. Look at Maurice here. He was born in the zoo. He is the third generation to be born in the zoo. Could we really release him into the wild?"

By this time, Maurice had slumped in what seem to have become his favourite relaxed posture: head against the bars, eyes half-open, staring at one of Mr Dimitrijevic's gilt-framed reproductions of Thirties art.

JOHN LICHFIELD

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BUSINESS

BRIEFING

Bid battle breaks out for TLG

TLG, THE lighting company, was yesterday at the centre of a bid battle after Wassall, the mini-conglomerate, launched a £351m cash bid, trumping a £321m agreed offer from Cooper Industries of the US.

Wassall asked the TLG board to withdraw their recommendation for the Cooper bid and back the new offer. The DIY-to-furniture group revealed that it had built up a stake of 25.63 per cent in TLG after buying more than 10 per cent of its shares in a market blitz yesterday.

The offer from Wassall, which had been widely expected by the City, values each TLG share at 175p, 15p higher than Cooper's 160p offer and almost 60 per cent above TLG's closing price on 31 July, the last working day before the Cooper bid.

The US group said last night that it was "reviewing its options". It declined to say whether it would increase its offer. TLG, the maker of Thorn lighting products which was spun off from Thorn EMI in 1993, advised shareholders to take no action until Cooper's intentions are known.

Lord Levene joins Bankers Trust



LORD LEVENE, (left) who is shortly to become the next Lord Mayor of London, is to join Bankers Trust as chairman of Bankers Trust International, the European and Middle Eastern arm of the New York bank.

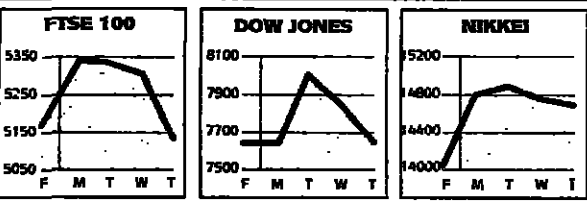
The appointment, which becomes effective on Monday, is intended to boost the City profile of Bankers Trust, which last year acquired the former NatWest Markets, giving it a substantial presence in the UK equity market. BT's chairman and chief executive officer, Frank Newman, said that Lord Levene's "banking, corporate and governmental experience" will prove invaluable.

HK moves to stem speculation

HONG KONG finance officials are to call on international organisations - including the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) - to take co-ordinated action against the currency speculators who have wreaked havoc in the emerging markets in recent months.

At a briefing in London called to explain its unprecedented intervention in the financial markets, a spokeswoman for the Hong Kong Economic and Trade Office (HKETO) said: "We need to strike a balance in the rules of the game."

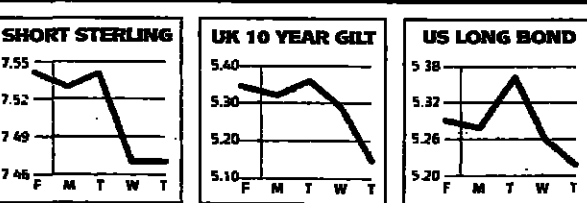
STOCK MARKETS



Dow Jones index and graph at 5pm

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FTSE 100	5136.00	-174.70	-3.29	6183.70	4382.80	3.78
FTSE 250	4751.80	-59.90	-1.25	5970.90	4428.30	4.32
FTSE 350	2467.60	-74.30	-2.92	2969.10	2141.80	3.86
FTSE All Share	2395.67	-69.93	-2.80	2886.52	2109.99	3.88
FTSE SmallCap	2101.46	-11.40	-0.54	2793.80	2044.80	3.92
FTSE FTSE100	1171.90	-5.30	-0.45	1517.10	1140.20	4.30
FTSE AIM	828.00	-1.40	-0.16	1146.90	862.80	1.42
FTSE EBIK 100	873.00	-46.06	-5.01			
Dow Jones	7648.49	-217.04	-2.78	9367.84	6971.32	1.95
Nikkei	14666.03	-89.51	-0.61	18723.57	13664.74	1.04
Hang Seng	7849.96	-55.49	-0.70	13242.65	6544.79	5.21
Dax	4747.33	-293.54	-5.82	6217.83	3487.24	3.38

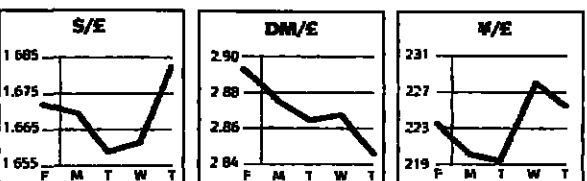
INTEREST RATES



at 5pm

Index	3 months	Yr chg	1 Year	Yr chg	10 Year	Yr chg	Long bond	Yr chg
UK	7.50	0.19	7.25	-0.31	5.15	-1.82	4.90	-2.01
US	5.56	-0.16	5.38	-0.68	4.82	-1.54	5.22	-1.44
Japan	0.44	-0.13	0.49	-0.17	1.09	-1.15	1.63	-1.26
Germany	3.48	0.19	3.59	-0.02	4.03	-1.61	4.95	-1.26

CURRENCIES



at 5pm

Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago	Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago
Dollar	1.6625	-0.0100	1.5887	Sterling	0.5945	-0.75p	0.6294
D-Mark	2.8450	-1.84p	2.8563	D-Mark	1.6882	-3.68p	1.7996
Yen	225.73	-40.58	189.16	Yen	134.12	-4.28	119.22
E Index	102.90	-0.40	99.90	S Index	109.50	-1.70	105.60

OTHER INDICATORS

Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago	Index	Close	Chg	Yr Ago
Brent Oil (\$)	12.55	0.39	18.04	GDP	115.40	2.80	112.48
Gold (\$)	291.15	6.90	321.45	RPI	163.00	3.50	157.49
Silver (\$)	4.98	0.13	4.74	Bose Rates	7.50	7.00	

at 5pm

www.bloomberg.com/uk SOURCE: BLOOMBERG

TOURIST RATES

Country	Rate	Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.7489	Mexican (nuevo peso)	15.46
Austria (schillings)	19.47	Netherlands (guilders)	3.1265
Belgium (francs)	57.24	New Zealand (\$)	3.1479
Canada (\$)	2.4740	Norway (krone)	12.50
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8164	Portugal (escudos)	281.13
Denmark (krone)	10.62	Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0881
Finland (markka)	8.4839	Singapore (\$)	2.7718
France (francs)	9.2955	Spain (pesetas)	234.95
Germany (marks)	2.7825	South Africa (rand)	9.8906
Greece (drachma)	475.98	Sweden (krone)	12.94
Hong Kong (\$)	12.55	Switzerland (francs)	2.2791
Ireland (pounds)	1.1029	Thailand (bahts)	61.94
India (rupees)	65.30	Turkey (liras)	446085
Israel (shekels)	5.9349	USA (\$)	1.6321
Italy (lira)	2750		
Japan (yen)	222.35		
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.0877		
Malta (lira)	0.6140		

Rates for indication purposes only

Source: Thomas Cook

Global crisis: MPC hints at rate cut coming as shares plunge around the world



An anxious Wall Street trader reacting to market movements as share prices in the US, Europe and South America took a hammering

Clinton fears send markets plummeting

BY LEA PATERSON AND HARRIE CLEMENT

the target. The Committee will continue to monitor these risks.

It was the first time in its 16-month history that the MPC has issued an explanatory statement with a "rates on hold" decision.

The Committee only usually issues explanatory statements when it changes rates.

Sterling fell sharply as the markets interpreted the MPC statement as a signal that rates had peaked.

The pound finished the day down more than 2 pence at DM2.845. However, some economists cautioned against reading too much into the Bank's statement, saying that the markets had misjudged the MPC before.

Michael Saunders at Salomon Smith Barney commented: "The events of August 1997, when the MPC released a statement which was wrongly interpreted as signalling a rate peak, only for rates to rise again in November and February, should caution against reading things into MPC statements that are not actually said."

Yesterday's heavy market losses were not confined to London and New York. The Paris CAC 40 closed down 4.59

per cent at 3589.35 and the Frankfurt DAX down 4.32 per cent at 4744.05. In Brazil, trading was temporarily suspended after a 10 per cent plunge in the benchmark Bovespa index, prompting speculation that Brazil could be the flashpoint for another round of market chaos.

The Bank's decision to hold rates, despite the domestic slowdown and the international turmoil, drew fire from industry representatives and trade union officials.

Dr Ian Peters, deputy director general of the British Chambers of Commerce, said: "Today's decision will bitterly disappoint businesses that had hoped for a rate cut."

Alastair Eperon, chairman of the CBI's distributive trades panel, said the organisation's most recent survey suggested an easing of domestic demand. Growth in annual retail sales volumes in August was at a virtual standstill for the first time since September 1995, according to the CBI survey. However, the CBI noted that most retailers expected volumes to increase more quickly in the year to September.

Ken Jackson, the leader of the Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Union, accused the MPC of "industrial vandalism".

Financial turmoil prompts City job jitters

FEARS OF huge job losses are sweeping the City in the wake of warnings from the leading investment banks that they are looking again at their cost base in the light of the savage falls in stock and debt markets around the world.

Talk last night centred on Merrill Lynch, which late on Wednesday shocked Wall Street with the admission that emerg-

BY ANDREW GARFIELD
Financial Editor

ing market losses have all but wiped out profits since July.

Traders said that the statement from the company's chairman, David Komansky, accompanying a profits warning on Wednesday night that "selective cost reductions will have to be implemented" was

a clear signal of cutbacks on the way. Sources said that the bonus pool had already been cut by 80 per cent.

Merrill has been among the most aggressive banks in building up its emerging market activities, much of which is now based in London.

Dealers say that they believe the City could see its biggest bout of bloodletting since 1994

when blue chip houses like Goldman Sachs were aggressively pruning back on headcount.

Since then banks have hired aggressively, especially in emerging markets. "This was an industry in growth phase. People are going to be stopping hiring short-term and cutting back, though not necessarily in the places you would expect."

Other banks which have suffered big emerging market hits recently, including Credit Suisse First Boston and Barclays Capital, have said that their operations are now under review.

City headhunters have been phoning staff in key positions in the hope of being able to exploit the widespread uncertainty.

"If you believe that we are not talking about a 20 per cent

correction but a prolonged downturn, everyone will be having to make decisions," said one trader last night.

Merrill said last night: "We are constantly reviewing staffing levels in the light of market conditions."

Merrill said that it earned \$102m so far this quarter, less than a fifth of what is made in the second quarter.

BTR disappoints with warning of cuts

BTR, the conglomerate turned engineering group, dismayed the City again yesterday after warning of a further 1,100 job cuts following a set of first-half results ravaged by the strong pound and the economic downturn in emerging markets.

The admission that the results had not met BTR's own expectations together with its bleak assessment of conditions in its South American and South-east Asia markets helped prompt an 18 per cent fall in the shares and a rash of profit downgrades from analysts.

BTR employs 70,000 worldwide, including 12,000 in the UK. The latest job cuts come on top of 3,500 announced two years ago and will be accompanied by plant closures in the US and Europe and production focused on lower-cost sites in countries like Mexico, Poland, India.

Already rocked by four profit warnings in a row since BTR's chief executive Ian Stra-

BY MICHAEL HARRISON

chan embarked on his radical restructuring in January 1996, the verdict of the City was harsh and unforgiving. "If BTR was a horse it would be... shot," said one analyst; another, it was one more chapter in BTR's "unending saga of pain".

Mr Strachan argued the results were in line with expectations, while the underlying strength of the group was solid with operating margins averaging 14 per cent and return on capital reaching 12 per cent.

With gearing down to 19 per cent, he added that BTR had £2.3bn of firepower to add to its portfolio of automotive, power drives and control systems businesses through acquisition.

At the pre-tax level, the group slumped from a profit of £516m last year to a loss of £45m, after £416m of exceptional losses on disposals. Underlying profits declined 12 per

cent from £349m to £306m. Since January 1996, BTR shares have underperformed the market by 70 per cent despite a programme that's seen £5.8bn raised via disposals, £1bn spent on acquisitions and £2bn returned to shareholders.

BTR's finance director, Kathleen O'Donovan, said two thirds of the decline in profits was attributable to the strength of sterling and the deterioration in the group's South American and South-east Asia markets.

The sharpest decline was in the automotive division where profits slumped by 27 per cent to £47m. The General Motors strike cost £2m, while the markets in Indonesia, Korea and Brazil all turned down sharply.

Leaving aside acquisitions, profits fell in all four main divisions, but Mr Strachan said the group profit before interest and tax of £337m was bang in the middle of forecasts.

Outlook, page 17

Mandelson approves Enron bid for Wessex

THE SECRETARY of State for Trade and Industry, Peter Mandelson, yesterday cleared Enron's £1.4bn bid for Wessex Water in a test case for companies which have made donations to the Labour Party.

Mr Mandelson ruled that the bid by the US energy group, which has given Labour almost £30,000 in the last two years, could proceed without a reference to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, provided it gave undertakings to ring fence Wessex's regulated water business and keep its existing management.

The deal, expected to be concluded in the next few days, will net the Wessex management, led by chairman Nicholas Hood, more than £12m in share option windfalls.

The deal makes Wessex the second of the 10 privatised water companies to fall into foreign hands, following the takeover of Northumbrian

BY MICHAEL HARRISON AND PAUL LASEMAR

Water by Lyonnais des Eaux.

It is also the second foreign takeover of a UK utility to be approved by Labour without an MMC reference. The Texas Utilities bid for Energy Group was waved through without a reference.

Other controversial decisions involving companies that have given the Government financial support are also lying in Mr Mandelson's in-tray. Chief among them is a ruling on whether British Airways, which has provided £8m for the Millennium Dome, should be allowed to sell runway slots at Heathrow and Gatwick that have been valued at £500m.

Mr Mandelson said that his decision in the Enron case was in line with the advice of the water regulator, Ian Byatt, and the Director General of Fair Trading, John Bridgeman.

Enron Europe said that in 1997, Enron had paid £7,500 for a table at the Labour Party Gala dinner. In 1998, Enron have made two payments in sponsorship. The first was £5000 for the same annual Labour Gala. This was held at the Hilton in the spring. They also gave £15,000 in sponsorship for a reception at the Labour Party Conference to be held at the end of the month.

However, the Texas-based group has also been at loggerheads with the Government over its energy policy, and in particular the moratorium imposed earlier this year on the building of gas-fired power stations.

Enron invested heavily in Britain during the Thatcher years and owns two of these, including one in Teesside. It currently has applications for a further two projects which have been caught by the moratorium.

AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

LONDON

FOOTSTOCKS SUFFERED one of its biggest one-day falls since the 1987 crash, slumping 174.7 points to 5,136.6 as the market expressed alarm over New York's slide and the possible impeachment of President Clinton. The no-change bank rate decision also hit sentiment.

Supporting shares gave ground. Centrica led blue chips with a 9.25p gain to 108p but the star performer was Arsenal on the fringe Ofex market. The possibility of a bid lifted each of the football club's shares £1,100 to £4,000.

Derek Pain, page 21

NEW YORK

CONCERN ABOUT the future of beleaguered US President Bill Clinton and deepening worries about the impact of emerging market losses on the health of the banking sector sent US stocks reeling. Investment banking stocks led the fallers.

Merrill Lynch's admission that it had lost heavily in emerging markets came as a shock in some quarters. The stock has plunged 44 per cent. Downbeat statements from Procter & Gamble contributed to the falls. The Dow was down 263.7 at 7599.3 at midday.

TOKYO

WITH DAIWA becoming the second major Japanese house in less than a week to own up to losses on emerging markets trading, hopes that Wednesday's rate cut would keep the Nikkei aloft proved misplaced. IMF deputy director Stanley Fisher welcomed recent moves by Japan to clean up its banking sector. But traders said the decision could mean that the situation was worse than previous thought. There were also fears about the dangers of flooding an anemic banking sector with liquidity. The Nikkei fell 89.51 to 14,666.

FRANKFURT

THE DAX INDEX followed the rest of Europe's bourses downwards as nerves were rattled by the uncertainty over President Clinton in the US. The index was off 214.39 points at 4744.05 at the close, a fall of 4.3 per cent on the day.

Sentiment was further undermined by the news that German consumer price inflation hit a record low in August, standing at 0.6 per cent against 0.9 per cent in July. The figures follow Wednesday's figures showing a marked slowdown in German growth.

SAO PAULO

THE BRAZILIAN central bank intervened yesterday in support of the real as fears of the contagion effect from Asian markets undermined confidence in Latin American stocks, bonds and currencies.

Brazil's Bovespa plummeted 13.31 per cent to 4902.46, breaching circuit breakers triggered when stocks fell more than 10 per cent. It is the fifth successive day of falls. In the last month the index has fallen 40 per cent. Mexico and Argentina also suffered severe setbacks.

Second-division deals after Murdoch

RUPERT MURDOCH has blazed the trail; now come the copycat deals. Michael Green's Carlton Communications was yesterday forced to concede that it too is now in the market for a top Premiership team after the Arsenal boardroom proved itself just as leaky as ship as its Manchester United counterpart and blew the gaff.

Carlton has plenty of reasons for wanting to buy the north London club. For starters, it is the weekday ITV franchise holder for London. Then there's its position with OnDigital to protect. Mr Green hopes that his jointly owned digital terrestrial platform will eventually become an important competitor to BSkyB in the market for football rights. He therefore needs his place at the negotiating table too.

But is Arsenal either the right target or an achievable one? Shares in the club are very tightly held; it is not apparent that any of the three controlling shareholders want to sell. On the other hand, Arsenal is one of only three or four English clubs that would qualify for the European super league, and having achieved the double last season, it is arguably a better side than Manchester United.



OUTLOOK

But it is not as profitable as Manchester United, it is plainly not as good a brand name internationally, its merchandising operation is smaller than its northern rival, and it needs a new stadium. All this means Arsenal would cost a good deal less than Man United to buy, but that Carlton would end up with a correspondingly poorer club commercially.

It may be that Mr Green can achieve all he needs to merely by taking a minority interest; if so, this would probably be his best course of action.

But even if Carlton does manage to lock the Gunners in to its wider media ambitions, the combination

cannot hope to be as powerful a one as that of Man United, the most famous soccer club in the world, and Sky, with its dominant position in British pay TV and open door to Rupert Murdoch's extensive distribution channels in North America and the Far East. The copy cat deals are unlikely to be anything other than pale imitations of the one just announced.

BTR

THE LAMENT of many a chief executive with a plunging share price and a hostile audience is that the market simply does not appreciate what he is trying to do or what he has already achieved.

With Ian Strachan at BTR, the mismatch between deeds and perception is writ large. Since he took the helm in January 1996, BTR has been transformed from a rambling conglomerate into something approaching a focussed engineering business.

Along the way businesses with sales worth more than £5bn have been thrown overboard, roughly halving the size of the group, whilst £1bn has been splashed out on

strategic acquisitions with perhaps another £2bn to come.

At the same time BTR has dispensed £1.5bn to shareholders and earmarked a further £500m. Nor has it bought and sold badly. Proceeds from disposals are running at 1.2 times the sales of the businesses involved, whilst the prices paid for acquisitions are comfortably below one times sales.

Operating margins are running at around 14 per cent, which though hardly scintillating, are more than respectable for the engineering sector. The balance sheet is strong and the interest cover is healthy.

All in all, not a bad corporate re-engineering job, you might suppose. Unfortunately the markets do not share that assessment. They have not been prepared to give Mr Strachan's strategy the benefit of the doubt and the result has been a share price which has underperformed the index by 70 per cent since Mr Strachan embarked on his corporate makeover.

Four profit warnings in the last three years have scarcely helped sentiment. What is worse, BTR has had a knack of finding itself in the wrong place at the wrong time. Thus it exited aerospace just as the

airlines worked themselves into an ordering frenzy, and got deeper into the automotive market just as the General Motors strike brought half the car plants in North America to a standstill.

Whereas other lame corporate ducks find circumstances against them on one or two fronts, BTR is in the firing line wherever it turns. To be fair, BTR has not been slow to warn the markets. But telling the City just how bad things are going to be in Asia does not make the pain any easier to bear.

One unforgiving analyst yesterday suggested that if BTR were a horse, it would have been taken out and shot. Mr Strachan continues to insist the nag is capable of racing. But unless that translates soon into a rebound in shareholder value, he may find his steed removed from under him.

Hong Kong

THE Hong Kong Monetary Authority is so perturbed by Western criticism of its extraordinary decision last month to intervene in the stock market that it yesterday held a press conference in London to ex-

plain itself.

For the record, it seems that buying up ten per cent of some of your leading companies in an attempt to prop up a flagging stock market does not equate to a departure from free market principles. What's more, spending billions of dollars in doing so - the HKMA declines to detail exactly how much was spent - is not a waste of your citizens' money, but a "good investment", notwithstanding the fact that Hong Kong is in the grip of a ferocious bear market.

And finally, recent attacks on the Hong Kong dollar have nothing to do with underlying weaknesses in an economy that is in the centre of the Asian turmoil. It is all simply an attempt by those latter-day villains - the currency speculators - to bleed the Hong Kong economy dry.

Yes, it's easy to mock the official line, which is no more convincing after yesterday's briefing than it was before. There is, none the less, a serious debate to be had over whether financial markets have been as much a cause of the calamity that has engulfed the Far East and other emerging markets as a symptom of it.

Financial markets invariably

overshoot, both on the upside and the downside, and the effect of this is usually greatly to enhance the boom in the real economy and its subsequent bust. When things are going well, the exchange rate and stock market soar to unsustainably high levels before falling back to a more realistic value. Similarly, when things look as though they are going badly, exchange rates fall through the floor. In the Far East, a massive inflow of foreign capital was followed by an equally massive outflow. No economy could survive such a reversal of the tide unscathed.

So the free market model does have some serious drawbacks; less clear is what should or can be done about it. Policy makers in Hong Kong believe short-term intervention might counter this overshooting phenomenon.

The trouble is that this assumes that central bankers are a better judge of the "fair" value of their own exchange rates and stock markets than the international financial community. Markets may be poor at setting exchange rates, at least in the short term. But history suggests that governments are a good deal worse.

IN BRIEF

Limelight posts higher profits

LIMELIGHT, THE Mobern kitchens and Dolphin bathrooms group whose shares have been savaged by a series of profits warnings, took further steps towards its rehabilitation yesterday with half year profits of £4.1m. This compares with profits of just £100,000 last time. The company is continuing to integrate its Dolphin and Mobern Kitchens Direct units and is scaling down its conservatory business.

Doulton new low

SHARES IN the fine china group, Royal Doulton, sank to a new low after the company reported a 37 per cent fall in first half profits and warned that its operating profits for the full year would be lower than last time. Half year operating profits fell from £5.3m to £4.8m, hit by difficult trading conditions and the strong pound. The shares fell 30 per cent to 106p.

Booker dives

BOOKER, the cash & carry chain, reported a 50 per cent fall in profits and a halving of the dividend yesterday as it attempted to highlight the potential benefits of a merger with Budegens. Reporting pre-exceptional profits of £11m in the first half compared to £22m last time, Booker chairman, Jonathan Taylor, said trade had been affected by poor weather and the under-performance of the Nurdin & Peacock acquisition.

Textile warning

COURTAULDS TEXTILES, a leading supplier of lingerie and underwear to Marks & Spencer, yesterday warned of patchy trading ahead in the UK. The international clothing and fabric company said there was poorer consumer demand in Britain and dampened down hopes that its annual profits would rise significantly. Courtaulds yesterday reported a 17 per cent increase in interim pre-tax profit before exceptional to £12.2m despite a fall in turnover from £420.9m to £398.2m.

Ferguson down

SHARES IN Ferguson International yesterday shed 13.3 per cent to 39p after the label-maker issued a profit warning. The company said that, due to the difficult trading environment, "operating profits for the first half will be approximately break-even". It added that if the tough conditions persist "they will also adversely affect the year end result".

Queens thrives

QUEENS MOAT Houses, the hotel operator which nearly went bust in 1992, said pre-tax profit doubled to £12.8m, from £5.2m. The company won't pay a dividend and said it doesn't plan to pay one in the foreseeable future as it concentrates on increasing asset value and reducing debt. The company expects further growth in Germany and Holland over the rest of the year, according to chief executive Andrew Coppel.

Football frenzy grips media



These Newcastle fans could find their club is next in line for a takeover by a television group

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

NEWS THAT Carlton Communications, Michael Green's television group, is in talks with Arsenal took the market by surprise yesterday. Although British Sky Broadcasting's £623.4m bid for Manchester United was expected to prompt a wave of similar bids, few observers had expected other broadcasters to move so fast.

The prospect of last season's double-winners also ending up in the hands of a media group sparked feverish speculation about what other broadcasters might do. Granada, the media and hotels group, was seen as a potential bidder for Liverpool or possibly Leeds United. Media companies such as United News & Media and Mirror Group, as well as cable operators such as Cable & Wireless Communications, were also drawn into the frame.

Investment bankers compared the frenzy to the City's Big Bang in 1987, when large banks swallowed up the few remaining independent stockbrokers in a free-for-all.

Experts said BSkyB's move had effectively pushed other media groups and football clubs into each others' arms. Rival broadcasters were worried by the prospect of BSkyB extending its dominance of football rights. Meanwhile football clubs

News Analysis: First BSkyB bids for Manchester United, now Carlton talks to Arsenal. The rest of the Premier League is waiting for the next move

suddenly faced the prospect of having to compete with Rupert Murdoch's millions in the battle to sign the best players.

"Every Premier League club except Manchester United is suddenly very worried," said one banker.

Ownership of sports clubs by media groups is well established outside the UK. In the US, Rupert Murdoch has bought the LA Dodgers, CNN's Ted Turner controls the Atlanta Braves and Disney has bought an ice-hockey team which it christened the Mighty Ducks. In continental Europe, the pay-television group Canal Plus controls the Paris St Germain football club. Silvio Berlusconi, the Italian media mogul, owns AC Milan.

The logic is simple. The sports teams provide a source of compelling programming for local television networks while also offering potential for spin-off projects. Disney has made several movies featuring the Mighty Ducks. How long before we see Manchester United stars Ryan Giggs and David Beckham on the silver screen in a movie produced by Sky?

In the UK, the rationale is more defensive. Rupert Murdoch told BSkyB to buy a football club after realising that it

was the only way to make sure the broadcaster kept a grip on broadcasting rights.

Other broadcasters have realised they must follow suit. Ownership of a Premier League club gives them a seat at the table when the league starts negotiating the renewal of those rights next year. Meanwhile, if the Restrictive Practices Court rules next year that clubs must negotiate their rights individually, the broadcasters will be sure of controlling the rights to the clubs they own.

As a result, buying a club makes most sense for television groups that both generate and

broadcast programmes. "Both Sky and the ITV companies are integrated distribution and content plays," says Adam Singer, chairman of Flextech, the television programming group. With BSkyB snagging Manchester United, the spotlight has fallen on the three biggest ITV companies: Carlton, Granada and United News & Media.

Despite the timing of its announcement, Carlton has clearly been thinking about such a move for some time. The television group has been talking to Arsenal for at least several weeks. Michael Green, Carlton's chairman, is also un-

derstood to have held talks with Chelsea earlier this year.

Granada looked at buying Manchester United a few years ago. However, it is unlikely to take on BSkyB directly. Granada has a 6 per cent stake in the satellite group and the two have a joint venture to produce television channels. They are also equal shareholders in MUTV, the cable channel dedicated to Manchester United.

Carlton and Granada have another good reason for wanting to own a club. OnDigital, their jointly owned digital broadcasting venture, launches later this year and will go head to head with Sky's digital satellite service. Exclusive rights to certain football matches would massively increase OnDigital's chances of success.

These are not the only potential bidders. Mirror Group says it is not in the frame-see right although it was one of the losing bidders in the battle for Premier League rights two years ago. David Montgomery, the chief executive, also made an approach to buy Aston Villa before it floated on the Stock Exchange last year.

Cable operators may also be interested. However, Cable & Wireless Communications, the

THE GOING RATE FOR FOOTBALL CLUBS

Manchester United	
Agreed a takeover by BSkyB.	
£623m	
Arsenal	
Talking to Carlton.	
£240m	
Tottenham	
Alan Sugar wants to sell.	
£65m	
Liverpool	
Controlled by the Moores family.	
£144m	
Newcastle United	
Plagued by scandal since last year's flotation.	
£100m	
Leeds	
Riding high with George Graham as manager.	
£50m	

Stuart Outterside/North News

Mirror plans Hearts soccer channel

BY OUR CITY STAFF

MIRROR GROUP is to launch a local cable TV channel for the Scottish football club, Heart of Midlothian, similar to the one operated by BSkyB and Granada on behalf of Manchester United.

But the Mirror's chief executive, David Montgomery, is playing down suggestions that his company might follow Sky into bidding for a club outright.

"We are not in the business of paying hundreds of millions of pounds for football rights," he said. "We hope to do other similar deals to provide local cable TV for soccer clubs, but our business strategy is focused on national and regional newspapers."

He said Mirror Group had "yet to decide" how to respond to Rupert Murdoch's plans to buy Manchester United. "You have to remember that he [Murdoch] now has the number one position in national newspapers by a long way, that he has a majority of pay TV, and he now owns a large part of British football. So I think the regulator will look at that intensely," he said.

Mr Montgomery yesterday announced an 11 per cent increase in half-year pre-tax profits to £49m. He also said he remained convinced there would eventually be "a major consolidation" in the newspaper industry and that "we would hope to be a part of that".

Mirror Group was targeted for takeover earlier this year by Germany's Axel Springer, but talks broke down before a bid could be made. Separate exploratory talks with the regional newspaper group, Trinity, were also ended.

Mr Montgomery said the interim results reflected the balance the company had to achieve between higher profits and the need to invest in its core newspaper titles. "We could have made more money, but we would have lost circulation."

An extra £5m was invested in the flagship *Daily Mirror* during the half year and rather more than that on Scottish titles. The product improvement achieved has helped stabilise circulation. About half this investment was paid for out of the cost efficiencies resulting from the group's acquisition of MGN.

Victor Blank, Mirror Group chairman, said it made the company more balanced. "It gives the group a broader portfolio alongside our national titles."

Tank cuts loom at Vickers, despite order hopes

VICKERS, THE engineering and defence group, is next week expected to confirm plans to cut back its tank manufacturing facilities, even though hopes are rising that it has clinched a firm order from Greece for up to 300 Challenger tanks.

The group, which warned recently that it may have to run

down its operations unless it won new export business, has two tank factories in Newcastle and Leeds employing 1,400.

They are finishing off the Challenger 2 order for the British Army. Indications that one of them

has been targeted for run-down is expected next Thursday when the group unveils its first half results.

Newcastle plant is thought to be the one most at risk. Run-down would be a bitter blow for the region, following the closure of the Siemens and Fujitsu silicon chip plants.

But a frisson ran around the Leeds factory yesterday after a visit by senior management. A spokeswoman dismissed local reports that "crisis talks" had been held about the Leeds factory or that any impending closure announcement was imminent.

However, one executive added: "The only firms that will survive in this industry in the future are those which are lean and mean."

The cutback in the military division will form part of a radical corporate restructuring by Vickers' new chief executive, Paul Buysse, who joined the group six months ago.

Vickers has already sold the luxury car maker Rolls-Royce, to Volkswagen of Germany for £480m and returned almost £300m of the proceeds to shareholders.

Mr Buysse is expected to set out a new strategy for Vickers built around its burgeoning naval propulsion business.

Surgery in the defence division was always likely following Vickers' loss of a £2bn "battle-field taxi" order for the British and German armies to a consortium featuring GKN.

At the time analysts said it would prove the catalyst for a reshaping of the UK's land fighting vehicles industry.

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Centrica sets sights on 4m customers

CENTRICA, the supply arm of the old British Gas, yesterday set out plans to capture four million electricity customers and pay shareholders their first dividend since the de-merger from BG 18 months ago. The ambitious targets came as Centrica reported its first pre-tax profits since its creation as a separate company.

By MICHAEL HARRISON

Against losses of £149m in the same period of 1997. With the launch of electricity competition just three days away, Roy Gardner, Centrica's chief executive, disclosed that it has signed up 440,000 customers already with its offer of a 12 per cent cut in electricity bills. It expects the number to reach 500,000 by the end of

this month. But he said that in the longer term, Centrica was aiming for 15-20 per cent of the market, which would give it between 3.6 million and 4.8 million of the country's 24 million domestic consumers. Centrica's marketing costs spent attacking the deregulated energy market will reach £80m this year against £55m last year.

Electricity industry executives have put a much more modest estimate on the number of customers who will switch, forecasting that only 10 per cent of the market will change suppliers. Mr Gardner ruled out a bid for London Electricity, which has been put up for sale by its US owners, Entergy. But he said Centrica was keen to acquire power stations, indicating that it was interested in build-

ing up a portfolio of as much as 4,000 megawatts. Centrica estimates it has captured 15,000 to 20,000 of the 750,000 households covered by the first wave of electricity liberalisation, starting on Monday. Centrica's share of the domestic gas market has fallen to 85 per cent but in areas where competition has been established the longest it is

down to between 70 and 75 per cent. However, Mr Gardner said Centrica was now beginning to win back customers at a faster rate than it was losing them, producing a net gain in market share. The turnaround into profit was largely due to a sharp fall in exceptional charges related to Centrica's North Sea take-or-pay gas contracts. These

charges fell from £252m in the first half of 1997 to £35m in the same period this year. Centrica will also be helped this year by a fall in the average cost of the gas it purchases from 19p to 17p a therm against a current spot market price of 13p. However, at the operating level, Centrica also improved its performance, raising profits from £89m to £110m.

The improvement came despite a warm winter, increased marketing costs and a £14m expenditure on computer systems linked to the opening of the domestic energy markets. Decisions on how to return cash to Centrica's 1.3 million shareholders - almost certainly through a special dividend - will be taken towards the end of this year.

US group buys Michael Owen's agent

By FRANCESCO GUERRERA

THE LUCRATIVE rights to represent Michael Owen, England's football prodigy, fell into American hands yesterday after the Liverpool star's agent was bought by the US marketing group Marquee. The American company, which is listed on the Nasdaq exchange, is believed to have paid around £2m to acquire Tony Stephens Associates (TSA). The company, founded 10 years ago by Mr Stephens when he was marketing director of Wembley Stadium, also represents the England captain Alan Shearer and the Manchester United star David Beckham.

Marquee said yesterday that TSA will be merged with Park Associates, a company headed by the sports impresario Jon Holmes acquired earlier this year, to form Marquee UK. The deal leaves Mr Holmes, who will become managing director of Marquee UK, in control of one of the largest sports agents in the country. His clients - who include the former England striker and TV presenter Gary Lineker, the former England cricket captain David Gower



The deal puts the 'blue chip' impresario Jon Holmes in control of one of the largest sports agents in the country

and the one-time rugby captain Will Carling as well as Owen - are believed to be worth more than £100m. Mr Holmes, a well-respected figure in the game with a reputation as a tough but fair negotiator, built Park Associates on a small but selected list of

sporting stars. One football commentator yesterday described him as "a blue-chip agent of great integrity". He said he had decided to join Marquee because the recent boom in the football industry required a wider expertise than the traditional

agent could provide. "Consolidation is a world-wide trend. There are requirements for expertise on a wider basis". Mr Holmes said he was "actively looking" for a TV partner to boost the company's reach. Marquee UK, which will have an annual turnover of around

£15m and profits of just below £1m, derives most of its income from fees charged on players' transfers and marketing contracts. Agents normally charge a fee of around 2.5 per cent on players contracts and of up to 20 per cent on advertising deals.

Marquee UK will soon be part of an even larger group. Its US parent company, has recently agreed a \$100m takeover by SFX, a publicly-quoted US entertainment group, with a market value of around \$1bn. SFX represents the US basketball superstar Michael Jordan.

Marston and Nomura in £100m pub deal

By NIGEL COPE

MARSTON, THOMPSON, & Evershed, the West Midlands brewer and pub operator, is in talks with Nomura International over the possible securitisation of its tenanted pub estate. The deal would cover 631 pubs and raise around £100m for Marston. The re-financing would see the Japanese bank act as "agent" in the transaction. This would mean that unlike in previous securitisation deals undertaken by Nomura, the bank would not buy the pubs itself, but simply arrange the re-financing in return for a fee. It would use the pubs' cashflow, which would principally be their rental agreements with tenants, to back bonds which would be sold on to institutional investors.

However, it is understood that one option being considered is the creation of a separate company for the tenanted pubs in which Marston, Nomura and other financial investors would all have stakes. Nomura's principal finance group has pulled off a string of securitisation deals in the last few years where it has used its own capital to buy assets which have later been securitised. But it has recently set up a new agency division to balance the

principal finance group's activities. Marston has been keen to concentrate on its 289 managed outlets, which include the Pitcher & Piano bars acquired for £20m two years ago. There has been speculation that Marston might sell its tenanted estate because it offers lower returns. Nick Letcher, Marston's new managing director who joined the group from Bass, has been keen to develop the branded portfolio. Vaux, the north eastern brewer, is understood to have considered securitising its pub estate. Pubmaster, created from the Brent Walker group, considered the securitisation route but decided against it. Nomura has yet to complete the due diligence on the Marston estate. The brewer was forced to issue a statement clarifying its intentions after its share rose sharply in early trading yesterday. The shares closed 15.5p higher at 224p. Nomura has pulled off more than £8bn of securitisation deals in the last few years including Angel Trains, Intreprenur Pubs and Ministry of Defence homes.

Rail firm 'seeks complaints'

By ANDREW VERITY

NATIONAL EXPRESS, Britain's largest rail operator, yesterday claimed it had been actively encouraging its customers to protest about poor service as it revealed a 50 per cent jump in complaints on one of its lines. Over 17,000 customers filed complaints about Midland Mainline in spite of a slight increase in the reliability and punctuality of its service. At the same time, complaints about four other rail operators owned by National Express - ScotRail, Central Trains and Silverlink - fell.

Phil White, chief executive, said: "The reason why complaints have risen is that Midland Mainline's management has been actively encouraging people to complain. That's why complaints were up 50 per cent despite Midland Mainline being the most reliable. All our services are better in terms of punctuality and reliability than under BR."

Pre-tax profits at National Express jumped 43 per cent to £35.1m in the six months to June, spurred by a much-awaited pick-up in the number

of people using public transport up to 15 per cent more passengers used its trains. The bus-to-airports company is also growing by acquisition on both sides of the Atlantic. It recently spent £12m on Crabtree Harman, the seventh largest school bus company in the US. It is also preferred bidder for Eurostar, the channel tunnel train service, and Stewart International Airport in New York. More acquisitions are planned.

National Express became the UK's largest rail operator in March when it bought Silverlink and Central Trains. It is spending a total of £300m on 113 new trains - more than the Government has demanded as part of its rail franchise agreement.

Shares in the group leapt from 88p to 94p in response to the good news on passenger numbers. Shares in Railtrack, which charges rail operators for access to tracks, also rose to 148p from 145p.

Laing denies any interest in Bovis

SIR MARTIN Laing, chairman of the construction group, John Laing, last night denied speculation that his company was interested in buying Bovis, the construction unit of the transport giant P&O, writes Francesco Guerrera. Sir Martin said: "There have been no negotiations whatsoever." However, he said that he would consider joint ventures and other link-ups with Bovis. He reported a 48 per cent rise in interim pre-tax profits to £18.4m. Shares in Laing rose 15p to 366.5p in a sharply lower market.

Sir Martin, head of the Construction Confederation, added that the Private Finance Initiative (PFI) - the Government's plan to encourage the private sector to build schools, hospitals and prisons - would be slowed down by new accounting rules. Sir Martin said new deals could be delayed by up to three months as government departments got to grips with the new requirements. The new rules, announced on Wednesday, will make it more difficult to transfer projects' assets and liabilities from the public to the private sector. Meanwhile, Mowlem, the construction group, yesterday reported a 45 per cent increase in interim pre-tax profits to £13.8m. John Gains, the company's chief executive, said its order books were 20 per cent higher than they were a year ago.

COMPANY RESULTS

Name	Turnover (£)	Pre-tax (£)	EPS	Dividend	Pay day	X-div
Admiral Group (I)	10.0m (5.1m)	1.810m (0.850m)	6.5p (3.50p)	0.5p (0.25p)	12.11.98	12.10.98
Admiral Group (I)	43.8m (44.5m)	2.28m (2.15m)	4.4p (0.25p)	0.5p (0.25p)	02.11.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	46.5m (45.5m)	0.19m (0.28m)	-0.32p (22.45p)	0.7p (0.7p)	02.11.98	28.08.98
Admiral Group (I)	2.3m (2.3m)	79.1m (17.2m)	5.7p (4.1p)	4.2p (0.7p)	8m	8m
Admiral Group (I)	23.3m (21.4m)	0.055m (0.32m)	1.51p (0.07p)	1.4p (1.4p)	23.10.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	1.5m (1.5m)	0.175m (0.11m)	3.40p (1.7p)	1.5p (1.5p)	23.10.98	23.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	2.8m (2.8m)	-45.0m (51.0m)	-4.3p (0.7p)	4.0p (4.0p)	27.11.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	4.12m (4.22m)	80.0m (140.0m)	1.2p (4.3p)	8m (1.1p)	21.10.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	81.3m (81.3m)	11.11m (10.10m)	3.0p (0.5p)	1.4p (1.3p)	23.10.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	388.2m (422.7m)	12.1m (10.4m)	8.4p (7.1p)	5.2p (5.2p)	23.10.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	31.3m (11.5m)	2.232m (0.583m)	1.48p (1.25p)	0.4p (0.3p)	02.11.98	02.10.98
Admiral Group (I)	187.5m (222.5m)	21.72m (15.07m)	10.0p (0.55p)	4.1p (0.73p)	23.10.98	28.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	27.7m (28.9m)	3.59m (2.95m)	8.7p (6.3p)	2.5p (2.1p)	02.11.98	28.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	35.5m (31.5m)	0.030m (0.45m)	3.89p (0.89p)	1.2p (1.1p)	18.10.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	11.2m (0.6m)	1.531m (0.751m)	17.1p (0.54p)	5.2p (2.3p)	18.10.98	28.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	1.04m (0.05m)	128.2m (106.7m)	12.8p (17.5p)	6.0p (0.55p)	02.11.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	30.85m (31.63m)	-0.520m (-0.302m)	-1.89p (0.28p)	3.0p (2.75p)	14.12.98	02.11.98
Admiral Group (I)	982.5m (1.174m)	787.8m (77.8m)	10.1p (4.9p)	4.0p (4.9p)	23.10.98	21.09.98
Admiral Group (I)	346.7m (363.9m)	15.25m (1.25m)	13.5p (1.52p)	6.0p (0.9p)	18.10.98	21.09.98

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Clinton crisis takes toll on Footsie

THE SPECTRE of more humiliation for President Bill Clinton demoralised shares, with Footsie suffering one of its biggest one-day falls since the 1987 crash.

The index ended 174.7 points down at 5,136.8, with the Dow Jones Average off more than 200 points as the stock market closed.

It was a tense, nervous session with only 11 Footsie constituents managing to make any progress. The despair was not confined to the leader board, with the mid cap index slumping 59.9 to 4,751.8 although the small cap indicator displayed relative strength by restricting its retreat to 11.4 at 2,101.4.

Ironically the growing Clinton crisis took its toll as the Moscow share market, which had cast such a dark shadow over western markets, staged something of a rally following President Yeltsin's latest nomination for Prime Minister.

The Monetary Policy Committee's no-change interest rate decision was another blow. The committee's hint that rates have probably peaked was, however, lost in the clouds of gloom sweeping across the Atlantic.

MARKET REPORT



DEREK PAIN

Smiths Industries was one blue chip to make progress. As if celebrating their escape from relegation from Footsie, the shares rose 18p to 733p. The engineering to medical group was better early last month when rogue trades went through the order book at 711p; as it pointed out at the time, if they had occurred when the Footsie reckoning took place Smiths would have lost its cherished index place.

Centrica had the distinction of heading the truncated leader board following a strong profits perfor-

mance. The shares jumped 8.25p to 108p.

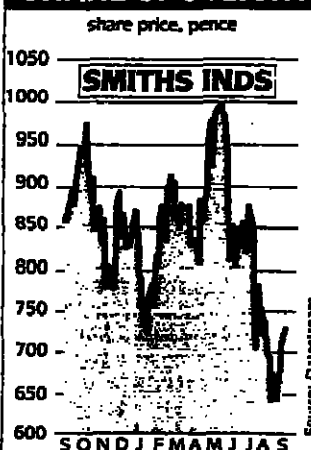
Railtrack, up 45p to 1,495p, was encouraged by recent presentations in Paris and indications that the Government's public transport policy had not after all been shelved into the sidings. Stagecoach, with a 25p advance to 1,145p, was also a beneficiary.

Hopes of corporate activity as well as safe haven considerations continued to inspire the English generators, with National Power up 10p to 528p and PowerGen 12p to 830p. Other utilities, such as Thames Water, with an 8p gain to 1,100p, drew comfort from their heavy domestic exposure.

Poor old BTR, with a set of calamitous figures, led the retreat, off 24.5 to 107.75p, a new low. The warrants, which offer the "right" to subscribe for new shares at 40p, also fell from 0.06p to 0.05p. Before BTR's troubles became apparent they were 77p with the shares then nudging 400p.

Buy advice had little impact. Henderson Crosthwaite recommended Kingfisher only for the shares to fall 16p to 51p. Lehman

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



Brothers offered a 900p target for new Footsie stock. The shares fell 22.5p to 602.6p. Dixons did manage a 9p gain to 588p as HSBC made positive noises. Vodafone, which completed its European investment presentations, was off 16p to 766p. Marks & Spencer dropped 20p to 474p, lowest for more than a year. Two investment houses down-

graded profit estimates. ABB Amro went from £1.05bn to £1.03bn and Merrill Lynch from £1.06bn to £990m.

Football clubs, reflecting activity off rather than on the pitch, had a rousing session. After Manchester United it was the turn of double club Arsenal to score.

The shares, traded on the fringe of the market, jumped £1,100 to £4,000 as Carlton Communications said it was in talks which could lead to a takeover. The club is valued at around £240m. Carlton eased 2p to 423p.

ManU continued its progress following the agreed BSkyB bid, adding 6.5p to 222p. Others to move ahead included Aston Villa, 27.5p to 66p, Chelsea Village, 10p to 86.5p, and Leeds Sporting 3p to 19.75p. Tottenham Hotspur improved 2p to 66p with talk of a large buyer prepared to pay 67p, hovering. ENIC, which has stake in a number of clubs including Glasgow Rangers, put on 8.5p to 147.5p.

ML Laboratories firmed 2p to 67p with Proteus International adding 1.5p to 38p. Both are in the orbit of Kevin Leech and the re-

silience of the shares on such a downbeat day prompted speculation of a merger.

Henlys held at 455p as Volvo moved its stake to 9.5 per cent. It has said it intends to go to 10 per cent.

Car Group, the second-hand dealer, reversed 0.5p to 9p as stories went the rounds that its refinancing was imminent although it was thought unlikely to offer any share enhancement. Springwood, the leisure group, shaded to 83.5p although chairman Adam Page was said to have made positive presentations to institutions.

Marston Thompson & Evershed, the Pedigree bitter brewer, rose 15.5p to 224p after disclosing talks which could lead to the securitisation of its tenanted pubs. Royal Donkroft cracked 27.5p to 106p, a low, after a gloomy statement.

Engineer UPF remained at 112p as bidder Hartrade said it had gathered acceptances representing 95 per cent of the capital.

SEAG VOLUME: 1,000ha
SEAG TRADES: 59,194
GILTS INDEX: 109.73 +1.12

MICHAEL ASHCROFT, the controversial tycoon, is not enjoying a rapturous welcome on his return to the stock market. The property group Carlisle, his comeback vehicle, fell 1p to 10p. When the Ashcroft excitement was at its height, the shares touched 18p. Carlisle is being reshaped into a services group. It will be headed by Mr Ashcroft, who created the ADT car auction to security group. He will have a controlling stake.

EMERALD ENERGY enjoyed one of its periodic bouts of excitement. The shares rose 0.5p to 7.25p with nearly 23 million traded. T Hoare & Co, the stockbroker specialising in resources stocks, is not keen on the Colombian explorer and suggests taking profits.

SHERWOOD INTERNATIONAL, the computer group, jumped 100p to 825p after buying a 12.65 per cent stake in Allenbrook, an US provider of casualty and property systems.

Problems are not over for United Biscuits

UNITED BISCUITS shares have been such a dismal performer in the last few years that good news has become a rarity from the McVitie's to Hula Hoops snacks group. The shares have underperformed the market by a staggering 66 per cent since 1993. The company has retreated from a bloody battle in the United States, cut its dividend and decided to concentrate on the UK and Europe instead.

But maybe, just maybe, there is a light at the end of this very long tunnel. UB shares enjoyed a rare jump yesterday as the company reported a 14 per cent rise in pre-tax profits to £51.2m. According to Eric Nicol, UB's long-serving chief executive, the company is now making progress on the final, "recovery" phase of its three-stage plan for restructuring the business.

But look more closely at the figures and it becomes clear that much still needs to be done. The 14 per cent profit rise was due mainly to a lower interest charge. Group sales are virtually flat, as are operating profits.

The management appears to be doing all the right things. UB increased its marketing spend by £12m in the half, and supply chain efficiencies should free up further cash for marketing spending. UB is concentrating on its top brands like Hula Hoops and Penguin, as well as developing new products and rolling them out internationally.

The problem is that UB still has a long fall to under-performing brands which dilute the figures. And businesses such as the Young's fish division are still prone to one-off problems. This time it was a strike by Icelandic fishermen.

A demerger of the UK foods business from the McVitie's snacks operation might be considered at some stage and there is always the possibility of a bid now that UB is a simpler business. On analysts' forecasts of £11.4m for the full year the shares - up 8p to 203p - trade on a forward multiple of 12. That looks reasonable value for investors not frightened off by the past.

INVESTMENT

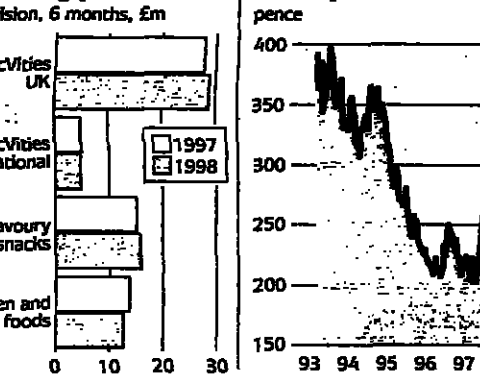
EDITED BY PETER THAL LARSEN

UNITED BISCUITS: AT A GLANCE

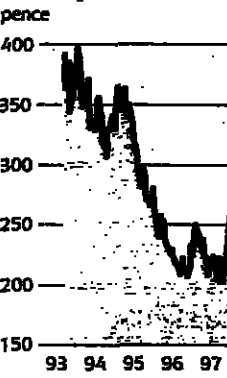
Market value: 1.1bn, share price 203p (+8p)

Trading record	96	97	98	97	98
Year to end Jan					
Turnover (£bn)	3.0	1.98	1.78	0.80	0.79
Pre-tax profits (£m)	(100.6)	24.4	90.4	13.7	44.8
Earnings per share (p)	(23.9)	3.2	11.1	0.6	6.1
Dividends per share (p)	9.8	10.0	10.5	3.5	3.6

Operating profit by division, 6 months, £m



Share price



Metal prices dent Rio Tinto

METAL PRICES are normally high when metal stocks are low and vice versa, so the current situation makes no sense to Rio Tinto chairman Brian Wilson. Stocks are still on the low side, but copper prices fell 30 per cent in the past year to their lowest level in real terms since 1983.

Gold, aluminium and coal prices also weakened, slashing £278m (£165m) of the company's profits in the first half of 1998. Metal traders suggest that sustained speculative selling by hedge fund operators is the mystery factor driving metal prices down. If this theory is correct, it makes no sense for speculators to force producers out of business, and every sense for them to switch sides and drive prices sharply higher once the turning point has been reached.

In the meantime Rio Tinto is a natural hedge because large

chunks of its cost base are in weak currencies like the Australian dollar, the Canadian dollar and the rand, which gives Rio Tinto a natural hedge and added back £124m (£74m) to profits. Take in another £107m (£54m) worth of cost savings, a modest rise in volume, and margins on sales were actually little changed at 23 per cent. Turnover fell 5 per cent and pre-tax profits were only 8 per cent lower at \$942m (\$560m). Earnings increased in four of the six divisions, industrial minerals, iron ore, aluminium and energy, while copper and gold were the only two which failed to shine.

The shares shed another 22p to 600p yesterday. But analysts are still expecting profits of £900m in the full year, rising to £1,030m and earnings of 60p a share in 1999. Size and diversity give Rio Tinto an extra resilience, and at just 10 extra prospective earnings in 1999 only a meltdown would stop them looking cheap.

Hanson on the right road

AMID THE gloom about impending global recession, few would regard building materials as a good place to look for defensive stocks. But in its first year focused on the sector, Hanson may prove that consensus wrong. Hanson is more bullish about the economic outlook than most. Andrew Douglas, its chief executive, insists there is a big latent demand for construction previously held back by the fear of higher interest rates.

But most crucial for Hanson is its presence in two markets where big public works are pending. In the UK, hospitals and schools are being rebuilt. Contrary to John Prescott's political posturing, roads will still be built and repaired. Roads will receive another £400m of investment over the next three years while local authorities are earmarked for £700m.

Even more important, the US government has guaranteed to spend \$167m (£100m) on a new highway programme over the next six years. As the owner of Cornerstone in the US, Hanson is in the perfect position to benefit.

The US market suits Hanson's strategy of buying "bolt-on" companies in the business. Hundreds of "Mom and Pop" operations are fair game for takeover. Hanson has disposed of £500m of non-core businesses and now has net cash of £186.6m, with ample opportunity for gearing. Meanwhile, it has insured itself against a big environmental liability in the US which was depressing its share price.

Profits to June were above expectations at £78.8m compared with £47.8m last time. With the shares 3p higher at 342p in a falling market yesterday and earnings per share for 1998 forecast at 33.5p, Hanson shares trade on a forward p/e of 10. This is in line with the sector but given Hanson's superior prospects that looks cheap. Buy.

IN BRIEF

Profits slump at Laird Group

PRE-TAX PROFITS at Laird Group, the automotive components group, slumped from £34.7m to £20.5m in the first half of the year, although turnover was up 9 per cent to £548m. The setback stemmed from the sealings systems division; other divisions were little changed.

Problems were concentrated in Germany, where production changes to meet new car models failed to control costs. The management has been replaced but further losses are likely. The shares were down 16p to 196.5p.

Traffic success

NORWICH UNION has joined the list of corporate customers using the Trafficmaster traffic information service, which already includes Celnet, the RAC and Vauxhall, with two more manufacturers expected to sign up by the time of the Motor Show next month.

First half pre-tax profits hit £1.01m as costs fell, compared to the loss suffered at the same stage last year as the company continues to develop its customer base.

Mixed fortunes

HEYWOOD WILLIAMS, the building products group, made a record first half operating profit, but excluding interest and last year's exceptional profit of £4m, profit before tax was down 11 per cent to £19.4m in the six months to 30 June. A £58m acquisition in the pvc window sector and the sale last month of Auto Windscreens for £77m further reshaped the company.

Hogg Robinson

HOGG ROBINSON has taken full control of Paymaster, a pension firm which administers 1.2 million pensions every month, by buying a 70 per cent stake in the business from EDS, the IT company which has been providing services to Paymaster. In an article published on 28 August we incorrectly implied that Hogg Robinson was buying EDS.

£2m package wins top team

PEOPLE AND BUSINESS

BY JOHN WILLCOCK

ERIC NICOLI, United Biscuits' well-upholstered chief executive, claims that the company is hard at work on "Viagra cookies".

Boardroom discussion is centring on the most appropriate brand name for the product, he tells me, tongue firmly in cheek. They feel that "Go Ahead", which is McVitie's range of low-fat snacks, would be an obvious candidate.

Mr Nicol's personal favourite is "Hob Nobs".

"Gingernuts" is not considered to be a runner, he adds.

As for age, Mr Bonfield could be the new junior of the FTSE 100. The youngest FD in the top index is generally reckoned to be Graham Howe of Orange, the telecoms group, who gained the post in January 1998 when he was a mere 31. However, Orange tells me that Mr Howe's birthday is 23 May 1961, which now makes him 37 - a year older than Mr Bonfield.

Colt Telecom entered the FTSE 100 yesterday, but its FD, Larry Ingemert, is a comparatively ancient 40.

None of which will bother Hugh Collum, who picked Mr Bonfield to succeed him as CEO at SmithKline, and who retires from the pharmaceuticals group at the end of the year. Mr Collum, 58, has already compiled a range of non-executive direc-

PEOPLE AND BUSINESS

BY JOHN WILLCOCK

torships, and becomes chairman of Chiroscience next month.

ING BARINGS has hired two high-profile economists to fill a pair of newly created posts. Mark Cliffe has joined from HSBC Markets, where he worked with Roger "inflation is dead" Bootle, to be ING Barings' chief economist, western Europe. Jonathan Griggs will be global head of foreign exchange research, joining from Citibank Global Asset Management. Both will report to Malcolm Roberts, chief economist for the Dutch owned investment bank.

A SHAREHOLDER in Watford Football Club has poached a manager from Garrard, the jewellers, to be managing director of Thomas Goode, one of

the poshest china, glass and silverware shops in London's West End.

Rumi Verjee is the Watford shareholder who bought Thomas Goode two years ago. The entrepreneur counts amongst his business circle Lord Gower, Elton John and Lord Snowdon. Lord Patten, recently returned from Hong Kong, is on the board of advisers at Thomas Goode.

The new managing director is Richard Jarvis, who has spent the last 34 years at Garrard, the Regent Street jewellers now owned by Prince Jefri of Brunei.

Mr Verjee, 40, qualified as a barrister before launching the UK franchise of Domino's Pizza in the 1980s. He sold the company back to the American franchisor to make his first fortune, and ploughed the proceeds into converting Brompton Hospital in Chelsea into luxury flats. He resigned as a non-executive director of Black Leisure, the sportswear manufacturer, last November after three years with the company, and is now concentrating on Thomas Goode.

Starbucks is based in Seattle, has 1,500 coffee bars in the US, and was the model for the Seattle Coffee Company, which built 70 bars in the UK.

The Seattle Coffee Company's founders, Ally and Scott Svenson, sold up to Starbucks for \$80m in April, and the American parent is launching its first own-brand bar in King's Road, Chelsea next week.

Howard Schultz, chairman and chief executive of Starbucks, and Howard Behar, president of its international arm, are jetting in to attend the gala opening.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES

Country	Spot	1 month	3 month	D-Mark Spot	1 month	3 month
UK	1.0000			0.9947	0.9966	0.9966
Australia	2.8291	2.8214	2.8174	1.6800	1.6800	1.6800
Canada	1.5992	1.5958	1.5951	1.1272	1.1270	1.1268
France	6.5595	6.5543	6.5535	34.725	34.724	34.718
Germany	10.813	10.787	10.775	1.5132	1.5132	1.5132
Italy	1.932	1.932	1.932	6.4710	6.4710	6.4710
Japan	10.813	10.787	10.775	1.5132	1.5132	1.5132
Netherlands	1.932	1.932	1.932	6.4710	6.4710	6.4710
Portugal	204.98	204.98	204.98	1.5132	1.5132	1.5132
Spain	164.07	164.07	164.07	1.5132	1.5132	1.5132
Sweden	10.813	10.787	10.775	1.5132	1.5132	1.5132
Switzerland	1.932	1.932	1.932	6.4710	6.4710	6.4710
US	1.6840			1.0000		

INTEREST RATES

Country	Base	1 month	3 month	6 month	1 year
UK	7.50%				
Germany	5.00%				
France	5.00%				
Italy	5.00%				
Japan	5.00%				
US	5.00%				

BOND YIELDS

Country	5m	10m	15m	20m	25m	30m	35m	40m	45m	50m	55m	60m	65m	70m	75m	80m	85m	90m	95m	100m
Australia	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85	4.85
Belgium	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40	3.40
Canada	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20
EU	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18	4.18
France	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
Germany	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47	3.47
Italy	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20	5.20
Japan	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20	0.20
Netherlands	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
Portugal	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60
Spain	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02	4.02
Sweden	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60	1.60
Switzerland	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
US	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67	4.67

MONEY MARKET RATES

SPORT

Commonwealth Games: Despite the alliances between countries, competition is fierce, controversy never far away

Gloves off at the Friendly Games

WHAT ARE the Commonwealth Games, that officially get under way in Kuala Lumpur today, all about? We have already had one example. The decision of Scotland's Peter Nicol, top seed in the squash tournament, to waive his first-round bye so that a Guyanese left out of the draw could get a game, was a gesture worthy of an event that has always liked to think of itself as the Friendly Games.

To be sure, there has been much unpleasantness since the first version of the competition, the British Empire Games, started in Hamilton, Canada, 68 years ago. The seeds of conflict were planted even then when the Empire Sports Federation awarded the next Games to South Africa, and had to change the venue hastily to London because the intended hosts would not accept the ruling on racial equality.

Since then, the Games have endured their quota of boycotts (Edinburgh again), lack of funding (Edinburgh again) and bad behaviour (Canadian swimmers in Brisbane).

Last time around, in Victoria, Australia, one of the stories of the Games altered dramatically in character as Horace Dove-Edwin, the Sierra Leone sprinter who took a surprise silver behind Linford Christie in the 100 metres, was first fêted as a symbol of all that was good about the Games - then reviled after testing positive for steroids a few days later.

Not all the good stories go bad, however. Eight years ago in Auckland, Marcus Stephen - a one-man team - became a local hero to the 8,100 inhabitants of his home country when he won a gold medal in the

BY MIKE ROWBOTTOM
in Kuala Lumpur

snatch division of weightlifting's featherweight class.

The country in question was Nauru, a dot on the map 5,000 miles north of New Zealand, that has the highest per capita gross national product in the world thanks to its sole industry of recycling itself. The island is made of ancient bird droppings, that have been mined systematically to provide phosphate fertiliser.

Unfortunately for Nauru, which now resembles a moonscape, ex-

treme wealth is likely to be a short-term thing. The Games themselves are on similarly dodgy ground as the old British Empire and even Commonwealth diminishes inexorably, but, against expectation, the idea of the Games has flourished.

People still care about it. The first Games to be held in Asia have attracted more than 6,000 athletes from 70 nations to compete in 15 sports. Among those sports are five making their debut - cricket, hockey, rugby (seven-a-side), squash and netball.

The blanket of smog that de-

scended on the Malaysian capital this time last year because of huge forest fires in neighbouring Indonesia has hung like a pall over this competition ever since.

But the dire warnings - one team doctor suggested the air quality would be the equivalent of smoking 1,000 cigarettes a month - have not been borne out. That has been largely due to an accord signed between Malaysia and Indonesia to prevent a repetition of the environmentally disastrous events of last summer.

What has also helped a Malaysian government desperate to boost its

tourist industry in the wake of an economic slump is, quite simply, rain.

Some of the English runners and cyclists who travelled to Malaysia for an acclimatisation visit last summer were unable to train for the entire week because of the smog; now they are damp, but active. However, the collapse of one English runner last week with dehydration sounded a warning for all competitors to take these conditions very seriously. The temperature is 90 degrees, with 90 per cent humidity.

The organisers, who have invested £80m in new venues for

swimming and athletics, will be watched closely throughout by officials of the 2002 Games in Manchester. As is the prerogative of the host nation, the Malaysians have altered the sporting agenda a little to suit their own purposes - the national passion for ten-pin bowling will be indulged as competitors seek medals in a huge, 48-lane complex.

The centrepiece of the Games, the 100,000-seater Bukit Jalil sports complex, will witness an athletics programme that contains a number of potentially intriguing contests. Although injury has caused the with-

drawal of at least two potential English winners in Jonathan Edwards and Paula Radcliffe, there will be more than enough talent on show to maintain the positive impact achieved by last month's successes at the European Championships.

Steve Backley will seek to complete a third European/Commonwealth double in the javelin, although Marcus Corbett, the South African, who beat him in last year's World Championships, will be keen to upset the Briton once again.

Diane Modahl, sent back from the last Commonwealth Games in the public glare after a doping charge she subsequently overturned on appeal, will be set on regaining the 800 metres title she won at the Auckland Games of 1990 - a title she feels she has never rightly lost.

If Darren Campbell recovers from the hamstring strain that caused him to withdraw from this weekend's World Cup in Johannesburg, he has an opportunity to follow in his coach's footsteps once again, having taken over Linford Christie's title as European 100m champion last month. With the Olympic champion, Donovan Bailey, injured, and the world No 2 Ato Boldon unwilling to compete for Trinidad, Christie's protégé has a chance - although his success may be determined by the final decision of the double Olympic silver medalist, Frankie Fredericks, who is currently vacillating over his intention not to compete for Namibia.

Overall, England, Australia and Canada, who won more than half the 217 gold medals in Victoria, 25 years ago, are likely to help themselves once again.

FIVE COMPETITORS TO WATCH

TONY ALLCOCK



The 42-year-old from Cheltenham is hugely experienced - his victory at the last World Championships in Adelaide two years ago was his 10th world title indoors or out - and

he looks ideally placed to go one better than he managed in Victoria in 1994, when he lost a thrillingly competitive final to the Scotsman, Richard Corsie.

JAMES HICKMAN



Despite missing the European champion and Olympic silver medalist, Paul Palmer, because of illness, English hopes in the pool are still high thanks partly to the presence of

this 22-year-old City of Leeds swimmer who has been entered for four events. His best chance is likely to be in the 200m butterfly, in which he set a world best over the short-course earlier this year.

TRACEY NEVILLE



The sister of Manchester United and England defender Gary and Phil will play a more aggressive role for her country in a tournament that brings together the world's leading

teams for their debut at the Commonwealth Games. As goal attacker, she will be expected to deliver the goods in a tough qualifying group that contains the world champions, Australia, and Jamaica, who beat England in a recent Test series.

KELLY HOLMES



After returning to top-class action less than two weeks ago after a long struggle to recover from the Achilles tendon injury that forced her to drop out of last year's World Championship

1500 metres, Holmes is desperate to salvage something from her season. In terms of 1993 best times, she is nowhere. In terms of guts and determination, she is unmatched. Will something finally go right for her?

MARK RICHARDSON



Last weekend's 400m victory in the IAAF grand prix final earned the 23-year-old Windsor athlete \$50,000, and also saw him defeat Iwan Thomas, the fellow

Briton who took the European title he had set his heart on last month. But Richardson, who was shattered after finishing only third in Budapest, still has a big championship point to prove against Thomas. And money doesn't come into it...

Greats of the Empire stage

From Bannister to Winstone, the purest of contests has produced many a rich spectacle. By Mike Rowbottom

FOR THOUSANDS of Britons, the drama of one of the finest contests the Commonwealth Games has produced was conveyed through the medium of sound.

As England's Roger Bannister first man under four minutes for the mile, struggled to keep in touch with the Australian who had beaten his record, John Landy, those present at the 1954 Games in Vancouver - known then as the British Empire Games - witnessed a race that lived up to its billing as Mile of the Century.

Of those not present, many imagined the images to the accompaniment of these words from BBC's radio commentator, Rex Alston: "And now we have 300 yards to go. Can Bannister catch him? There's none of his famed spurt at the moment. Landy is drawing slightly away. Yes, Landy has a lead of three yards. It's 220 yards to go and I don't believe Bannister is going to be able to catch him."

"Landy is running beautifully; no, Bannister is coming up on him now; 150 yards to go and Bannister is gaining ever so slightly with each stride; 130 yards to go and Bannister is coming up on Landy's elbow. Bannister has passed Landy..."

Landy's elegant, economical style, that had enabled him to lower the world mile record to 3min 58sec six weeks before this race, had established him in a 10-metre lead over the rest of the field at the halfway stage. But Bannister was still attached to his rival by what he later described as "some invisible cord". And as the contest revealed his heart - man against man - the Briton attempted to draw that cord tighter with each stride.

By the time both men round-

ed the final bend, Bannister was on Landy's shoulder and the Australian committed the error of judgement that finally decided the race: he glanced back inside to see how close Bannister was - while his rival was in the act of accelerating past him on the outside.

"Because of the curve of the track," Bannister wrote, "he could see behind him with only half a turn of the head. He knew that to challenge now I must run extra distance, and therefore he did not expect it. The moment he looked round, he was unprotected against me and so lost a valuable fraction of a second in his response to my challenge. It was my tremendous luck that these two happenings - his turning round and my final spurt - came absolutely simultaneously." Bannister finished five yards clear in 3min 58.8sec - just over half a second faster than he had run in setting his historic mark of 3.59.4 at the Ife Road stadium three months earlier. Landy took the silver medal in 3.59.6. It was the first time two men had broken the four-minute mile in the same race.

The purity of that contest in Canada makes it one of the unquestionable highlights of an event first held in Vancouver 68 years ago. But it has plenty of competition.

Among the other track races that have established themselves in popular memory are Ian Stewart's 5,000 metres triumph in front of his home crowd in the 1970 Edinburgh Games, and Filbert Bay's phenomenal front run to claim the 1974 Commonwealth 1500 metres title in a world record.

At 20, Stewart was already the European champion at the



Momentous moments: Roger Bannister passes John Landy to win the mile at 1954 Games and Adrian Moorhouse (right) celebrates breaststroke gold in 1989

distance, but he faced a field that included two legendary figures in Ron Clarke, the Australian who was seeking a first major championship gold medal as he came towards the end of his record-laden career, and Kip Keino, the reigning Olympic 1500m champion and the man who, more than anyone else, established Kenya as one of the foremost running nations.

"Everyone else those days was so mesmerised by Keino they were scared to death. They just let him toy with them," Stewart recalled years later.

But this tenacious Scot, who spoke with an accent terminally modified by his upbringing in Birmingham, was not about to let anyone toy with him. "I was going to totally ignore anyone else, but hit Keino so hard with 500 to go that he just wouldn't realise what the hell was happening to him," Stewart said.

However, it was Stewart's Scottish team-mate, Ian McCafferty, who altered the course of the race when he sprinted to the front with two laps remaining, putting in a 60-second lap that put paid to Clarke and left him with only two challengers - Keino and Stewart.

At the bell, Stewart went to the front, followed by the Kenyan, gritted his teeth and responded to the storm of Scottish noise breaking around the Meadowbank stadium.

With 50 metres left, his challenger arrived at his shoulder - but it was the re-invigorated McCafferty, not Keino. And a few more agonising seconds of what he later described as being like running in army boots through mud brought Stewart to the line first.

Bay's triumph - at the 1974 Commonwealths in Christchurch, New Zealand - was a far simpler affair. After

getting boxed in while racing at the 1972 Olympics, the Tanzanian who had built up his stamina by running eight miles a day between his school and his remote native village 8,000 feet up Mount Kilimanjaro, had adopted a new race plan. Go to the front. Stay there.

This he did, against a field including the emerging talent of the New Zealander John Walker, who would subsequently become the first man to break 5min 50sec for the mile, and Kenya's Ben Jipcho, Olympic steeplechase silver medalist.

By halfway, Bayi was 25 metres clear. Although he ran the last lap a second faster, Walker, the fastest of the challengers, was still adrift with 100 metres left. And Bayi reckoned he had a bit of energy to spare if anyone had closed on him in the final stages.

Bayi's time of 3min 32.2 took almost a full second off the seven-year-old

record set by Jim Ryun of the United States. Roger Bannister described it as the greatest exhibition of front-running he had ever seen.

The Commonwealth swimming pool has also witnessed outstanding rivalries - none fiercer than that between Britain's Adrian Moorhouse and the mercurial Canadian, Victor Davis.

Davis, who was killed in 1988 after being hit by a car in a Montreal street, arrived at the 1986 Games in Edinburgh as Olympic champion at 200m breaststroke. Moorhouse's best chance of gold at the Royal Commonwealth Pool appeared to be in the 100m breaststroke - but the Canadian beat him. Three days later the fortunes were reversed as Moorhouse rose to the occasion to end the Canadian's 16-race unbeaten run at the longer distance.

It was an aquatic version of Steve

Ovett and Seb Coe at the 1980 Moscow Olympics, where each man won in the other's preferred event.

Four years earlier, at the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane, the Queen had witnessed Davis kick away a chair in disgust at the disqualification of a Canadian team-mate. This time, she was present to see Moorhouse express himself in a more acceptable fashion.

Moorhouse's victory was a popular one, but for emotion, there was nothing to match the occasion at Cardiff's Sophia Gardens during the 1988 Empire Games when home boxer Howard Winstone beat Australia's Ollie Thomas to win the bantamweight title.

Winstone, who went on to become world champion at featherweight, was fêted by a spontaneous rendition of "Land of My Fathers" from every Welshman present.



Hulton Getty

JAN 16 1994

on in fall
n grace

THE INDEPENDENT
Friday 11 September 1998

RACING/25

Trigger clicks in passing-out parade

IT WAS, as Mark Johnston said, "classical Double Trigger". Brave, determined and relentless, the big, white-trimmed chestnut took his leave of British racing in the same style with which he has graced it for the last six seasons. Much though his last success in the Doncaster Cup was a moment of what will be missing when the staying horses gather again next spring.

Only Double Trigger himself could have been oblivious to the anticipation in the air as the stalls opened and Darryll Holland chased him into his familiar position at the head of his field. He dared his opponents to pass him for almost a circuit of the track, and by the time they turned with half a mile to go, it was already clear that most of them could not muster the energy to do so.

One jockey, though, was still sitting motionless and making ground on the bridge. The out, the dark shape of Busy Flight and Michael Hills started to cruise up the inside rail, and soon he looked to have the race at his mercy. But he was about to discover, like so many before him, that reaching Double Trigger's quarters is one thing and getting past his nose quite another.

Before the race, Double Trigger had drifted in the market, from 6-4 out to 9-4, as punters decided that it would be tempting fate to back him. Now, though, they roared him on like the gambler of the season, and Hills was shaking his reins at a beaten horse. Ten seconds later, the only race which mattered was the dash to the win-

By GREG WOOD
at Doncaster

ners' enclosure to welcome "Trigger" back.

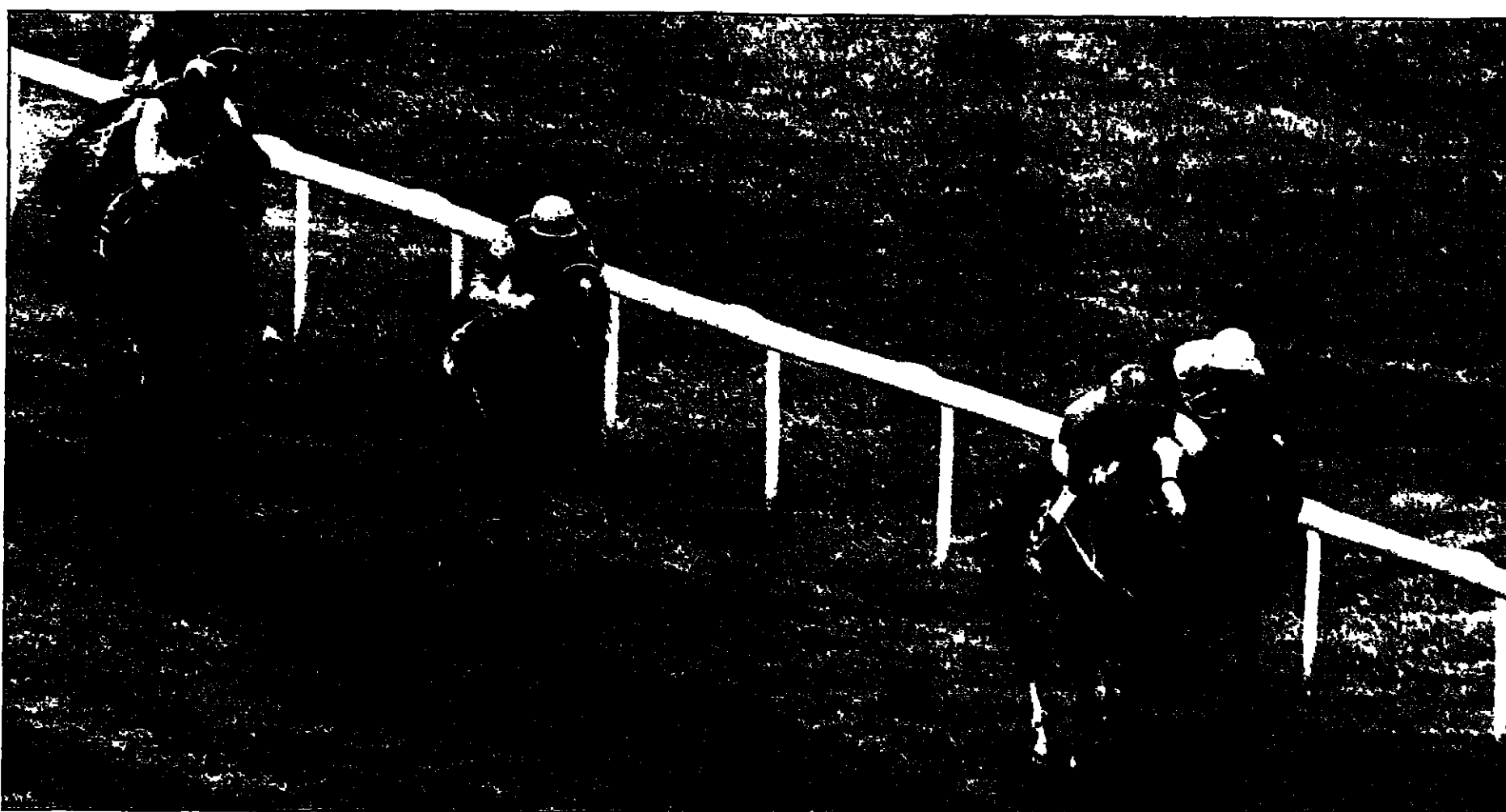
"This tells us that stayers are important," Johnston, his trainer, said. "Over two miles at his best, Double Trigger is one of the best there has been. Early in the season, I felt he was going downhill and it was not good to watch him. I even wondered if I wanted to see him run any more, but there were signs of better things before the Ascot Gold Cup and since then he has become more and more special as the year has gone on."

Double Trigger will now retire to stud after a final attempt

RICHARD EDMONDSON
Nap: Commander Collins
(Doncaster 3.05)
NB: Cashiki
(Goodwood 2.15)

to win the Prix du Cadran at Longchamp next month, a race in which he has twice run poorly. "This has got to be his year in the Cadran, surely," Johnston said. "He has never fired in the race and I don't know why, but Darryll will just ride him as it comes and we are hoping he will go out on a high."

Foreign travel is also a possibility for Calando, the winner of the May Hill Stakes, whose connections are considering a run in the Breeders' Cup Juvenile Fillies in Kentucky on November 11. It is an ambitious plan, but Calando is improving rapidly and has the talent to match her impeccable bloodlines (she is a daughter of Diminendo, the 1988 Oaks win-



Double Trigger holds off the challenge of Busy Flight with Canon Can and Three Cheers left in their wake in yesterday's Doncaster Cup

Peter Jay

Commander to sway things Fortune's way

JIMMY FORTUNE is on the verge of one. One piece of alacrity is all that seems to be required for the jockey to earn membership of the privileged riders' club.

Robert Sangster may not be the force of old, but the seat on his horses remains one of the best in the house. Sangster has already made a very public approach for Fortune's services and the final interview appears to be the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster today. Commander Collins is his transport.

Fortune's gain would be John Reid's loss. The Ulsterman reckons to have made two errors in his five-year association with Sangster - Revogue in last year's 2,000 Guineas and Circle of Gold at Ascot this season - but they seem to be occasions when Sangster had the money down. He has not forgotten.

Fortune's exam today is not the most stringent. Commander Collins has the reputation of being about the best two-year-old at Manton, a reputation he hardly dulled when scooting home on his debut at Newmarket in July. That made him a 20-1 shot for next year's 2,000 Guineas with Coral, who also quote the colt at 25-1 for the Derby.

There was little time for celebration in the aftermath of Headquarters. The day after his

By RICHARD EDMONDSON

win Commander Collins started coughing and was off games for six weeks. "I have brought him back slowly and his run in the Champagne will tell us a lot," Peter Chapple-Hyam, his trainer, said yesterday. "One thing is for sure, he'll improve on whatever he does here. He's really been pleasing me."

"I think the trip of seven furlongs is as short as he wants to go nowadays. I had hopes of plans for him after Newmarket, but then everything went wrong. The rain-softened ground might be a slight worry, but hopefully he'll handle it."

COMMANDER COLLINS (nap 3.05) should win here, but has another unbeaten colt to overcome in Locomote Hill. Michael Blanshard's representative does not have the form of others in the contest, however. "This is a big step up in class for him," the Lambourn trainer said yesterday. "I honestly don't know if he is up to this because I have nothing at home that can go with him. He will like the ground as it was good to soft the first time he won."

"It'll be over the moon if he is in the first three. He is a colt that has always worked well, but I'm not going to start raving about him."

DONCASTER

HYPERION
1.30 SUNSTREAK (nap) 3.35 Jazmin
2.05 Dokes 4.10 Krynsia Lily
2.35 Mutsuwa 4.40 Shaffi
3.05 Lavery

GOING: Good to Firm.
STALLS: Straight course - stands side, round course - inside, except round 1m - outside.
DRAW ADVISORY: Being drawn in the centre may be a disadvantage.
Left-hand: Deep, well-kept course with 1m straight.
Course: 1m to 1.2m, 1.2m to 1.4m, 1.4m to 1.6m, 1.6m to 1.8m, 1.8m to 2.0m, 2.0m to 2.2m, 2.2m to 2.4m, 2.4m to 2.6m, 2.6m to 2.8m, 2.8m to 3.0m, 3.0m to 3.2m, 3.2m to 3.4m, 3.4m to 3.6m, 3.6m to 3.8m, 3.8m to 4.0m, 4.0m to 4.2m, 4.2m to 4.4m, 4.4m to 4.6m, 4.6m to 4.8m, 4.8m to 5.0m, 5.0m to 5.2m, 5.2m to 5.4m, 5.4m to 5.6m, 5.6m to 5.8m, 5.8m to 6.0m, 6.0m to 6.2m, 6.2m to 6.4m, 6.4m to 6.6m, 6.6m to 6.8m, 6.8m to 7.0m, 7.0m to 7.2m, 7.2m to 7.4m, 7.4m to 7.6m, 7.6m to 7.8m, 7.8m to 8.0m, 8.0m to 8.2m, 8.2m to 8.4m, 8.4m to 8.6m, 8.6m to 8.8m, 8.8m to 9.0m, 9.0m to 9.2m, 9.2m to 9.4m, 9.4m to 9.6m, 9.6m to 9.8m, 9.8m to 10.0m, 10.0m to 10.2m, 10.2m to 10.4m, 10.4m to 10.6m, 10.6m to 10.8m, 10.8m to 11.0m, 11.0m to 11.2m, 11.2m to 11.4m, 11.4m to 11.6m, 11.6m to 11.8m, 11.8m to 12.0m, 12.0m to 12.2m, 12.2m to 12.4m, 12.4m to 12.6m, 12.6m to 12.8m, 12.8m to 13.0m, 13.0m to 13.2m, 13.2m to 13.4m, 13.4m to 13.6m, 13.6m to 13.8m, 13.8m to 14.0m, 14.0m to 14.2m, 14.2m to 14.4m, 14.4m to 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SPORT



FA may ban Ince for 'bad words'

GLENN HODDLE was last night seeking to avoid the build-up to next month's European Championship double-header being disrupted by the fall-out from Paul Ince's reaction to his sending-off in Stockholm last Saturday.

The prospect of Ince being banned from both matches increased yesterday when it was revealed that Pierluigi Collina, the referee who dismissed him during England's defeat by Sweden, has included details of the player's obscene

BY GLENN MOORE
Football Correspondent

response in his report to Uefa, the game's European governing body. Ince, said a Uefa official endearingly, "used bad words".

Ince is automatically suspended for the first match, against Bulgaria at Wembley on 10 October, but will not now discover if he is eligible for the second, in Luxembourg four days later, until Uefa's disciplinary committee meets on 8 October. By

then Ince would already be at England's Bisham Abbey training camp, preparing for the match.

After the furore over his and Tony Adams' books Hoddle, due to announce his squad on 1 October, does not want another international to be overshadowed by extraneous matters. The Football Association is thus pressing Uefa for an earlier resolution. Should the European association stick by procedure there is another avenue for the FA: banning Ince. This would also have the effect

of showing a moral lead, albeit a belated one.

Given that Ince followed his foul on Henrik Larsson, for which he received a second yellow card, by pulling the player's dreadlocks, then swore at Collina and made a two-fingered gesture to the crowd after being dismissed, it is likely that Uefa will penalise him. It thus seems short-sighted of England not to preempt the issue, especially as Luxembourg are not the most demanding of opponents.

Hoddle has seen a video of the incident but is believed to find it inconclusive. It is understood he will consult with Graham Kelly, the FA's chief executive, before taking any action. Ince, the sixth player to be dismissed while playing for England, has insisted he is innocent.

"People have been trying to make something out of it," he said. "I wasn't doing anything to the crowd and I don't care a monkey's what it looked like on TV. I know what I did and didn't do."

Hoddle, meanwhile, has sounded a conciliatory note towards Chris Sutton. The national coach has hinted that the Blackburn striker can force his way back into the England squad - by begging for forgiveness for turning his back on the England B team earlier this year. Hoddle had ruled out picking him again, and in his World Cup diary, he wrote: "One person who wouldn't be involved, nor at any time while I remain national coach, was Chris Sutton."

But now Hoddle has offered to for-

give the wayward striker - just as long as he says sorry. In a magazine interview, Hoddle says: "If someone comes to you and says 'I don't want to play for my country', he's made his situation clear."

But, asked what his reaction would be if Sutton apologised, Hoddle indicated he would be prepared to reinstate him. He said: "That's when forgiveness can come in. But that hasn't arrived."

Clemente to resign
Premier Hall of Fame, page 27

Pills and putts put Clarke on his way

GOLF

BY ANDY FARRELL
at the Forest of Arden

ASA demonstration that successful golf is usually played without thinking too much about it, Darren Clarke's opening round at the One 2 One British Masters was the perfect case study. Popping as many influenza cure pills as he could get his hands on, Clarke laid some solid foundations to a tournament which should see him lead the order of merit by Sunday night.

In bed early on Wednesday evening, the 30-year-old Ulsterman was keen to get back to it after recording a 67 on the Forest of Arden course. Clarke led by one from Switzerland's Paolo Quirici, who holed in one at the fifth hole, but had opened a more substantial advantage over his money list rivals, Lee Westwood and Colin Montgomerie.

Westwood, who leads Clarke by £5,500 at the top of the European standings but has temporarily gone off the boil, scored a 73 to be six back while Montgomerie, the No 1 for the last five years but presently stuck in third place, shot a 70.

Another incentive for Clarke is the lack (so far) of an invitation to the World Match Play Championship at Wentworth next month, while the same have already been dispatched to Westwood and Montgomerie.

With a strong breeze blowing in the morning and the wetness underfoot making the course play up



Darren Clarke plays his approach shot from the semi-rough to the second green on his way to a 67 and the first-round lead at the Forest of Arden yesterday

David Ashdown

to its full 7,106 yards, Clarke could not remember the layout presenting as tough a test. Playing the course the wrong way round, Clarke birdied four out of five holes from the 11th. "I'm not feeling my best," Clarke said, "but it seemed to help my golf. I walked very slowly round the course and I did not swing very hard at the ball which helped my timing."

Since missing the cut in the Open, Clarke has been in a rich vein of form: second, second, fourth, 13th and third. At such times, Clarke realises it is best to leave alone any work on his long game and has spent practice refining his short game.

It was Montgomerie's short game that rescued him yesterday as he continues the battle to regain his old,

consistent action. For the first time, he admitted his attempts to improve have had an adverse effect.

"I tried to improve and it didn't work," he said. "Now, I've got to get back to a position I feel comfortable in. This is the first time in my 11-year career that I've found this game quite difficult. I've never thought about my swing on the course before. Now I am

thinking all sorts of things and it's hard work." Now he knows how everyone else feels.

Whatever Justin Rose is thinking about life as a pro golfer, his public utterances remain upbeat. In his first round in this country since finishing fourth at the Open, Rose failed to break 80. Although the 18-year-old was one under for the last

seven holes, the damage was done by an outward 43.

Instead of the thousands who thronged the 18th at Royal Birkdale when Rose chipped in to end his amateur career, the gallery yesterday was barely in the hundreds. "Any buzz I did have, well, I had a six at the third and a six at the fourth, I was buzzing after that," he said.

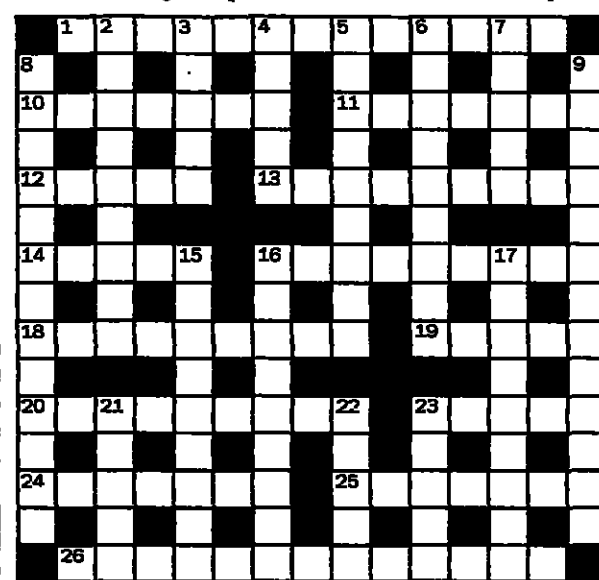
Rose imagined he might need a 65 today to avoid missing his sixth successive cut. But he has not yet got down on himself. "There is no point as there is a big week next week," he said. On Tuesday he plays in the first round of the Qualifying School at Chart Hills in Kent, one of the 120 looking for one of the 12 spots in the San Roque finals in November.

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3713. Friday 11 September

By Phi

Thursday's solution



- ACROSS**
- Work out which man will win the maiden's hand? (5, 8)
 - French composer penning a British cradle-song (7)
 - The Northern cad is something of a pig! (7)
 - Wrapping of chewy sweet (5)
 - Game point one almost wasted? (3-3)
 - Drink dispenser - work it round to get just a drop of Coke (5)
 - What may be transformed by her mystic science? (9)
 - Those avoiding city-centres dial one in the sticks (4-5)
 - A great many men will embrace love (6)

- Firm gets fine: charge linked to drug and drink supply (6-3)
- Hebrew's enthralled by sex-appeal - of its queen? (5)
- Study in university town (7)
- Frightened American hobbled round capital of Russia (7)
- Didn't dare drink the water? (4, 4, 5)
- Someone else upset about cost from part of London (9)
- Daff to be upset about extreme points in letters? (5)
- Meeting for amorous activity to annoy holy man (5)

THURSDAY'S SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. BULLFIGHTING, 2. LIVING, 3. LAST, 4. SERVICEMAN, 5. OLYMPIAN, 6. ENTAIL, 7. SLO, 8. RUSSIA, 9. ASIA, 10. SWANSEA, 11. WESTMINSTER, 12. LONDON, 13. TOWER, 14. VOICE, 15. ADULATION, 16. EN, 17. SILENT, 18. LIGHTS, 19. LADDER.

'Mutiny' clubs face refereeing turmoil

RUGBY UNION

BY CHRIS HEWITT

TWO OF this weekend's games in the Allied Dunbar Premiership, the most prestigious domestic competition in British and Irish rugby were in danger of postponement last night as the political trial of strength between England's professional clubs and their governing body intensified. The Rugby Football Union suspended the appointment of referees for the matches involving Bedford and West Hartlepool, who both played unsanctioned fixtures against the rebel Welsh clubs, Cardiff and Swansea, last weekend.

Bedford, last season's Premiership Two champions, are due at Sale tomorrow while West Hartlepool, another newly promoted side, host London Irish on Sunday. Nick Bunting, the RFU's national referee development officer, confirmed that he had been requested by the union to delay any announcement of officials pending the outcome of an important management board meeting at Twickenham yesterday evening.

The singling out of Bedford and West Hartlepool was a clear raising of the stakes by the RFU, who are now under intense pressure from the international rugby community to discipline any English club choosing to play against the two Welsh mutineers in defiance of union bans. Both the English and Welsh governing bodies have consistently refused to provide officials for cross-border friendlies on Premiership weekends, forcing the clubs to pay disaffected non-union officials from Wales to take charge.

Spokesmen for both Sale and West Hartlepool, the home sides involved this weekend, confirmed that no officials had been appointed. "I can't believe the RFU intend to go down this track," Howard Thomas, the Sale chief executive, said. "In another five weeks or so we won't have any Premiership fixtures at all, simply because all 14 top-flight English clubs will have fulfilled their promises to play either Cardiff or Swansea. As far as I'm aware, the RFU are contracted to provide referees for Premiership fixtures and I'd be shocked if they flew in the face of their own commitments."

"Quite frankly, the situation borders on the farcical. We recently played Cardiff in a pre-season friendly outlawed by the Welsh Rugby Union on the one hand but sanctioned by the RFU on the other. We even had Ed Morrison, the top referee in the world, in charge of the game. Now less than 48 hours before an important Premiership match, we find ourselves in the middle of this nonsense. I've heard nothing from the RFU, so don't ask me what's happening."

The full RFU council was due to discuss the ramifications of the rebel fixture programme today. By extension, they were also considering possible disciplinary measures. As recently as Wednesday, Glamorgan Griffiths, chairman of the WRU, said his union were preparing

to impose sanctions on Cardiff and Swansea, and would urge their English colleagues to take an equally firm stand.

"It will be pretty rich of the RFU to postpone two Premiership games, given that they were only too willing to accept millions of pounds of Allied Dunbar money," one club insider said. "The whole position is plain mad. The best part of 10,000 people are clamouring to watch Cardiff play Swansea tomorrow in a game the WRU don't want to take place. It makes you wonder doesn't it?"

Any systematic refusal to appoint referees to Premiership games would leave the clubs in serious short-term difficulties. They had hoped to rely on two officials recently retired from the international game, Tony Spreadbury and John Pearson, but both men are wary of raising two very public fingers to their own lords and masters.

The refereeing situation is complicated by a sudden shortage of top-class English officials. Stuart Piercy has yet to recover from knee surgery while two other regulars on the Top 10 list failed recent fitness tests and have been sidelined until they meet the required standard.

Meanwhile, Chris Wright, the Wasps' owner, predicted yesterday that a British league would soon rise from the chaos of the current club scene. "Sectional interests will fall by the wayside and we will have a league, simply because the benefits will blow right through the game," he said.

LITTLE ORPHANED PICHITTRA

Pichittra is only three but at this young age she has already encountered betrayal, abuse and death.

Her Father only married her Mother on the promise of a dowry from her family. He mistreated her mother and it was later discovered that he already had another wife. Pichittra's mother then fell ill with cancer. As she became weaker, she asked Father Brennan to take care of her daughter.

Pichittra was naturally very distraught when she arrived at the Orphanage and, although she has settled in, she has not yet been seen to smile. Sadly, Pichittra's mother died early this year.

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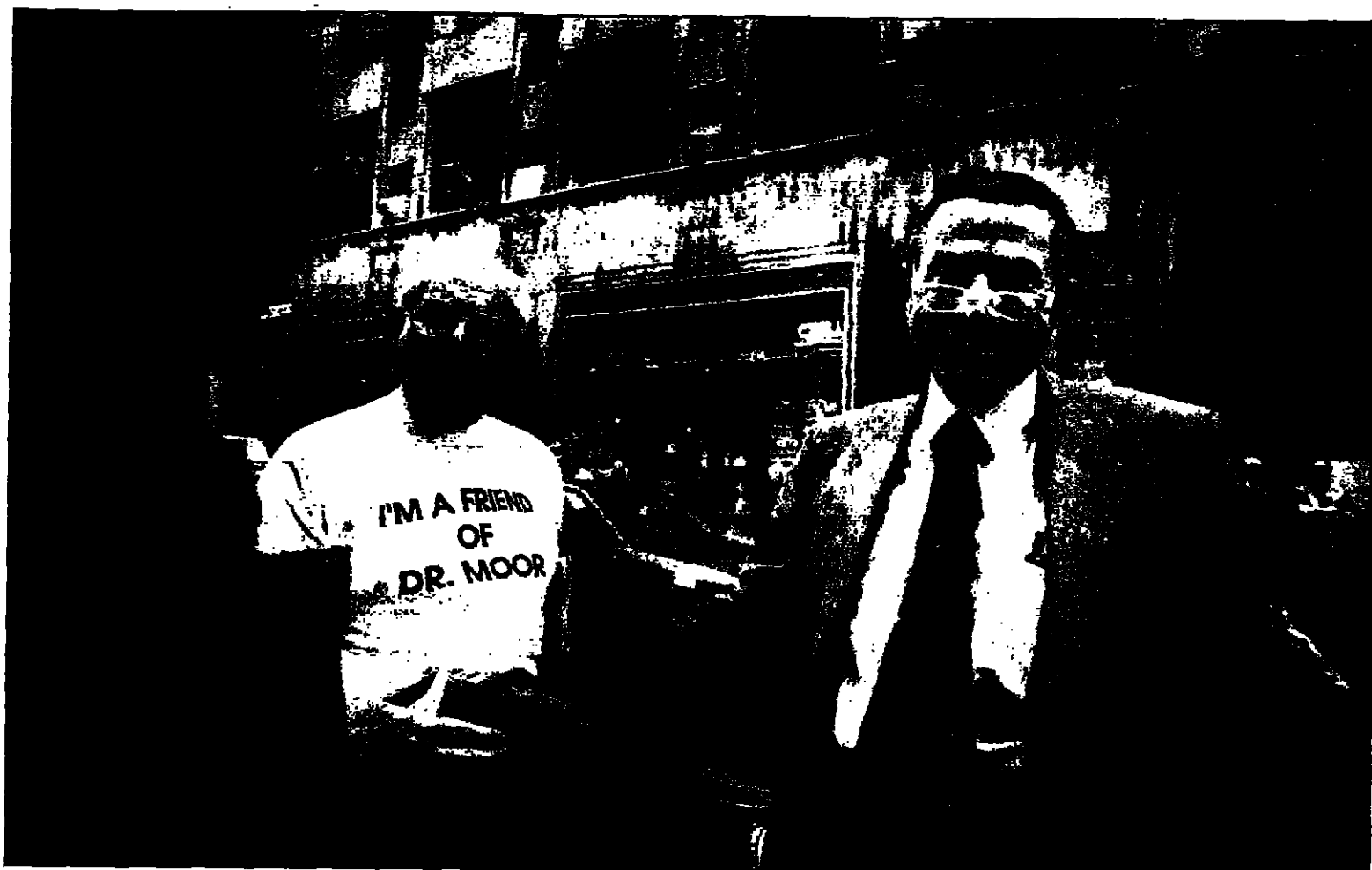
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Sept 11 2015

FRIDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION



This man is on his way to court to face a murder charge. So why's he smiling? Because whatever happens, Dr David Moor can rely on a fan club led by a page three model (not to mention the transsexual and the six-piece jazz band)

BY ANN TRENEMAN

The murder trial committal for the man known in Newcastle as 'Dr Dave' was set for early afternoon yesterday at the city's magistrates' court, so it made sense to have booked the Dixieland band from noon onwards for the pre-court rally. "They are a six-piece jazz band called the Heritage Hall Stompers. I found them in the *Yellow Pages*," says Fiona McAndrew, a former patient and the founder of Dr Dave's support group. "It is just right for him. He would do anything to make you smile." Or dance, as the Stompers certainly did.

Now, there cannot be much call for Dixieland jazz at pre-committal rallies, but then this was no normal event. Dr David Moor – a local GP who is known for his bow ties, and whose views are as outspoken as his dress is flamboyant – was appearing on the charge that he murdered a patient in July 1997. About 150 people came to the rally and when Dr Moor walked up to the court, he was greeted like the local hero and celebrity that he already is from his years as a newspaper columnist and radio host. Also on hand were members of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society. They had not just dropped in from London by chance. Could it be that Newcastle is about to get its very own Dr Death?

The committal was the briefest of events, taking about as long as a Stompers improvisation. About 90 sat in the public gallery in courtroom No 2, which is dominated by a large and Draconian brass cage. The plea hearing was set for 19 October, and Dr Moor was freed on bail.

The trial was to be the first euthanasia/murder trial in England that anyone can remember. America has Jack Kevorkian with his death machine; Australia has Philip Nitschke with his computer programme that provides a step-by-step guide to DIY death. But so far England has mostly had a lot of what the Voluntary Euthanasia Society calls "hypocrisy". No one knows how many deaths each year are caused by disease, or by drugs given to ease pain. Nor do we know how many doctors give the final dosage of drugs with the intention of easing pain (legal) or hastening death (illegal). Most doctors admit that mercy killings are not uncommon. But it is best, they say, to look the other way.

Anyone who follows the subject knows that euthanasia can attract an eccentric sort of person. At yesterday's committal, for instance, there was a man named Don Aston who has made a hobby out of studying morphine dosages. "We would have liked to hear some evidence, I think. At least the prosecution," he told the man from the Crown Prosecution Service, who did not acknowledge that he was being talked to. Dr Kevorkian is perhaps the classic outsider and oddball. He may be a hero in Michigan, but he is also a loner who is fascinated by death, wants to found a body parts clinic, buys his clothes from charity shops, and once wrote a diet book in limonics, which he called *Slimericks*. Dr Moor is not in that category, but, with his outspoken ways (he even admitted in the local press to once having had an alcohol problem), he fits the mould.

His support group does, too. The headquarters for the Friends of Dr Moor is in what used to be Fiona McAndrew's dining room and, for my visit at least, the atmosphere is chaotic. The phone rings constantly, and Fiona's English sheepdog Belle charges about barking.

I look round. The yellow walls are full of well-wishers' cards. What, I ask, happened to the dining-room table? "Oh, I gave that away," says Fiona distractedly. Fiona's mum and daughter are on hand, as are four other Friends. Most of us are drinking tea except for Lizzie, an artist who describes

herself as a post-transsexual. She has just wobbled down to the off-licence on her high heels for a bottle of Merrydown cider.

Everyone in the room is a great fan of Dr Moor, whose surgery was just down the road at No 6 Wingrove Road. None of them could believe it when their doctor – an outspoken proponent of euthanasia, as well as of many other causes – was found to be under investigation regarding the death of

one of his patients, an 85-year-old former ambulance man named George Liddell.

Dr Dave's problems began on a Sunday in July 1997. On that day the chairman of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society, Dr Michael Irwin, was featured in *The Sunday Times* saying that during his career he had helped some 50 people to die. The Newcastle media then rang up their local media-friendly doctor, Dr Dave, and asked

him the same question. The police heard the comments and launched an investigation. It took a year. This took its toll, and, at 51, Dr Moor decided to retire. Three months ago he was charged with murder.

The moment Fiona heard, she vowed to clear his name. Since then she has devoted her life to the Friends. Her first public meeting attracted 200 people, and every Saturday she has a stand at the market.

Last week she gathered 1,600 signatures. The T-shirts seem popular, so do the bumper stickers. She admits to liking the buzz. This week she has been working every day, sometimes to 11pm. "But he deserves it," she says. "He is a good man."

The Friends are not fair-weather ones but then, they say, neither is Dr Moor. After all, Fiona says, didn't he stand by her when the press was in full rottweiler mode over

the fact that she had had what her mother calls her "boob job" on the NHS? Lizzie, who also wants such an operation, nods. Other Friends have less exciting stories, though ones that, given the nature of our times and how busy most doctors are, perhaps tell the real story. It seems that Dr Moor really listened to them when they went to his surgery with problems.

"It was no five-minute conversation," says 67-year-old George Gee, a retired electrician whose white hair is tied in a tiny ponytail. Another patient, Joan Armstrong, tells of the way Dr Moor helped out with her mother, who suffers with arthritis. One morning at 6am her mother had a bad fall, and Dr Moor came out. She has never forgotten it. "You just don't get the same service from others," she says softly.

I say that reporting restrictions mean we cannot discuss the case but they say they don't want to anyway.

"To tell you the truth, at the moment my main priority is not euthanasia, it is Dr Moor," Fiona says.

He is, after all, the man who helped Fiona get her breast implants. The £2,300 operation was done on the NHS. The local press heard about it and soon Fiona had appeared in the national papers too. She whips out a book of cuttings. "See? Look at this! Isn't it awful?" The headlines are certainly not caring or sharing. "What a Boob!" and "Porn Star Ambition" are among the worst. Richard Littlejohn did not approve either, surprise, surprise.

The *Sun* asked her to do page three ("and I did, too") but her modelling career soon ended. However, this didn't bother her too much, as she found herself rather enjoying her new career as a campaigner for plastic surgery on the NHS. She set up a helpline from her front room and was soon talking to other women who, like herself, saw plastic surgery as a way to raise their self-esteem. The campaign grew, and Dr Moor was right beside her, appearing with her on radio and television shows, including *Kilroy*. "We did that show four or five times," says Fiona. "I believed what I was doing with Dr Moor. We were fighting for women with low self-esteem who wanted cosmetic surgery."

Lizzie has also appeared with Dr Moor on the show. "Oh yes, poor Kilroy! He's wearing as much make-up as I am!" she says from her precarious perch on the arm of a comfy chair. Fiona's mum, Joan, is in the chair and when Lizzie swears, Joan shakes her head. "I don't like four-letter words," she says.

"Oh, like love?" asks Lizzie. She is an artist who, until recently, lectured at Northumbria University. She says that she would have gone insane if she had remained a man. Lizzie met Fiona when they were out walking their dogs, and soon got to talking about the breast implant issue. So when Lizzie was asked to defend her NHS sex change on *Kilroy*, she asked Dr Moor and Fiona to go with her. "I can never thank him enough for going down and doing that," says Lizzie. As her bit for the Friends, she has done a pencil sketch of Dr Moor as an angel. It is called "Angel of Mercy" and was bought by a supporter for £400.

The Friends are in for the long haul. Fiona is already talking about Christmas bazaar fundraisers. They have just had a £1,000 donation from a supporter in Birmingham and plan to buy a computer and set up a database. The conversation swings between the philosophical and the mundane. A heated discussion about euthanasia emerges, with everyone trying to talk above Belle's barking. Fiona's 14-year-old daughter, Rachel, joins us and I wonder how many campaign groups manage to get three generations in one room. But then this is the group that booked the Stompers.

I wonder if the Stompers have checked their diary for October? I hear there's a hot court date on the 19th.

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E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity

Embrace the euro

Sir: On Monday your leader exhorted Tony Blair to stop Rupert Murdoch taking over Manchester United. On Tuesday your business Outlook pointed out at some length that for him to do so would be high impossible.

Also on Tuesday, your lead news story was about the inevitable "victory" Mr Hague will get from his party referendum to confirm Conservative policy that the UK should not seek to join European monetary union before the end of the next parliament. And you carried a pithy article by Steve Richards analysing the growing problems the Prime Minister has with his now rather too cosy relationship Mr Murdoch.

The fact Mr Blair is, metaphorically, in bed with Mr Murdoch has nothing to do with stopping the takeover of Manchester United. He could not do that even if he had never spoken to him. But it does have a lot to do with when we may become part of the EMU.

Once the sad Tory isolationists have had their say, the only alternative UK policy on EMU will be the Government's one that we should join when we have seen that it works, when the time is right, and when the UK electorate has confirmed their willingness in a referendum. That really is a pathetically weak stance on one of the major issues of this decade.

It is going to happen and it will be made to work, and made to work in a way over which we currently have precious little influence. To suggest that we should wait and see whether it works cannot be taken seriously as part of policy.

Tony Blair still has immense credibility with the electorate. Is he really going to wait – possibly for ever – until he is certain of *The Sun's* endorsement before he finally says that we have immeasurably more to gain than to lose by joining as soon as possible?

He clearly believes that to be the case and even gives the impression he would like to say so. But although he protests that neither Murdoch nor any other businessman stays his tongue, his actions suggest otherwise.

Can I use your columns to say, "Please, Prime Minister, break the creeping mould before it is too late. Stay the dragon while the next election is still three and a half years away?"
Sir SIMON GOURLAY
Kington, Poles

Sir: John Hawgood asks why so much of the debate on the euro focuses on the UK's interests rather than those of the EU as a whole (Letter, 10 September). Speaking for myself the answer is quite simple and obvious: it's because I happen to live here, and what affects the UK's prosperity affects me personally. And whilst I wish people living in other countries well – whether they're inside or outside the EU, or NAFTA, or the United Nations or whatever – I don't really care about their political and economic standing in the world in the slightest.
WARWICK CAIRNS
Windsor, Berkshire

Degree of respect

Sir: Oliver James's questioning of the worth of a first-class degree ("Let's put some first things last", 8 September) seems to be based on a rather feeble mixture of personal prejudice and spurious research.

So someone who attains a First can be safely dismissed as a teacher's pet with no mind of their own? In which case should the call go out to all high-achieving students halfway through their courses to ease off and "get a life", before their psychologically unhealthy efforts at learning dampen their independent spirits?

Oliver James leaps from a reasonable premise – "the academic grading system is not successful in bringing out the best in many people" – to a quite unreasonable conclusion – "a first-



In the fifth of our series on Portuguese fishermen, fish from the morning's catch, mainly herring and mackerel, are sold on the streets

Rui Xavier

class degree is therefore nothing special and, indeed, even to aim for one risks compromising your development as an adult". He backs this up with statistics which show that a large proportion of first-class graduates choose academic rather than business careers and consequently "do not have particularly distinguished careers".

This is nonsense. The award of a First is a recognition of special achievement, often of an originality of argument which goes beyond the primary need to demonstrate adequate understanding of a subject. It therefore encourages the very independence of mind that Oliver James holds dear. Unfortunately it is often those who had, as he puts it, "an unhealthy impulse to please adults", who deny themselves the mental flexibility and autonomy required to produce genuinely first-class work. This certainly applied to me at university in spite of the indifference I liked to affect in the face of exams, and it probably applies to most young people with expectant parents.

Rather than disparage the efforts of those who get the top marks at university, we should devote our attention to the age-old question of how, through the teaching system, the child's natural desire to learn can be kept stronger than its equally natural desire to impress.
ROBIN ASHMAN
Helenburgh, Dunbartonshire

Crowning absurdity

Sir: While containing many good ideas for reform, the Demos report's proposal to elect the next monarch is pretty absurd (Letters, 9 September).

How can we expect the sovereign to be dignified on the throne if he or she is to lose all dignity getting there? How are we to choose sensibly between one

royal and the next when their whole constitutional role is to look good and keep quiet? It would be the ultimate beauty contest where the tabloids would be bound to turn ugly.

But all this is not to say the idea of a referendum is wrong, only that we should ask a different question, namely, whether we still want a monarch to reign on our parades. If the answer is yes, then we cannot choose who that monarch will be, because if we buy into the monarchy at all then we have to accept its fundamental rule, the hereditary principle. The alternative is a presidential election where anyone, including the royals, may stand.

When the Queen does die, we may finally be ready to decide. That is, if the toady politicians will let us.
CHRISTOPHER WHITEHOUSE
London WC1

Sir: I often wondered why the British looked up my grandmother, half English and half Dutch, in a Boer War concentration camp with her babies. It is nice at last to find out; apparently it was to prevent her helping her husband to fight the British (Historical Notes, 3 September). Rather odd, though, since he was English himself.

Interesting, too, to discover that my father's brother, aged 2 and living in a tent, died because his mother was unhygienic. We always thought it was lack of food. Silly us!
QUINTIN DAVIS
Leatherhead, Surrey

Sir: It is depressing to see the continued fall in standards of English grammar, even amongst your staff.

The headline "All credit, The

Sir: Irene Birch is right that the Belgians had a referendum on the monarchy (Letter, 9 September).

The referendum was held after the end of the Second World War to decide whether Leopold III should remain on the throne.

Opinions were divided about whether he had done the right thing in staying in Belgium during the Nazi occupation (the Dutch royals ran away to England instead) or had dishonoured the crown by compromising too much with the enemy.

The referendum went in Leopold III's favour, but only by a majority of 57 per cent.

Feeling that his popular support was insufficient, the king abdicated in 1951 in favour of his son Boudewijn who reigned for the next 42 years.

Demos please note: just because a referendum comes out in favour of a candidate for the

monarchy, it doesn't mean the people will get the monarch they voted for.
D BISHOP
Brussels

Free the rhino

Sir: We find it difficult to believe that anyone can justify the \$22m cost of potentially freeing Keiko, the orca of Free Willy fame ("The \$14 million epic adventure to free Willy – into an unknown future", 9 September).

David Osborne asks if the operation is "an absurd display of do-gooding sentimentality", and it certainly appears that \$22m has been dedicated to the welfare of a single animal of a species which is perhaps threatened, but certainly not endangered.

In the last 30 years 97 per cent of the world's rhinos have been wiped out. Save The Rhino International has a campaign to

raise \$21m which would safeguard every remaining rhino on earth in perpetuity. As we struggle to raise funds to prevent the extinction of five rhino species, it is horrifying to see so much money raised to translocate one ageing individual from a familiar environment with no guarantee of a successful release into the wild.

Keiko is a worthy cause but this project will not alter the survival of his species. If we are to prevent the extinction of critically endangered species and thereby maintain the earth's biodiversity, we need to change the public's perception of conservation priorities.

JANE MORRIS, NEIL BRIDGLAND, CHRIS LEIDER, JO SHAW
Save The Rhino International
London SE1

English heritage

Sir: Richard Hoggart (Saturday Essay, 5 September) protests too much about our national identity. We may be muddled about whether we are English or British, but our ancestors were muddled about whether they were Angles or Saxons: they settled for the former, but their Celtic neighbours still call us the latter. And those Celts are muddled, too: the "Welsh" were really British; the "Scots" were really Irish, and most Lowlanders were really English.

The claim that "the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as the greatest he" was indeed made centuries ago – by Thomas Rainborow during the English Revolution – but it still isn't recognised; look at the homeless in our cities or the travellers in our countryside.

No, our main characteristics are that we are relatively safe and relatively rich, which is why most of us are fairly – but not very – nice.
NICOLAS WALTER
London N1

IN BRIEF

Sun done well for the boss" (10 September) should of course have read "The *Sun* done good for the boss". The *Sun* would of course have got it right – but if only they would really do for him!
PETER REYNOLDS
Southport, Merseyside

Sir: The Cromwell Hospital gamma unit is not the first to be installed in Britain exclusively for clinical use ("The dawn of bloodless surgery", 8 September). Stereotactic radiosurgery was introduced to the UK when the Leksell unit in Sheffield (unconnected to the University) became operational 13 years ago. Since then, over 2,200 vascular malformations, more than 800 benign and malignant tumours

as well as a number of pain and other functional disorders such as epilepsy, have been treated with Sheffield gamma knife.
DAVID M C FOSTER
Director, National Centre for Stereotactic Radiosurgery
Sheffield

Sir: I take exception to the following in "The good (and bad) food guide" (8 September): "Apples sprayed with Alar, a cancer-causing pesticide, worry some." Alar has not been used on English apples since 1982. After an American scare it has been banned here.

I would also like to reassure your readers that present crop-assurance safeguards mean that no pesticides are used for a period starting well before the fruit is harvested.
DEREK PRICE
Taunton, Somerset

Potter may have written his own biography. Who knows?

I OFTEN get queries from readers about the arts, such as "Can you suggest a good musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber?" or "All right, what kind can you suggest then?" and I always pass these queries straight on to my resident expert, the veteran showbiz observer Nat West. He is here again today to deal with the current crop of most-asked questions. Take it away, Nat!

I have noticed that Dennis Potter is in the news again, despite being dead. There is a book out about him by Humphrey Carpenter and there are TV profiles of him... why is this all suddenly happening? I mean, it is not happening about Robert Bolt, or anyone else who has recently died, is it?
Nat West writes: Well, you have to remember that Dennis Potter

spent the last year of his life knowing he was about to die and writing non-stop TV dramas to fill up the next 20 years of broadcasting, so he probably spent a week or two writing all these tributes as well. Maybe he wrote the Humphrey Carpenter book, too. Who knows? I have noticed little newspaper stories recently saying "Potter family up in arms over Carpenter book" or words to that effect. What was all that about?

Nat West writes: I expect these were newspaper stories written by Dennis Potter before he died. He liked to plan everything like that, you know. Who can tell? This Humphrey Carpenter chap: I've seen him on TV and heard him on the radio and he seems to be a jolly, inoffensive, quite enthusiastic sort of a chap. Indeed, he

seems to play the bass saxophone as well, which shows a kind of muscular innocence. Yet whenever he produces a biography, there's always a whiff of danger and controversy about it. Benjamin Britten, Ezra Pound, Robert Runcie, now Dennis Potter. Is it because Carpenter is drawn to dangerous subjects? Or because he knows how to make them dangerous? Nat West writes: No. It is more likely that his publisher has a good publicity department. Who knows? Why do you keep emitting those little questions such as "Who knows?" and "Who can tell?" Nat West writes: Shall we ever know?

Just tell us.
Nat West writes: This is designed to impart a slightly Jewish world-weariness to my gnomic



MILES KINGTON
Leave the fatalistic shoulder-shrugging to me, IF you don't mind. Next!

statements. And the next! I wonder if you could offer me some advice. I am running a very

successful opera house in central London, but it is losing millions of pounds a year. What should I do? Nat West writes: Sell to Murdoch. Why would Rupert Murdoch want to buy the Royal Opera House? Nat West writes: Well, come to that, why would he want to buy *The Times*? Who can say? Nat West writes: Leave the fatalistic shoulder-shrugging to me, if you don't mind. And the next! I would very much like to be an announcer on Radio 3, as I can pronounce Janacek correctly and don't like hard work. Can you advise me? Nat West writes: Well, now, one thing you will have to have is an Irish accent. Just as it is becoming mandatory to have a Scottish accent if you are presenting current

affairs and to be called Gordon or Kirsty if possible, so it is becoming obligatory to have an Irish accent for culture. In the old days an Irish accent in a broadcaster meant having the common touch, being a man of the people – Eamonn Andrews, Terry Wogan, and so on. Nowadays there is a cultural overtone to an Irish voice. Anthony Clare, being in charge of psychiatry... Sean Rafferty being drafted into Radio 3... Tom Paulin on late-night culture... Henry Kelly masterminding Classic FM... Where does Frank Delaney fit into all this? Nat West writes: Where indeed? What about the Welsh accent? How does it fit into your scenario? Nat West writes: How indeed? The other day in *The Spectator* I noticed the poet Hugo Williams

Divinity in a spoon

Sir: James Randi says he bends spoons the easy way, by sleight-of-hand, and that if I do it by "divine means" I'm choosing the hard option ("Magic chance to beat the sceptic", 9 September). I do not believe the estimated 100 million people who have experienced paranormal phenomena in their own homes, while watching me on TV or listening to my radio shows, can all be accomplished conjurers. Perhaps, to turn Randi on his head, the apparently rather trivial phenomenon of spoon-bending has a serious purpose – to demonstrate that in all of us there burns a divine flame.
URI GELLER
Somerset-on-Thames, Berkshire

Shame over Kosovo

Sir: The EU Commissioner for Humanitarian Aid, Emma Bonino, and Christopher Hill, the US envoy to Kosovo, are quite right when they say we are fiddling while Kosovo burns (report, 8 September).

On 4 March the Prime Minister assured me and the House of Commons that we would not stand idly by while President Milosevic ignited another ethnic war in the Balkans. The lesson of appeasement in Bosnia, he agreed, had been learnt.

Six months later hundreds of ethnic Albanians have been murdered and 300,000 driven from their homes. Yet again Milosevic has called our bluff and the West has shown a shameful lack of political will to prevent genocide and ethnic cleansing in Europe.
BEN BRADSHAW MP
(Exeter, Lab)
House of Commons

Stolen city

Sir: How amusing that the ancient Armenian city of Ani is being characterised as multicultural by a modern Turkish archaeologist ("Struggle for soul of a closed city", 10 September), while the major culture of the site is ignored. Maybe someone will one day likewise look upon St Paul's Cathedral as an interesting site of a Mithraic temple.

Any reputable historian or traveller knows that Ani is overwhelmingly an Armenian site. Lord Kinross, the biographer of Ataturk, pointed this out four decades ago, and has some dismissive words to say about the official Turkish line. When the frontier was originally delimited in 1921 the Turks (in the person of General Kiazim Karabekir) demanded the inclusion of Ani in Turkey for no other reason than that Armenians should weep at the sight of it from across the river. All parties recognised that it was without military, economic or geographical significance.

In these post-Soviet times, we're meant to be able to tell the truth about historical matters. If Turkey cannot connect the adjective "Armenian" to Ani, isn't it time for that incomparable medieval site to be handed to its proper owner, the Republic of Armenia?
CHRISTOPHER J WALKER
London W14

Internet liberty

Sir: Like other censors, John Carr of the Internet Watch Foundation (Right of Reply, 7 September) sees problems where there are none.

There is no demand by Internet users for net regulation. The demand for regulation comes from government, and from all those who have an innate suspicion of what Mr Carr calls "mass media". I suspect that Mr Carr distrusts the "mass" (including you and me) more than he distrusts the media. But the mass nature of the Internet is a source of great optimism – the prospect of liberating ordinary people from the constraints that have always been imposed upon communication.

Of course, there will be a few idiots who will abuse the system. Such people cause no physical harm to anyone. Their liberty is the price we pay for our freedom.
MARK PAWELEK
Belvedere, Kent

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Resignation could save Clinton's and a nation's honour

PRESIDENT CLINTON said this week that he had spoken to a young boy who told him: "I want to grow up to be President and I want to be a President like you." He himself was once the young boy who spoke to a President and told him something like that, a moment captured on a famous snatch of black-and-white cine film. That President was John Kennedy, and Mr Clinton did indeed grow up to be a President like him. Kennedy was also sexually incontinent and his personal ethics suspect. But the rules of the game have changed since then. In those days, presidents did have private lives. Today, despite Mr Clinton's vain assertion last month, there are limits to that privacy. In the 1960s, journalists were deferential towards the office of the presidency in a way which seems unimaginable today. There were advantages to this discretion: it made it much easier to judge a political leader by his public words and actions rather than by his private life. But on balance, today's prurience is better. Kennedy should not have treated women the way he did, and it would have been better if he had felt under some constraint in his search for sexual pleasure.

Even if Mr Clinton did not like the new rules of the political game, he cannot argue that he did not know what they were. His behaviour has been quite perverse and self-destructive. To embark on an affair with an intern in the run-up to the 1996 election, and at a time when his private life was already under scrutiny in a sexual harassment case, almost beggars belief.

It does not matter that adultery is not grounds for impeachment. Mr Clinton is in trouble because he lied to the American people ("I did not have sexual relations with that woman - Ms Lewinsky") and because, as the Starr report is bound to set out in some detail, he committed perjury in his evidence for the Paula Jones case.

We can expect endless argument over the next few days and probably months over whether this and any other evidence of attempted obstruction of justice amounts in any way to the "high crimes and misdemeanours" encompassed in the US constitution as the grounds for impeachment. It seems unlikely that the framers of that great document intended it to do so, but in practice the phrase means whatever Congress wants it to mean.

That is as it should be. The benefit of the impeachment mechanism is that it provides a democratic safeguard - it is not as easy to impeach a president as it is to sack a prime minister, but it is easier than getting rid



of a hereditary monarch. It also seems much easier now than it was before Richard Nixon's resignation. If Mr Clinton loses the confidence of the overwhelming majority of the American people, and their representatives, he will be impeached. It would not be particularly fair: Nixon's crimes against democracy were far more heinous, and in terms of public policy, Ronald Reagan's dealings in the Iran-contra affair were much more reprehensible. And he got off scot-free. But Mr Clinton will have brought it upon himself. In that sense, impeachment is real democracy in action.

Regardless of the impeachment process, however, the President is now not a lame duck but a dead duck. He

is a titling-stock not just in America but around the world. We cannot watch him on television without our eyes being drawn unwillingly to his mid-section. American teachers cannot teach the rule of law without sniggers at the back of the class.

The heart of the matter is personal: the President's personal judgement and his lack of shame. This is where the personal and the political overlap. The outcome should be decided not by the constitutional and legal machinery of impeachment but by Mr Clinton's personal honour: he should consider whether his resignation would be in the interests of the Presidency, the nation and the world.

Now three cheers for peace are in order

"I THINK we can do business," said Gerry Adams, as he came away from not shaking hands with David Trimble. It is a measure of how far the peace process has come - as was Mr Trimble's description of the meeting as "encouraging" and "civilised". Neither word could have been applied by a Unionist leader in the past to contact with a man who, until frighteningly recently, was an apologist for terrorism. Never has a non-handshake trembled with such significance.

Meanwhile, what has been called the choreography of the Northern Ireland peace process continued, with the removal of soldiers from the streets of Belfast. This is spin-doctoring in its highest and most morally elevated form: the managing of news and manipulation of opinion in the cause of reconciliation. Last week, we saw the happy coincidence of Mr Adams renouncing violence as "over, done with and gone" with President Clinton's visit to Omagh. And the ground for the release of former terrorist prisoners was smoothed by the release of two former soldiers.

Step by interlocking step, the paramilitaries and their political representatives are being tied into the treadmill of legitimacy. The announcement of a permanent ceasefire by the "Real IRA" leaves only the "Continuity IRA" still fighting its war against what they imagine to be British colonial power in Northern Ireland. And the Continuity IRA is one of the least successful terrorist organisations, having never killed anyone (not, unfortunately, for want of trying).

Paradoxically, the Omagh bomb and the killing of three boys at the time of the Drumcree march now seem like the final, perverse acts of madness in a drama which is drawing to a close. There are difficult issues to come, above all that of IRA disarmament, but the prospects for lasting peace are now better than they have been since the Troubles began. For which we can thank Mr Trimble and Mr Adams, and their willingness to do business.

A blatant insult

IF NORTHERN Ireland shows New Labour spin control at its best, this week has also seen it at its worst. The deliberate leaking of the interim results of the ballot of party members for their National Executive is an affront to democracy. It is a blatant attempt to mobilise loyalists to turn out for the approved candidates. If members react to this insult by electing the far-left Liz Davies, it would serve Tony Blair right.

Globalisation isn't inevitable: we can do something to stop it

WE SHOULD be ashamed of ourselves. The gap between rich and poor is widening not only globally, but in front of our very eyes. The United Nations Human Development Report has said that despite a six-fold increase in global consumption since the mid-Seventies, amongst the wealthy nations only the United States and Ireland suffer higher levels of poverty than Britain.

I am aware that only a couple of days ago I wrote about the joys of consumption, of desiring computers and fridges that cost around £1,000 or so. Yet I am not alone in living this contradiction between wanting things and wanting things to change. Knowing and seeing that there are deeply deprived people not just in the Sudan but living in our midst, does not stop most of us attempting to enjoy ourselves while spending vast amounts of money in the process.

That a new restaurant in SW1 is opening soon and is to be called after that revolution icon of the Sixties, Che Guevara, is symptomatic of the way we all carry on. What will you be able to do at Che's, apart from eat, drink and be merry? Well, there is to be a special cigar room so that the four-peasants can smoke their fat cigars. Is this any more superficial than all those posters of the handsome young man with the beret that students used to have on their walls? Ironic eateries are now the new radical chic. Che may be turning in his grave, but the world has turned too. There are now myriad ways in which some of us are less equal than others. Poverty seen not as simply lack of money, though in the end it may still come down to this. Over the last 20

years poverty has come to be viewed by many on the left as not merely material lack, but relative poverty.

In other words, some people in this country may be in possession of a TV set, but still be barely subsisting. The Thatcherites refused to engage with the concept of relative poverty, arguing that because all of us were better off than we had been before, those who complained were little more than whingers or scroungers. The whole theory of the underclass was bought in from America to persuade us that the poor were not like us only with less money, but an entirely different, sub-human species - which meant that little could be done about them.

These days we may talk less of the underclass, but that language has influenced the way we think about the poor. I don't want to reduce the debate about inequality to one of language, but at the same time language is immensely important.

I was struck by this at the Marxism Today seminars that I attended last weekend. While economists discussed what was going on in the global economy, there was a point at which it felt as though the discourse of economic theory was so far removed from a real political language that the possibility of change was even more remote. I must admit that by the end of a very long day of talking about globalisation I had turned into a kind of Tracy Emin figure, heaving drunkenly from the floor.

But my point, which obviously was made far more coherently by experts, was that if we continue to talk about the economy as though it consisted of nothing more than huge and uncontrollable forces of nature, then



SUZANNE MOORE

If we learn anything from the collapse of the Asia tigers it is that even economists can get it wrong

no sensible political programme can ever be formulated.

The danger of those who talk about globalisation is that, whatever their intention, they talk as if it were a weather system, as though it happened all by itself and as if even governments, never mind ordinary people, were powerless in the face of these huge currents of capital. If we have learnt anything from the collapse of the Far Eastern tigers and from Russia it should surely be this: that even economists get it wrong, and that their powers of prediction are often on a par with those of Mystic Meg.

It seems that these days we talk of globalisation without talking about the human beings who do it. This enables us conveniently to be against certain aspects of capitalism without being against capitalists themselves.

The exception, as we have seen this week, is football - which strikes at the

very soul of our sense of ourselves. The dismayed Manchester United fans who don't want to be owned by Mr Murdoch are not talking the jargon of economic theory; in their own way they are mounting a naive but politicised opposition by just saying "This is not fair".

The Government may choose to ignore this little crisis, but it is not true that governments cannot stop such huge global forces, that there are no alternatives. They can sign up to treaties and deals that limit the power of the multinationals. They can intervene, as *laissez-faire* capitalism does not prove to be the most efficient way of organising things, and it looks increasingly as though they will have to. Meanwhile, the shocking statistics on inequality can be read in a number of ways. The United Nations report measured poverty in four areas: life expectancy, deprivation in knowledge, deprivation in income and social exclusion. The recognition that there is a widening gulf between those who are information-rich and those who are information-poor is an important one.

This has come about because of the so-called revolution in information technology, with the result that huge numbers of people are locked out of, or have no access to, what makes the modern world go round.

In this country we are not just talking about those who don't own PCs, but an appallingly high rate of illiteracy. Without literacy, never mind the skills necessary to use the new technology, this particular cycle of deprivation will continue. Again, though, it is interesting to see how the language has changed. We talk now of social ex-

clusion and inclusion as a way of bypassing the older left-wing demand for redistribution. Redistribution makes the Blairites nervous, as it may signal higher taxation. Yet, for all the theorising, not one person has come up with a policy to make the excluded feel more included, which does not include some form of redistribution.

J.K. Galbraith, who was on the case some 40 years ago, notes in the UN report the tendency "to develop some rationalisation for the good fortune of the fortunate. Responsibility is assigned to the poor themselves." This means that affluent nations and individuals "enjoy their well-being without the burden of conscience, without a troublesome sense of responsibility".

The new establishment - "Top 50 leaders of the Information Age" celebrated in this month's *Vanity Fair* - typify this sensibility. We are told, for example, that Bill Gates could buy a year's worth of groceries for every US household below the poverty line. This is fascinating not because it indicates his vast wealth, but because the possibility that he would ever do such a thing is unimaginable.

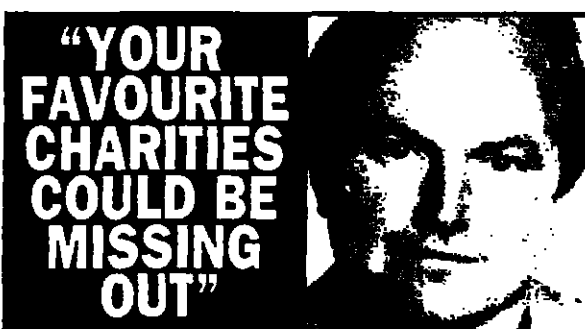
So it is not just that we accept inequality, but that we have begun to fetishise it. Those who don't want to accept it may have to accept also that we have to change the language in which we think about it. Inequality may be inevitable, but inequality on this scale? We don't have to buy this, any more than we have to buy the idea that ruthless globalisation is unstoppable. It's not just that we don't have to buy it; in terms of human suffering, the price however you measure it is way too high.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I don't believe the NHS can or will ban Viagra on prescription."
Ken Moran,
chairman and managing director of Pfizer UK

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Everything is only for a day, both that which remembers and that which is remembered."
Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,
Roman emperor



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IT IS easy to see why Murdoch wants United but difficult to understand why Manchester is accepting the bait; it already has an income twice as high as the next English club. It does not need Murdoch's money and should resist his embrace. *The Guardian*

MURDOCH'S BUCCANEERING half-billion pound bid to buy United, if successful, could not only let him retain the whip hand over TV soccer, but also give him a golden stake in the

running of any football super-league. By the cold logic of the stock market it is difficult to condemn Murdoch's bid. Even so our hearts go out to those many football fans who fear that this takeover could serve only to accelerate the transformation of their traditional sport into a ruthlessly manipulated branch of showbiz. *Daily Mail*

THERE WILL be no pretence of enthusiasm for the club itself. This is hard commerce. Some

MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
British press reaction to BskyB's bid for Man Utd

might argue that the destruction of old soccer culture, with its tribalism and violence, is no bad thing. But the new culture nurtured by Murdoch's tabloid press is hardly any better. It is

far more exploitative of the gullible punter. It draws support away from league and non-league layers of the soccer pyramid below the pinnacle of super clubs. And it produces a

thoroughly second rate national team, in which media relations seem to play a bigger part than fitness and goal-scoring. *The Daily Telegraph*

THAT MANY will have misgivings about Rupert Murdoch's perceived hold on English sport is inevitable. But for United fans to rail against the takeover is like a group of lottery winners covering their ears when Camelot rings with the good news. It is for the rest of football to worry. United

supporters should sit back and enjoy the ride. *The Times*

CAN MURDOCH be stopped? Don't expect strong protests from the Football Association, one of the most ineffective and incompetently run institutions in the kingdom. The football authorities will probably follow their usual policy when faced with big issues, and do nothing - or sweet FA, as Murdoch might put it. *Evening Standard*

PANDORA

WHAT USED to be "Zippergate" is now being called "Hurricane Monica" in the States. As one former supporter after another jumps off the Clinton ship, yesterday a top American television journalist revealed that former Senator George Mitchell - the man who brokered the Northern Ireland peace agreement - has refused Clinton's offer to lead his defence against the gathering forces of impeachment.

GARY LINEKER (pictured) launched a book of his favourite football stories at London's Ivy restaurant on Wednesday. Although none of the stories in the volume was penned by Gary, he made an amusing autobiographical speech to the gathering. At one point, he recounted the tense build-up prior to the penalty shoot out against West Germany in the 1990 World Cup. How did England manager Bobby Robson calm his players' nerves? According to Lineker, he brought them together in a huddle and said, "Don't let me down lads. There's 30 million people watching us." Pandora wonders if Glenn Hoddle might have emulated Robson's example before this year's heartbreaking penalty shoot out against Argentina. Could it have been, "Don't let me down lads. God is watching - and I've got a book to write?"

During the evening Gary Lineker expressed some doubt over Rupert Murdoch's takeover of Manchester United asking, "How long will it be before we can only see Manchester United games on Sky?" Lineker's concern over a conflict of interests comes days after his BBC Sports colleague Des Lynam voiced similar concerns. However, while BBC Sports presenters may worry in public about the ramifications of Sky's buyout of Manchester United, BBC staff members will no doubt be grateful in private. The BBC pension fund has a 2 per cent stake in the club, so presumably Murdoch's intervention will

provide some good cheer at the corporation.

FRIENDS OF Shakespeare's Globe Theatre took a wine-and-cheese cruise down the River Thames on Wednesday evening. Before going aboard, there was time to wander around the theatre which was reconstructed at the instigation of the late American filmmaker Sam Wanamaker. When one friend enquired at the information desk if it was possible to buy cigarettes, he was told, "With our history, we wouldn't want anyone smoking." Indeed, since the original burned to the ground in 1613 due to a wayward spark from a stage cannon. The Globe's history continues to exert its influence in unusual ways. The first members of the theatre's Globe 1000 Club, who sponsored the event, were a Mr and Mrs Shakespeare.

IT'S OFFICIAL. After months of speculation and false rumours, the release date for Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*, starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, has finally been announced in Hollywood. The film, which went into production in 1996, will open on 16 July 1999 in the States. At least that's the official line, but knowing how the reclusive Kubrick strives for perfection, Pandora would not be surprised if the date changes.

JUST HOW bad are things in Russia? A news story in yesterday's *Moscow Times* gives more than a hint. Apparently a retired army captain named Yuri Bystrov locked himself in an office at the SBS-Agro Bank and threatened to set himself on fire unless he was allowed to withdraw his savings.

INSIDERS AT *The Times* have been feeling superior about the sycophantic coverage given by their sister publication *The Sun* to proprietor Rupert Murdoch's purchase of Manchester United. Until yesterday, that is, when page five of the broadsheet carried the headline "Armchair fans in line for the best seats" followed by the reassuring subhead "TV coverage means more of the 100m-strong Red Army will see games".



Cartoons are no laughing matter



PHILIP HENSHER
The energy of German writing has passed, very unexpectedly, to a creator of comic books

WE'D ALL like to think that, when we come to look at a new book, a new film, a new play, we have no vulgar prejudices; we start to read a novel without making any assumptions, and decide whether it's any good or not as we read it. But I doubt that's true. There are a thousand prejudices operating on us before we pick up a book, or go into the cinema. I like a book with a blue cover; I don't like films set in the future; I can't hear new musicals.

Some prejudices are more rational than others; if you've liked Julian Barnes's last five novels, then you're not just more inclined to try his new one, but more likely to make the assumption that you'll enjoy it. If you've never much liked Dutch painting, then you might as well not bother going to Dulwich to see the *Fleeter de Blooch*; it might be the revelation you've been waiting for, but, more probably, it will just confirm your prejudices. Prejudices are, of course, but they are the means by which we protect our enthusiasms, and save ourselves a good deal of energy.

Sometimes, however, a prejudice is so widespread that it seems

to stand in the way of any kind of recognition or enjoyment. In some cases, a vulgar and stupid prejudice means that a piece of work of genuine and substantial merit never reaches the audience it deserves. I've been reading Raymond Briggs's new book, *Ethel and Ernest*. It's an odd and memorable semi-autobiography; an exploration of the lives of the author's parents from

their first meeting in the 1930s to their deaths. It lovingly reconstructs the domestic and personal concerns of a working class couple, and sets them against the large political movements of the 20th century. There is a constant groundswell of background agitation as the Depression, the Second World War, and the post-war social upheavals impinge on the lives of an ordinary couple. It never loses the tight personal focus, and achieves, in the end, considerable pathos.

Ethel and Ernest won't be taken with the seriousness it deserves, however, simply because it isn't written in a respectable form. It tells its story in the form of a strip cartoon, beautifully drawn, and consistently appealing, but still a comic book. And so plenty of people who would get a lot out of it aren't going to read it, simply because it doesn't look quite serious, not quite grown up.

And this vulgar prejudice against comic books has cut English readers off from some of the most impressive work being produced in Europe and America. Art Spiegelman's two *Maus* books, for instance,

used the genre to talk about the Holocaust and the Jewish diaspora, treating these difficult subjects in a direct and accessible form.

I wouldn't cross the road to read a new German novel: literary writing in Germany has become a dry, uninviting sort of thing, quite out of touch with its audience; the old energy of German writing has passed, very unexpectedly, to a creator of comic books. Ralf Koenig hasn't been translated into English, but his books are exceptionally brilliant.

His new book, *Jago*, stands hardly any more chance of being taken seriously in this country than any other comic book, but it's an amazing piece of work, a sort of fantasy on Shakespearean themes, set in London in 1600, with a cherishingly anachronistic setting of leather bars and back-stage bitchery. The plots of *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Macbeth* get spectacularly confused; murder, unrequited love and a good deal of trouser-dropping propel the furious action, and in the end there is a pervasive and very characteristic mood of poignant hilarity.

I can't help feeling that this latest

contribution to the long German love affair with Shakespeare would stand a better chance of being taken seriously in this country if it were in the form of a long and rambling novel. As it is, there is a double edge to the immediate appeal of Koenig's rubbery, vivid drawings and his ingenious, forceful plot: we can't help feeling that it can't really be serious, simply because it is so easy to enjoy. And, though both *Jago* and *Ethel and Ernest* are complex and troubling pieces of work, they slip down as easily as ice cream. Their problem is that they are judged, not as books, but patronisingly, as comic books.

It doesn't really matter. There are plenty of examples of modest little books, written in an apparently inferior genre, which have effortlessly survived their more obviously ambitious contemporaries.

The Diary of a Nobody is read where the novels of George Moore languish in the stacks; and in the end, it wouldn't be surprising if, despite all prejudice, despite all critical acclaim and the pronouncements of academics, William Golding will come to mean less than *Fungus the Bogeyman*.

Forget reforms in Russia now, they'll never happen



ANATOL LIEVEN
The moment the elite see elections are going to threaten them, they will move to end democracy

THE NOMINATION of Yevgeny Primakov as Russian prime minister marks another stage in the progress of the Yeltsin era towards its end. As a sort of political lowest common denominator, on whom most parties can agree, he will - if confirmed - probably be able to hold the political situation together for a while, and avoid an immediate constitutional clash between President and parliament.

The only man who is willing or able to become prime minister at such a time is thus a 69-year-old foreign policy expert and intelligence official with no political base, no electoral experience and absolutely no economic background. This is a confession by Yeltsin of complete political and economic bankruptcy. With shelves empty, people hoarding food, and regional governors (illegally) declaring local states of emergency and refusing publicly to pay taxes to the centre, we are right back to the position which prevailed at the very start of the Yeltsin era, in late 1991 and early 1992.

What this means, and what the West must recognise, is that Yeltsin's entire record in government has been a catastrophic failure. His presidency must end, and end soon, with all its works, and all its empty promises. While some other former Communist countries have progressed tremendously over the past decade, Russia has to begin again from the very beginning. Forget the "bad luck" of the Asian economic crisis. Poland and other states have used the past years to build healthy economic and political systems which should be able to withstand a world economic downturn. Russia's rulers under Yeltsin have undermined its health to the point where it was bound to succumb to any serious new global financial infection. Talk by Western governments of

the need for Russia to "return to the path of reform", and that Western aid will be dependent on this, were mistaken in the past and are now entirely ludicrous.

What happened under Yeltsin was never "reform" in the sense that this was carried out in central Europe and advocated in Russia by well-meaning but hopelessly naive Western economists. Rather it was a process whereby sections of the old Communist elites, together with new elements from the black market and criminal worlds, seized upon and plundered the state economy and indeed the state itself. In the process, they diverted the proceeds of Russia's only real economic asset of immediate value - exports of oil, gas and minerals - into their own pockets and from there into foreign bank accounts, foreign real estate, and conspicuous consumption.

This is what Russia's "privatisation process", so much praised in the West, really consisted of. On top of all this, the state has again and again presided over the destruction of ordinary people's savings, in part as

a deliberately cynical move to help it pay off its own debts in devalued money, and in the process, to help save the oligarchs and their banks.

Under Yeltsin, Russia became ruled by a Latin-American style "comprador" elite of the worst type. These men were willing to preserve the facade of democratic institutions so long as these did not threaten their power and profits. But make no mistake about it, the moment they see that elections are going to threaten them, they will move to subvert or end democracy. The West must be very careful that a fear of "communism" or "fascism" in Russia does not lead it to go on supporting Yeltsin and his oligarch backers to the point where they start shooting people to stay in power.

In any case, much of the point of economic reform has been irrevocably lost. This was, or rather should have been, to stimulate foreign direct investment in Russia, above all through the sale of profitable Russian industries to Western companies. Even more important than the revenue this would have brought in would have been the management skills and contribution to the creation of a civilised economy. But seven years of possibilities were lost as a result of a malign *de facto* alliance between communists, nationalists, and oligarchs afraid of competition.

For the foreseeable future, any Russian government, of any colour, will be engaged not in an ideological economic programme but in desperate measures of crisis management. None of the possible policies, by any party, will be able to prevent hyperinflation, because printing money is the only way the state will be able even to pretend to pay its bills. Certainly the idea of a central government as weak as Primakov's will be sticking to the austerity of a currency board is simply madness.



Primakov (above) and his rejected rival Chernomyrdin

Russia will therefore suffer a terrible economic crisis whatever happens. To prevent this leading to the actual disintegration of the Russian state, together with the rise of extremist movements and the growth of political violence, the only hope is for Yeltsin to be replaced by a new president enjoying fresh legitimacy, elected by a more or less free and fair process. Only such a president would have the ability - would indeed have the moral right - to call on the population to accept further suffering.

Let us be frank, however, about what this means. It is now generally recognised in the West that the oligarchs as a group are a key part of

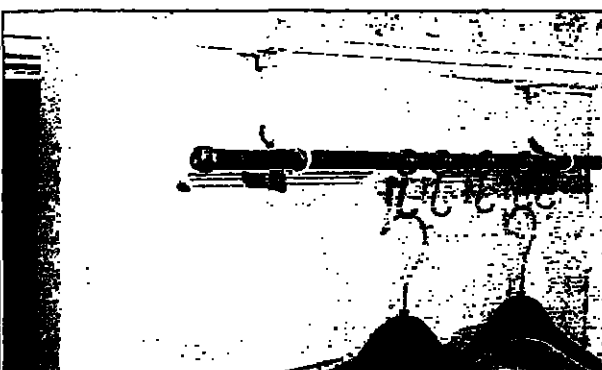
Russia's inability to establish a working free market. To break these men's power means renationalising - at least for several years, until they could be sold again for their true worth - the industries which they stole from the Russian state and people. That would be an unpalatable process for many in the West, and it might also involve violence. But it has to be done if the Russian state and economy are ever to have any chance of developing in a modern and civilised direction.

The author's *Chechnya: Tombstone of Russian Power* is published by Yale University Press

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Clinton has lost his moral authority

I RISE today to make a most difficult and distasteful statement for me, probably the most difficult statement I've made on this floor in the 10 years I've been a member of the United States Senate.

I have come to this floor many times in the past to speak with my colleagues about the concerns which are so widely shared in this chamber, and throughout the nation, that our society's standards are sinking, that our common moral code is deteriorating, and that our public life is crumbling. In doing so, I have specifically criticised leaders of the entertainment industry for the way they have used the enormous influence they wield to weaken our common values.

And now because the President commands at least as much attention, and exerts at least as much influence on our collective consciousness as any Hollywood celebrity or television show, it is hard to ignore the impact of the misconduct the President has admitted to on our culture, on our character and on our children.

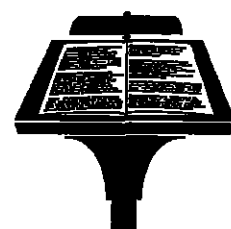
To begin with, I must respectfully disagree with the

President's contention that his relationship with Monica Lewinsky, and the way in which he misled us about it, is nobody's business but his family's, and that "even presidents have private lives". Whether he, or we, think it fair or not, the reality in 1998 is that a president's private life is public. News media standards will have it no other way.

But there is more to this than modern media intrusiveness. The President is not just the elected leader of our country. He is, as the presidential scholar Clinton Rossiter observed, "the one-man distillation of the American people", and as President Taft said at another time, "the personal embodiment and representative of their dignity and majesty".

So when his personal conduct is embarrassing, it is sadly so not just for him and his family. It is embarrassing for all of us as Americans.

The President is a role model who, because of his prominence and the moral authority that emanates from his office, sets standards of behaviour for the people he serves. His duty, as the



PODIUM

SENATOR JOSEPH LIEBERMAN
From the speech to the US Senate that signalled Bill Clinton's loss of support in his own party

Reverend Nathan Baxter of the National Cathedral here in Washington said in a recent sermon, is nothing less than the stewardship of our values. So, no matter how much the President or others may wish to compartmentalise the different spheres of his life, the inescapable truth is that the President's private conduct can, and often does, have profound public consequences.

In this case, the President

apparently had extramarital relations with an employee half his age, and did so in the workplace, in the vicinity of the Oval Office. Such behaviour is not just inappropriate. It is immoral. And it is harmful, for it sends a message of what is acceptable behaviour to the larger American family, particularly to our children, which is as influential as the negative messages communicated by the entertainment culture.

President Clinton, in fact, has shown during the course of his presidency that he understands this, and the broader concern in the public about the threat to the family. He has used the bully pulpit of his presidency to eloquently and effectively call for the renewal of our common values, particularly the principles of personal responsibility and our common commitment to the family. And he has spoken out admirably against sexual promiscuity among teenagers, in clear terms of right and wrong, emphasising the consequences involved.

Now, all of that makes the President's misconduct so confusing and so damaging. The President's relationship with

Ms Lewinsky not only contradicted the values he has publicly embraced over the last six years. It has, I fear, compromised his moral authority at a time when Americans of every political persuasion agree that the decline of the family is one of the most pressing problems we are facing.

As any mother and father knows, kids have a singular ability to detect double standards. So we can safely assume that it will be that much more difficult to convince our sons and daughters of the importance of telling the truth when the most powerful man in the nation evades it. Many parents I have spoken with in Connecticut confirm this unfortunate consequence. The President's intentional and consistent statements, more deeply, may also undercut the trust that the American people have in his word.

I know from the Bible that only God can judge people. The most we can do is to condemn without condemning individuals. And in this case, I have tried to comment on the consequences of the President's conduct on our country.

APR 11 2000

Few want it, but go he must



MARY DEJEVSKY
Next to nuclear war,
the most important thing
we do is impeachment
of the President

THE MORE tumultuous the political storm around President Clinton, it seems, the quieter the circle at its centre. Now that the independent prosecutor, Kenneth Starr, has suddenly delivered his report, what happens next is - to adapt a phrase from Mr Clinton's televised "confession" - between the President, the US Congress and their God. But Congress, with less than two months to go before elections, has become strangely reticent.

An air of extreme gravity has descended on Capitol Hill. Any railing about morality and credibility is now hushed; it is too close to the mark, too dangerous. Listen to the leader of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, Dick Gephardt: "Next to declaring war, the most important thing we have to do is the impeachment of the President."

His Republican opposite number, the Speaker of the House, Newt Gingrich, insists that impeachment hearings should not start until the New Year "at the earliest". He would also like to make the Starr report public. Anything to share the responsibility and put off the evil day.

Impeachment, it has been well said, is the "nuclear bomb" of American politics. It is the weapon of last resort, the weapon that no one wants to use without irrefutable proof of cardinal wrongdoing, the weapon that could rebound to annihilating effect on any who are deemed to brandish it frivolously.

As stressed by Henry Hyde, the chairman of the House judiciary committee - the body that could take its first formal look at the report as early as today - Congress intends to play any impeachment process exactly by the book. If it must move in that direction, it wants to move slowly and deliberately. But the truth is that almost no one who has the power of impeachment really wants to use it: at this time, against this President, in this case.

The time suits no one. Even three months ago, the Democrats had hopes of perhaps recapturing the Senate from Republican control in November. At the very least they had expected gains that would reflect the strength of the economy and the popularity of the President, gains that would strengthen their legislative bargaining power and set them up for the presidential race in the year 2000.

The Republicans would have been happy to see Mr Clinton's popularity denied, but not his presidency in peril. They could wish for a strong performance at the polls, but not one that endangered a President they had learnt to do business with, not one that might catapult to power prematurely a Vice-President they had hoped to defeat in the year 2000. The United States, Americans never tire of telling Europeans, is not a parliamentary democracy; mid-term elections are not a referendum on the President. This time, though, they could turn into just that.

The President is well liked, in Congress as in the country. Even some of his avowed enemies say that they cannot but like the man. Few question his competence in office or his mastery of the political arts. And so long as Mr Clinton's public opinion poll ratings hold up, so long as he is credited with the strength of the US economy and positive national feelings (even the latest baseball record), Congress will be reluctant to move against him, lest they be blamed for precipitating a national crisis unnecessarily.

The nature of the case is a further disincentive. To many, especially male, members of the predominantly male Congress, this is - for all its complexity - still fundamentally a sex case: an instance of a man with a known weakness who succumbed to temptation and then engaged in multiple contortions to keep his fall secret. Many a member of Congress quakes at the prospect of his own indiscretions becoming public in such a manner; some - like Mr Gingrich and, most recently, Dan Burton - already know how it feels.

Even as they ponder a leisurely timetable for impeachment hearings that would not start until the new Congress convenes in the New Year, the current Congress risks being overtaken by events.

The election campaign, barely under way, is already dominated by the President's affair with Monica Lewinsky. Democratic candidates find themselves quizzed on their views; Republicans - those who qualify - are campaigning on the morality ticket. And some candidates are asking Mr Clinton to stay away from their events: his formidable fund-raising capacity, they feel, is not worth the moral baggage he would bring.

Nor may this President's popularity be as secure a protection as has been thought. His personal approval rating is now below 30 per cent, and his professional rating has slipped more than 10 points to 56 per cent since he admitted his "not appropriate relationship" last month. His every public appearance now is prefaced by some expression of contrition: a change in tone and substance that this President would



Showing the strain, President Bill Clinton with his all-important wife Hillary

not have adopted without advice that it was absolutely necessary. This is not exactly the approach of a confident - or confidence-inspiring - leader.

And is his case really "just about sex"? Did he tell the truth, "the whole truth", under oath? Was it just a "not appropriate relationship" or was it the sort of relationship that Americans, their legislators and their judges have ruled worthy of punishment? What recourse was available to any of those who lost their jobs and status - in big busi-

ness, the academic world or the armed forces - following an indiscretion with a junior employee and the attendant lies? Could they say "I let you down. I let my family down. I let my country down. I'm sorry, and I'm trying to make it right", as President Clinton did again on Wednesday?

Finally, the word from the country is coming back to Washington that the voters are reconsidering the details - however sketchy - of what Mr Clinton has admitted and are asking whether they want a coun-

try where there is one standard for the people and another for the President.

So while members of this Congress may not want to take responsibility for starting impeachment proceedings, they may find themselves inexorably pushed in that direction. In a process that requires the judicial to be tempered by the political, the President's most political defences - the election timetable, his own popularity and the public perception of his offence - have begun to fail.

The one salvation for Congress might be a weakening of the President's political position so rapid and so complete as to render impeachment unnecessary. Constitutional purists prefer impeachment to resignation; power should be withdrawn, they say, by elected representatives. At this time, with this President, and in this case, however, even they might see resignation as the least bad outcome for a President who was given the chance in 1992 to put past sins behind him and failed.

RIGHT OF REPLY

RT HON LORD PARKINSON



The chairman of the Conservative Party replies to criticism of William Hague's euro referendum

JOHN CURTICE makes a number of fundamental mistakes when he predicts that the Shadow Cabinet's position on the euro will be out of date by the next General Election.

First, he forgets that clear principles and strong leadership usually make for successful politics. Second, he misunderstands the purpose of our ballot on the single currency. And finally, he underestimates William Hague.

Mr Curtice is right on one point - that the public is open to persuasion on the euro. But this cuts both ways. It is wrong to assume that popular opinion is set on a one-way street towards support for British membership of EMU.

We have powerful arguments which will strike a chord with the British people: on whether a single European interest rate could be the right rate for Britain; on whether EMU will lead to taxing powers being centralised at European level; and, above all, on the importance of a pragmatic approach.

We believe that the British people want to see how the euro works in bad times as well as good. The Government has taken a dogmatic decision, committing Britain to the single currency in principle, even before they know whether it could work for our economy.

Mr Curtice dismisses the ballot because "foreign affairs typically come well down the list of most voters' priorities". But this is not just "foreign affairs". It is about how Britain's economy is run. The ballot will free Conservatives to attack the Government on other issues on which it is vulnerable.

Party members are sick of arguments about our policy on the single currency. A ballot will give clarity and consistency to our position. By putting our divisions behind us, William Hague is giving Conservatives a chance to start winning again.

The smartest man on Broadway

A FUNNY thing happened to Stephen Sondheim on the way to manhood. He met Oscar Hammerstein, a family friend who also wrote the words to *Oklahoma!*: not a bad start for the leading composer-lyricist in musical theatre today. But, as Mervyn Seest points out, Hammerstein's encouragement was not the only intimation of musical immortality for young Steve. His father taught him piano, and, by the time he had learnt to shave, Stephen was writing satirical songs.

A much more important factor was a privileged but emotionally barren childhood. In her compendium of Sondheim's life, Seest starts off



FRIDAY BOOK

STEPHEN SONDHEIM: A LIFE
BY MERVYN SEEST, BLOOMSBURY, £17.99

with his grandparents: eastern European Jews migrating to New York, surviving economic slumps, making do. Born in 1930, Sondheim was brought up in a swanky New York apartment, but had no brothers or sisters and, most of the time, no parents. The biggest blow came when he

was 10. His father traded his wife, the pretentious and vain Fox, for a younger model, and Stevie was left with a mother who never got over the divorce. He is convinced that she used to flash her knickers and her cleavage at him. On this point, Seest's bits of explanatory psycho-babble are less revealing than her anecdotes of Sondheim's later "Don't touch me" attitude to women.

Although, when told about his homosexuality, Princess Alexandra once called him "rather a sad man", Sondheim does not appear to have had many problems with his sexual, as opposed to his emotional, orientation. In a series of sensitive discussions with Seest, he talks frankly about his feelings of remoteness as well as his romantic crushes.

Seest thinks that Sondheim's turbulent relationship with Fox explains his wary attitude to women, though it probably just explains his general fear of any kind of emotional exposure. When Sondheim fell deeply in love with Peter Jones, a much younger man, it was a year before he gave him his private telephone number. At this stage, Sondheim was no callow youth: he was in his sixties.

Clearly, Sondheim has been married to Muriel for his much of his life. Only once their relationship degenerated - when he was in his forties - did he make a decisive break with Fox. Even then, it took a letter from her which said "The only regret I have in life is giving you birth" to provoke the split. Ever dutiful, he gave her \$80,000 a year until she died in 1992,

but he claims not to know where she is buried.

A privileged childhood devoid of warmth, but might argue, helps if you want to write cool, satirical musicals. In Company, the lyrics of "The Little Things You Do Together" include "the children you destroy together" and "getting a divorce together". But other aspects of Sondheim's personality are equally important. In *Sunday in the Park with George*, the protagonist, the painter Georges Seurat, is shown as a rebel against artistic convention, sharing with his creator a fierce desire to break new ground. Sondheim's work depended as much on iron wit as on irony.

Not for him the schmaltz of traditional musicals, though his lyrics can be lush. Just think of "Someone in a Tree" from *Pacific Overtures* or "Tonight" from *West Side Story*. With a public persona that is suave and sophisticated, Sondheim has invariably attracted labels such as "smart" and "intellectual". But few writers have worked so hard at their talent. With painstaking detail, Seest shows just how much perspiration went into his 800 songs.

After Sondheim met Hal Prince at a 1949 Rodgers and Hammerstein premiere, they created the concept musical - though Seest has little to say about how culturally innovative this was. The wicked mix of parody and social comment in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Pollux*, *Sweeney Todd*, *A Little Night Music*, and *Assassins* does not escape her, but her commentary on creativity can seem a bit trite.

Behind the mask of urbane artistry, Seest reveals an unhappy man. Colleagues call him "silly", "bitter" and "aloof" - and perhaps other things that cannot be printed. He used to drink heavily, though his drug-taking (pot, LSD and coke) was more discreet and controlled than his temper and his



'A Funny Thing Happened...' heralded a new era in the musical

tears. Predictably, success made him quite the poor little rich boy. Based on solid research and extensive conversations with Sondheim, his family, friends and lovers, this is the best book about his life so far. Some of the anecdotes may be familiar, but - with its scores of telling photographs - this is an amusing and readable account of the man and his work. Odd to think that Sondheim, a 68-year-old master musician, still can't whistle. His 1964 flop, *Anyone Can Whistle*, gives us a clue as to why. The heroine is unable to whistle because she won't "lower my guard" and "learn to be free". Come on, Stephen: there's still time to learn.

ALEXIS STIERZ

FRIDAY POEM

HOUSES OF DEFAULT
BY GREG GLAZNER

The low-grade hum of central air
hovers, muffled in the noon humidity.
Driving by, a stranger mashes his jaw
against the blue knot of his tie,
my neighbor tailgating him, her lips
a tense red line above her steering wheel,
my own face clenched against the sun
as if retention might extinguish it,
here, beside the collic on her rope,
under the chronic drone of the power lines.

Ahead, the curve in it paralyzed
fall toward the manhole and the roaring
diesel sewer pump, on either side,
the houses of default, alright,
buried in their noise-reducing trees,

and me slogging on between them, an idler
smearing shoeprints into his well-oiled street.

This poem comes from Greg Glazner's second collection, *'Singularity'* (W W Norton, £8.50)

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Michael Samuelson

THE FAR-REACHING influence and considerable activity of the Samuelson brothers, David, Sydney, Anthony and Michael, throughout the British film industry is by no means as publicly well-known or as well-documented as contributions by far lesser lights, and perhaps that's the way they'd prefer.

The four offspring of the British film industry pioneer G.B. "Bertie" Samuelson, a Lancashire cinema exhibitor who became an early film producer in the days before the cinema could speak, went on to build up the Samuelson Group, the largest film equipment servicing company in the world. Founded in 1955 as the Samuelson Film Service Ltd, it grew under the control of the four brothers and was eventually acquired by Eagle Trust in 1987.

At that time Michael Samuelson organised a management buy-out (funded by his own family, his two daughters and two sons) of the Lighting Division of Samuelson Group, and established himself – and the company – world-wide as Michael Samuelson Lighting Ltd.

Among the many films serviced by Samuelson Lighting were *Gandhi* (1982), *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* (1988), *Good Morning Vietnam* (1987), *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (1989) and *Howards End* (1992). Television series included *Poirot*, *The Camomile Lawn*, *Jeeves and Wooster*, *Love Hurts*, and *Minder*, among many, many others, before the company was taken over by the VFG group earlier this year.

Michael Samuelson was born in 1951 and educated at Shoreham Grammar School. During his National Service in the Royal Air Force he received training as a photographer, but a career in film was not immediate, for he found a job with the Worthing Repertory Company, assisting the assistant stage manager. The stage manager was Andrew Sachs, now better known as the actor who played the *Fawlty Towers* waiter, Manuel.

Samuelson toured Europe as



His team of loyal technicians became known as 'Dad's Army', with Samuelson as Dad

captured on film. Many of the sporting events he was sent to film were being photographed in the conventional manner, cameras shooting the FA Cup Final, for instance, from inevitable fixed positions. Samuelson recognised that with more flexible cameras and longer fixed focal length lenses available, football and other sporting events could be made much more exciting for the home or theatre viewer. His associate Drummond Chaffin recalls: "Michael had his crews drill holes around the touchline of the turf and from ball height penetrate the otherwise hidden depths of our national game."

Michael eventually joined Sydney Samuelson in the family firm in 1960, and in 1965 the four brothers took the company to the London stock exchange, but executive management never stopped Michael's work behind the cameras.

In 1966 he was the Director of Photography on the official film of the World Cup, *Goal!*, but his contribution to that was not merely in photographing the Bafta Award-winning documentary. On the very evening before the final at Wembley, the film's producers ran out of cash and it was Samuelson who paid the technicians out of his own pocket.

Unsurprisingly his craftsmanship, care and sheer professionalism began to win him world attention. The Mexican government appointed him Director of Photography for *Olympiad in Mexico* (1960), and he followed with a remarkable succession of theatrical features including *The World at Their Feet* (the 1970 World Cup film) and *Visions of Eight* (1973), the multi-directional Olympic feature. He also directed another football film, *Heading for Glory*, and produced the 1976 Winter Olympic feature *White Rock*. Other features as producer and/or director included *Olympic Harmony* and *Golden Opportunities* (both 1976, Montreal Olympics), *Europa 80* (1980, the European football Championship) and *Goal!* (1966, the official film of the World Cup in Spain).



A still from *Goal!* (1966), the official film of the 1966 World Cup, for which Samuelson was the Director of Photography BFI Stills

Samuelson built up an impressively strong team of loyal technicians who worked regularly over a 35-year period with him and with the passing of those years, became known affectionately as "Dad's Army", with Samuelson as Dad. Only eight weeks ago, he was the senior member of the team at the Stade de France for this year's World Cup Final.

As though film-making in itself was not enough for one life, Samuelson also undertook tireless charity work. He regularly produced appeal films for the Variety Club of Great Britain, the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, and for Canterbury Cathedral and the Royal Opera House. He organised film crews to travel to Biafra, Vietnam, and Uganda, and took a controversial but admirable position in insisting that the Variety Club should take a leading role in resettling the many children among the 50,000 refugees expelled from Uganda in 1972 by Idi Amin.

Samuelson had joined the Variety Club of Great Britain in 1965, and by 1974 had become their president (known as the Chief Barker). From 1989 to 1991 he was chairman of Variety Clubs International. A prolific fund-raiser, he was instrumental in the club's policy of arranging life-saving surgery for children from the Third World and, to date, over 200 children have had such operations.

He was also responsible for instigating an Australian branch of the Variety Club (Chief Barker: Paul Hogan), plus new branches in both Israel and New Zealand. At the time of his death he was planning the formation of a South African branch.

The biggest charity appeal ever in Great Britain, the Wishing Well Appeal, was set up in 1987 to raise money to redevelop the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. Samuelson was the vice-chairman of

the appeal and co-chaired the special events committee. In 1988, the appeal passed its target a year early, raising a total of £54m, and the hospital's Variety Club building was opened in 1994 by the Princess of Wales.

Nothing indicates Samuelson's embrace of charity more than the tale of his witnessing an unknown javelin thrower create a 64-metre throw back in 1978. He found himself travelling on a plane with the young record-holder, Tessa Sanderson. Finding that there was no official support for her among the UK athletic establishment, Samuelson formed a group of fellow Variety Club members, dubbed "Tessa's Six Gentlemen Friends" who privately funded Sanderson's training. She did them all proud in 1984 by winning Gold with a world-record Olympic throw.

Samuelson's influence in the film industry was far-reaching in many ways. His daughter, Emma Samms, became an actress, most notably as

Fallon in the US television series *Dynasty*. Additionally, he was appointed to that august and secretive group, the Council of Management of the British Board of Film Classification, working with the outgoing chief censor James Ferman.

A long-time lover of opera, Samuelson also supported the local Holland Park Opera Festival, entertaining many guests at each production. In a uniquely fulfilled life, his only source of constant disappointment was his undying affection for his football club Tottenham Hotspur and Brighton and Hove Albion.

TONY SLOMAN

Michael Edward Wylie Samuelson, film producer and director: born London 25 January 1951; CBE 1988; married 1957 Madeleine White (two sons, two daughters, and one son deceased; marriage dissolved 1990); died London 26 August 1998.

Espartaco Santoni

ESPARTACO SANTONI enjoyed two cinematic triumphs, one at the beginning and one at the end of his career, but he was chiefly famed for his jet-set lifestyle on the Spanish Costa del Sol – which included numerous marriages, at least one of them bigamous.

His early triumph was as co-producer with Orson Welles of the film *Fuistuff*, which took the Cannes festival by storm in 1965. His last was acting in the role of a Mafia don in a film by the idiosyncratic Spanish director Santiago Segura, *Torrente, el brujo tonto de la ley* ("Torrente, the stupid arm of the law"). Shot last year, the film is still playing to enthusiastic houses throughout Spain. But Santoni was chiefly renowned as a Don Juan who featured regularly in Spain's colourful gossip magazines. He had the tanned features of a bon vivant, and was often photographed with a pirate's bandana tied round his head, sporting a succession of lovebirds on his arm. He spent his later years in Marbella, fitting perfectly into the glamorous Eurotrash world of Arab tycoons, film stars, models and minor aristocrats.

A spectacular public Santoni moment occurred in 1975 when he married Carmen "Tita" Cervera, a former Miss Spain. Within a year he was

jailed in Madrid for fraud, humiliating his nicely brought-up, convent-educated wife, who visited him in prison, and coughed up £5,000 bail.

Last year, "Tita" – who married Baron Heinrich von Thyssen in 1965 and is now one of the richest and most powerful art patrons in the world – described the Santoni episode as the worst moment of her life. She added: "It turned out he was already married to someone else, so I was never really his wife at all, thank God."

Santoni's father, who was from Naples, divorced his son's Venezuelan mother when he was 65, and went on to remarry in his eighties. Espartaco Santoni was born in Venezuela in 1937 (or 1932, according to some sources) and his first marriage took place when he was aged just 17, to a Catalan, Maria de los Angeles Sejo, in 1954. Three years later, in Caracas, he met the Andalusian singer Marujita Diaz, whom he accompanied to Spain and married. His new wife introduced him to the world of cinema, where he produced a number of films and met his third wife, the Mexican actress Tere Velazquez. But the marriage foundered upon his serial infidelities.

In 1978 he returned to Caracas – despite orders to report to Madrid's Carabanchel prison twice a month – where after a succession of failed

business ventures he married a petroleum heiress, *Natividad de las Casas*. In 1990 he published his memoirs, *No niego nada* ("I Deny Nothing") which detailed dozens of amorous adventures, naming all the names, to the fury of the women involved. That year he moved to Marbella where, with the patronage of the town's eccentric right-wing mayor, Jesus Gil, he ran a number of bars, restaurants and property developments around the luxury yacht haven of Puerto Banus.

After his death, his daughter urged people to remember him with joy not tears, and promised to organise a Mexican fiesta in his honour, complete with mariachi band. He leaves a 27-year-old widow, Eva Medina.

ELIZABETH NASH

Espartaco Santoni, actor and film producer: born Carupano, Venezuela 14 June 1937; married 1954 Maria de los Angeles Sejo (one son, one daughter; marriage dissolved); 1958 Marujita Diaz (marriage dissolved); 1963 Tere Velazquez (one son, one daughter; marriage dissolved); 1975 Carmen Carrera (marriage dissolved); 1980 Natividad de las Casas (marriage dissolved); 1991 Carolina Zapata (marriage dissolved); 1995 Eva Medina; died Benidorm, Spain 3 September 1998.



Santoni: 'I deny nothing' EFE

Felix Morisseau-Leroy

FELIX MORISSEAU-Leroy was one of Haiti's popular heroes. Through his poems, plays and articles, he was the person who made Creole, the language spoken by ordinary men and women in Haiti, as acceptable as the French taught in schools. It was thanks in no small part to his efforts that Jean-Bertrand Aristide declared it an official language when he became president in 1991, at a ceremony where Morisseau-Leroy was one of the guests of honour.

He was born in Grand Gouier, near the historic southern port of Jacmel, in 1912. His family were well-to-do mulattoes, and he learnt both French and later English. It was in Jacmel that he met his wife Renée, who said she admired his prowess as a horseman; he responded that she was the main inspiration for his literature.

In the 1940s, after studying at graduate school at Columbia University in New York, he taught in Port-au-Prince, the Haitian capital. It was then that he became interested in the Creole language spoken in the streets, but rarely written down. The end of the decade was one of the few periods in Haitian history when new ideas could flourish in relative freedom, and Morisseau-Leroy used the opportunity to write political poems and sketches.

But it was in 1953 with his production of the classical Greek tragedy *Antigone* in his own Creole version that Morisseau-Leroy really made his mark. The play was set in a rural Haitian village, with King Creon portrayed as a powerful voodoo priest. This was the first time that many Haitians realised that their oral language was capable of nuance, analysis and profundity. Unfortunately, the 1950s also saw the Duvalier family take power in Haiti, and any chance for free expression was soon snuffed out. When Morisseau-Leroy was offered the chance of putting on *Antigone* in Creole in Paris, he went to France and decided to stay there, fearing he would be arrested if he returned to Haiti.

Then began an unsettled period which saw him teaching in France, Nigeria and later Ghana and Senegal, where he was important in promoting popular theatre movements. By 1981, he had moved to Miami, and was welcomed by the Haitian exile community, already creating a lively culture of their own. He was hailed as the forerunner of many of their efforts; as one of them said on his death: "He realised that for people to understand the problems, they need to be taught in their own language, not a language they don't understand. Otherwise,

they're being mystified, they're being shown a lack of respect."

Despite encroaching blindness, Morisseau-Leroy continued to write a weekly column about Haiti in the periodical *Haiti en Marche*. He returned briefly to Haiti after the fall of the Duvaliers in 1986, and attended Aristide's inauguration in 1991. But apart from these short trips, he preferred the memories of his home country, which he put into the work of which he was most proud: an epic novel called *Les Dons d'Haiti Tom* ("People of Haiti with Courage"), in which he tells the story of the people of his own town Jacmel from the time of the US invasion of 1915 to the ousting of President Aristide in 1991.

The novel was published three years ago; but perhaps the most fitting tribute to Felix Morisseau-Leroy and his influence was the staging earlier this year of his Creole version of *Antigone* to a packed audience in a Miami theatre: the kind of mixture of races, traditions, and languages to which he devoted his life.

NICK CAISTOR

Felix Morisseau-Leroy, poet and playwright: born Grand Gouier, Haiti 1912; married (two sons, one daughter); died Miami, Florida 5 September 1998.

Yuli Shreider

YULI SHREIDER was a mathematician who did not stick within the narrow confines of his trade. His wide-ranging interests and keen intellect led to a strong commitment to the revival of Christian intellectual activity in Russia in the 1990s. He played a key role in Russian Catholic circles as well as in promoting contact between the small local Catholic community and the Russian Orthodox Church.

Shreider was born in Ukraine in 1927, the son of an engineer who was arrested and executed in Stalin's purges in 1937. Despite being branded the son of an "enemy of the people", the young Shreider managed to gain entry to the prestigious Moscow State University to study mathematics, graduating in 1946.

He then worked for 10 years in secret research institutes before joining the All-Union Institute of Scientific-Technical Information in Moscow in 1961. He remained at the institute until 1989, when he became

chief research scholar in the Institute of Information Transfer, Russian Academy of Sciences.

He published over 700 articles and books in pure and applied mathematics, philosophy of science, literary criticism and, in later years, theology. Shreider's intellectual searching had brought him to a Christian faith as a young adult. He later recalled:

I grew up in an atheist family, but while still a child I felt within me the importance of religion. I can remember the shock I felt when right next to my school they started knocking down the Orthodox church. So from the very start I felt the importance of Christianity as a whole – without denominational distinctions.

He decided to join the Catholic Church. Fear of reprisals led him in 1970 to be baptised not in Moscow but at the Catholic church in the Estonian capital Tallinn. He joined the Dominicans as a lay tertiary in 1977 and took part in a secret group of Catholics meeting in Moscow, but

was interrogated by the KGB when the group's priest Father Vladimir Nikiforov was arrested in 1983. Shreider was deprived of the right to continue his scientific work or publish and was transferred to the production department of the institute.

As the climate eased in the later Gorbachev years, Shreider was instrumental in setting up a Catholic club in Moscow, *Spiritual Dialogue*, in August 1989 of which he became chairman. In June 1990 Shreider joined a group of Polish pilgrims for an audience at the Vatican with Pope John Paul II.

In 1991 he became a professor of Christian ethics in the newly-established St Thomas Aquinas College of Catholic Theology in Moscow, as well as at the Orthodox St Andrew the Apostle theological institute. This unique double-act was characteristic of Shreider's broad Christian commitment.

Shreider was constantly aware of the historical suspicion of Catholi-

cism in Russia and worked to break that down.

The community of Russian Catholics occupies a rather special position: they are a group of people who belong to Russian culture, are organically Russian, but who – mostly as adults – have chosen to confess the Catholic faith. They are by no means fugitives from Orthodoxy, but people who have found that their path to Christ lies through the Catholic Church.

He participated in numerous conferences and seminars around the world, visiting Britain on several occasions to attend events organised by the Keston Institute in Oxford.

In the late 1970s, Shreider had begun a quest to set science in its wider cultural context. In semi-jest he devised a list of features common to science and the circus (a discipline equally lauded in Soviet culture) and presented his findings in 1979 at a seminar at the Institute for the History of Science and Technology of the USSR Academy of Sciences. Among the similarities he highlighted were

the importance of achievements, not official position, the necessity of dedicated work from an early age and the requirement of being a professional before being able to take part.

"The report was welcomed," he later recalled:

partly as an apt joke dismissing the sombre gravity of science studies' "great depths", and partly as a fruitful path to explore. I undertook to write down the main points for possible publication. But science in those days was reckoned among the sacred cows, and such a frivolous juxtaposition had indirectly touched on Marxist ideology – the most scientific ideology in the world. It was not customary to make a travesty of "scientificity".

Sadly, no Soviet publication would touch his article.

FELIX CORLEY

Yuli Anatolevich Shreider, mathematician and religious activist: born Dnepropetrovsk, Soviet Union 1927; married 1958 Tatyana Ventsel (one son, one daughter); died Moscow 24 August 1998.



Shreider with Pope John Paul II at the Vatican, 1990

Yuli Shreider

F. Maurice Speed

WHAT'S ON



2d

"AS A fellow author I sympathise with Mr Speed. I do more - I admire him," wrote Bob Hope in the foreword to *Movie Cavalcade* (1943), F. Maurice Speed's first book. "I recently wrote a book myself," Hope continued, "but the publishers got wind of my project and left town in a body. Mr Speed did better than I - the publishers didn't get away. His book is all about the movies, or rather it is about all the movies, right from the time when Radio City Music Hall was no bigger than a telephone booth and assistant directors still dared to say 'No' to Cecil B. De Mille."

One of the best features of Mr Speed's book, according to Hope, was the price, "one which ordinary, plain, down-to-earth folk like you and I can afford". That price was sixpence (two and a half pence today), which back in 1943 was about average for a 64-page paperback complete with a full colour cover from *Gone With The Wind*.

It told a concise history of the cinema from Part One, "And That's How The Movies Were Born" (Edward Muybridge of Kingston-on-Thames uses a multi-camera system to photograph racehorses at the gallop), to Part Four, "The Screen Talks" (Warner's Vitaphone of 1926 was preceded in 1911 by Emil Lauste's sound-on-film).

This, subtitled "The Cartoon", delighted at least one young reader who worshipped Walt Disney and his Technicolor title *Mickey Mouse Weekly*. But wondrous as this little booklet was, it would shortly be surpassed by the author's mightiest and longest running work, a hardback annual fabulously illustrated in full-colour film stills, which would list in detail every film released in every year beginning with 1944. That was *Film Review*, but even before the books began to pour from his pen, F. Maurice Speed had created a name for himself as the country's foremost film buff - a modern term he may not have liked; perhaps the original form of "film fan" is more appropriate.

Frederick Maurice Speed was born in London in 1911, and became the creator, editor and chief writer for the first totally successful listings magazine, appropriately titled *What's On In London*. Actually that full title only occurred during Coronation Year of 1937 when Speed realised the vast appeal that George VI's coronation would have for visitors from abroad. "Indispensable to Visitors" became the front-page subtitle from then on, replacing the original and less catchy "Complete Arrangements for the London Week".

As a schoolboy, the young Speed showed talents as an essayist, winning several prizes whilst sharing his education with his local Hamersmith "flea pit" where he studied the "B" westerns of Buck Jones and Tom Mix with equal enthusiasm. His first real job was in journalism, as assistant to Edward Martell, proprietor of the lively and independent newspaper *The Sunday Referee*. This was the only newspaper to acknowledge the existence of commercial radio, and carried a weekly supplement about the programmes and stars of Radio Luxembourg.

What's On, Speed's brilliant concept for a listing magazine devoted to entertainment etc in the world's biggest city (it came "etc" wisely as the full table of contents ran Theatre, Cinema, Restaurants, Cabaret, Exhibitions, Sport, Music Hall, Concerts, Music, Lectures, Churches, Reviews - evidently listed in order of popularity) began in the autumn of 1935. It was not the world's first such, as Speed acknowledged by giving free promotional space to *This Week In Boston*, *The New York Metropolitan Host*, *Parisian Weekly Information* and even *Die Reichszeitung*.

Most of *What's On's* text was written by Speed, who split himself into several personalities including "Frederick Deane" and "H. William Barn". Eventually he left sport and such like to others,

contenting himself with reviews of films, plays and restaurants, plus his chatty editorial feature called "Round and About". On 15 January 1937, he saw BBC television for the first time, and was thrilled. "Last Saturday we saw the lovely lady announcer, Gillie Potter wonderfully explaining nothing and wearing a blatant version of our Harrow hat; and an amusing little Irish play. We also saw a

there are none. The Cameo in Charing Cross Road was running its fifth Disney Season: *Mickey's Polo Team*, *Through The Mirror* and many more cartoons, and the Good Food Guide included the Vega Modern Vegetarian Restaurant in Leicester Square: "salad lunch one shilling". Despite *What's On's* success, Martell shortly withdrew, perhaps because the publication was essentially local and not

sonal one, complains of the hard work it was to wrest these pictures from the American film companies. They had to come from Hollywood, British colour films being few and far between in wartime. Also, his bitter regret was that Disney only provided monochrome stills where the animated cartoons cried out for colour.

Film Review is now in its 54th year of publication, each issue an improvement on the last as Speed encouraged new film enthusiasts to write for his book. Many found their first voices in the series, notably William J. Everson, whose detailed descriptions of Hollywood "B" movies and their manufacturers were the first real writings on this cult subject. Everson went on to become the world's top historian of popular films.

F. Maurice Speed's connection with *What's On* remained beyond his retirement. He contributed freelance film reviews from 1982, and his final piece was published in 1996. He remained true to the cinema screen throughout his long life, and will continue to fill every true buff's bookshelves despite everything the new technology can try to do. One wonders whether there are any surviving members of the "What's On Club", the constitutional dinner of which was held at Pindal's Restaurant on 14 January 1937.

DENIS GIFFORD

Frederick Maurice Speed, editor and film critic: born London 18 October 1911; twice married; died London 29

Full-colour film stills ranging from the gorgeous Rita Hayworth to the long legs of Betty Grable were Speed's particular pride

travel film and the Gaumont British News. It made us realise that television is a real entertainment now and not just an experiment."

Films he reviewed that week included *The Great Ziegfeld* ("really a dazzling production"), *Craig's Wife* ("Rosalind Russell so lovely as his well-gowned wife") and an early version of *The Maltese Falcon* called *Satan Met a Lady* ("the one bright spot is the delightful wit-witness of Marie Wilson").

Each review included a full cast list with characters plus technical credits, something no popular magazine had done before. Speed also listed all London's News Theatres: then there were 12, now

national, but Speed quickly found a new, smaller publisher located at Number One, St Paul's Churchyard. Even though there was a paper shortage during the Second World War, the magazine prospered, being a vital information source for servicemen on leave. And it was during the war that Speed conceived his brilliant *Film Review* series.

First published in late 1944, the 100-page hardback, printed on quality art paper, included 36 pages of full-colour film stills; these ranging through the loveliness of Linda Darnell, the gorgeous Rita Hayworth and the long legs of Betty Grable, were Speed's particular pride if not quite joy. His editorial, a typically per-

GAZETTE

BIRTHDAYS

Professor Norman Ashton, pathologist, 85; Mr Franz Beckenhauer, former West German football captain and manager, 53; Sir Austin Bide, honorary president of Glaxo, 69; Dame Margaret Booth, former High Court judge, 68; Mr Paul Cole, racehorse trainer, 57; Mrs Mary Fagan, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, 59; Sir Bernard Feilden, architect, 78; Mr Eddie George, former governor, Bank of England, 60; Lord Gibson-Watt, former government minister, 80; Mr Michael Lambert, racehorse trainer, 54; Mr Richard Linley, jockey, 44; Lord Marlesford, political consultant, 67; Lord Mayhew of Twyden QC, former government minister, 69; Mr Andrew Rowe MP, 63; Mr Barry Sheene, motor cyclist, 48; The Right Rev John Taylor,

former Bishop of Winchester, 84; Mr Roger Uttley, rugby player, 49.

ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Pierre de Ronsard, poet, 1524; James Thomson, poet, author of "Rule, Britannia", 1700; Thomas Barnes, editor of the *Times*, 1783; Sir George Clement Martin, organist and composer, 1844; Benjamin (Ben) Tillett, Labour leader, 1860; O Henry (William Sydney Porter), short-story writer, 1862; Sir James Hopwood Jeans, mathematician and astrophysicist, 1877; David Herbert Lawrence, novelist, 1885; Theodor Adorno (Weisengrund), philosopher and sociologist, 1903.

Deaths: James Harrington, political theorist, 1677; David Ricardo, economist, 1823; Antonio Tarquinio de Quental,

poet, 1891; Prince Louis Mountbatten (first Marquess of Milford Haven), admiral, 1921; Mohammed Ali Jinnah, first Governor-General of Pakistan, 1948; Field-Marshal Jan Christian Smuts, South African statesman, 1950; Robert William Service, novelist and poet, 1958; Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, Russian leader, 1971; Salvador Allende Gossens, president of Chile, allegedly committed suicide 1973.

On this day: the Duke of Marlborough defeated the French at the Battle of Malplaquet, the bloodiest war of the century, 1709; the British, commanded by General Howe, defeated the Americans under General George Washington at the Battle of Brandywine Creek, 1777; in Chile, the government was ousted by a military coup, and government

was taken over by a junta, 1973; during a riot at a gold mine near Johannesburg, 11 African miners were shot and killed, 1973.

Today is the Feast Day of St Deiniol, St Paphnutius, St Patiens of Lyons, St Peter of Chavannon, Saints Protus and Hyacinth and St Theodora of Alexandria.

LECTURES

National Gallery: Colin Wiggins, "Back to School O: Salvador Rosa, *Witches at their Incantation*", 1pm. Victoria and Albert Museum: Stephen Jackson, "German Stained Glass", 2pm. Tate Gallery: James Malpas, "Getting on the Nerves: art in post-war Europe", 1pm. Wallace Collection, London W1: Irene Logan, "Limoges Enamels", 1pm.

SYNAGOGUE SERVICES

Details of synagogue services to be held tomorrow may be obtained by telephoning the following. Sabbath begins in London at 7.10pm. United Synagogues: 0181-343 8989. Federation of Synagogues: 0181-202 2263. Union of Liberal and Progressive Synagogues: 0171-580 1663. Reform Synagogues of Great Britain: 0181-349 4731. Spanish and Portuguese Jews Congregation: 0171-293 2573. New London Synagogue (Masorti): 0171-326 1026.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

SIMON GOODWIN & JOHN GRIBBIN

Are we alone in the Universe?

AS WE enter the new millennium, astronomers stand on the brink of answering the age-old question of whether there are planets like the Earth, and life-forms like us, elsewhere in the Universe. The caveats are important, because although discoveries of other planets orbiting other stars have made headlines in recent years, those discoveries all relate to planets far bigger than Earth, more like the giant Jupiter, which has 300 times as much mass as the Earth. But soon, it seems, we will be able to detect Earth-like planets.

The recent discoveries push existing technology to the limit. Improvements in telescope design make it just possible to detect the "wobble" in the motion of some stars caused by the presence of a massive planet in orbit around the star and tugging on it gravitationally. In fact, the planet doesn't orbit the star - they both orbit the common centre of gravity. As a star is much more massive than a planet, this centre around which the star "orbits" is actually inside the star - so all we see is the barely detectable wobble.

Detecting Earth-like planets needs technology that is literally out of this world. A proposed telescope designed to look for evidence of life in the Universe, and dubbed "Darwin", could be put into orbit by the middle of the next century. Designs exist for a telescope which would obtain images of Earth-like planets up to a hundred light years away, and even provide information about life on those planets.

Such planets are too small to produce a detectable wobble in the parent stars, and have to be imaged directly. The light they reflect from the parent star makes them only one-billionth as bright as the star - but in the extreme infra-red, light with wavelengths much longer than those our eyes can see, they are a million times brighter, one-thousandth as bright as the star. With several infra-red telescopes joined together to make one huge instrument, Darwin would be able to detect any Earth-like planets in orbit around the 118 nearest stars. And 44 of those stars are sufficiently like our Sun that such planets might well be there.

But the cleverest feature of Darwin is that it will be able to monitor the chemical composition of the atmospheres of those



Mars: a dead and lifeless world

planets. Every chemical substance emits and absorbs light at different wavelengths, producing a characteristic "fingerprint" in the spectrum of light we see, or detect with our telescopes. Darwin will be able to see the fingerprints of three key compounds - carbon dioxide, water and ozone.

Of the three more or less Earth-like planets in our Solar System, Venus and Mars both have carbon dioxide atmospheres, typical of a dead and lifeless world (which makes the debate about whether there is life on Mars today rather pointless). But the atmosphere of Earth contains both water and, far more significantly, ozone. Ozone is a form of oxygen, and oxygen is produced by the activity of life. Oxygen is highly reactive, as we see every time we strike a match, and cannot survive without being replenished. If all life on Earth ceased tomorrow, all the oxygen would soon react with other substances and be locked up in stable compounds such as carbon dioxide. There would be no more ozone.

There are just 39 stars close enough to us that Darwin would be able to detect ozone on an Earth-like planet in orbit around one of them. But it only takes one observation. If Darwin finds ozone on just a single planet, we will know that we are not alone - and people alive on Earth today may still be alive to witness the discovery.

Dr Simon Goodwin and Dr John Gribbin work in the Astronomy group at Sussex University. They are the authors of *Empire of the Sun* (Constable, £16.99)

Cold beer and truth in the Captain's Cabin

THE INDEPENDENT ARCHIVE

11 SEPTEMBER 1989

Robert Fisk reflects from a bar in West Beirut where time stands still

THE BAR has the feel - even the smell - of the late 1960s. There are plastic grapes hanging from the ceiling, and empty whisky bottles line the top of the counter. A sign behind the fridge announces: "Please do not ask for credit today - ask tomorrow."

On good days, Georges Toriz steals electricity through a line from the local supermarket, cranks up the old tape-player and treats his few remaining customers to a diet of dated pop songs. But, at only 35p a bottle, the local Almaz beer comes cold.

Wander into the Captain's Cabin any day of the week - and any time of the day - and the chances are you'll find Adib Afridi by the door, sipping his first, second, third or fourth beer. "What else is there to do?" he asks. "Have a beer - it's on me."

Of course, there are other places to drink in West Beirut. But the Captain's Cabin is special. You only have to see Vera Habib walk in to know that.

Vera says she is 86. She is shabby and wears a grubby skirt. Her lined features hang off her face. In her cracked hand, she holds a bunch of dying carnations. She also speaks impeccable English, with an upper-class accent. "I was married to a German. He taught me English. But he died 15 years ago. We had a home downtown, but when the war started, it was destroyed. Now I go at nights to the homes of different friends and I sleep in their houses. I don't have a home any more."

She holds out a white carnation. "Will you buy one, dear? The price is as you like."

Selling carnations is Vera's

only occupation. She goes to the flower shop in Jeanne d'Arc street every morning before the daily shelling begins. A whisky drinker at the bar, a silver-haired man, says: "Don't you remember? Vera was one of the richest women in Beirut, but she gambled her inheritance away on the horses." Adib Afridi smiles at the tale. "She knows she'll always sell a flower here, because there's always a few of us around. We are waiting for the shelling to get worse before things get better - then maybe we'll be able to go back to work."

Adib is waiting for the airport to re-open, an event which still seems very far away. He is head of technical training for Middle East Airlines, Lebanon's national airline. The Captain's Cabin used to be an MEA haunt - a pilot's hat hangs above the bar. General Michel Aoun's artillery now shells the airport. There have been no planes since March.

"Every day," says Adib, "my friends say, 'There will be heavy shelling one more time and then everything will be solved.' The Lebanese are crazy that way - but it helps to keep them going."

There is a timelessness here. "What can you do with this war?" Kamal Fhour asks. He is a small man with an old, bright face, a newspaper distributor whose last foreign newspaper import was dated 12 March. "All my friends come here and we sit here morning, noon and night. This war is like a dream. I have been living in a dream for 15 years." So has Georges Toriz. His Mexican brother-in-law sends money to keep the Captain's Cabin in business. "Why sell it?" he asks. "It just about breaks even. Now I can get some electricity, at least I don't have to throw so much food away."

Beirut is almost depopulated, and the grass is growing from the pavements on the Corniche. Nature is creeping back into what was one of the Middle East's noisiest cities. A few days ago, flocks of big white birds began heading south along the seafloor, winter migrants heading south from the cold winds of Anatolia to the Sudan. The Syrian army has declared the Corniche a military zone, so there is no traffic. It was possible to hear the birds calling to each other.

No wonder Adib Afridi spends his time reading as well as drinking. He is well into the Penguin edition of Richard Dawkins' *The Blind Watchmaker*, a book he claims is teaching him about the "meaning of existence". When time stands still, what is wrong with mixing truth and cold beer on the wrong side of the tracks?

From *'Out of Lebanon' on the Foreign News pages of 'The Independent', Monday 11 September 1989*

WORDS

CHRISTOPHER HAWTREE

retromingent, *adj.* or *n.*

nor the *Gentlemen's Magazine* are usually discussed on that sloppy floor.

Such was the queue for the ladies' caused by the re-

"I WOULD offer to let you go first, but this is hardly the place in which you can be retromingent." My gracious explanation, as I gestured towards a urinal, brought bafflement to the face of one of the several women in the gentlemen's lavatory at the White Horse on Parson's Green. After all, neither Sir Thomas Browne

cent jazz festival that bolder spirits among them braved the gents'. Whether or not so galling a phenomenon spreads further, it is certain that, therein, they will continue to head for the cubicles, for, unless one is a lion or elephant, to be retromingent - that is, to urinate backwards - requires discretion.

Nothing like the real thing

You think a few porkies on your CV won't matter. But it depends how far you go. By Oliver Bennett

A false doctor was unmasked this week. Godwin Onobogu's portfolio of bogus but expensive services included acting as witness for drink-drive defendants, fixing the beaks with jargon such as "aberrant physiology", and as a doctor of sexually transmitted diseases, enabling him to make whimsical misdiagnoses, and to examine female patients intimately in his "forensic laboratory". He went down for five years. Also this week, it emerged that an Oxford undergraduate, Katherine Rainwood (who had changed her name when she left school) was expelled for cheating in her finals by using a personal computer - it is alleged that she downloaded an essay she had written earlier.

Last month also saw some exciting frauds. Soraya Yusef was convicted of defrauding Warwick University out of £200,000 when it transpired that she had been using false qualifications, including a fake PhD and MA. "Pupils say she was a very good teacher," said a shocked spokesman for the institution. Then there was the fake nurse Yolanda Ruddle, who fooled hospital staff to the extent that she was able to give a morphine injection to a patient. Lo and behold, she also turned out to be a male-to-female transsexual.

Fakers are everywhere, and they often seem to be drawn to tasks with high prestige, public sympathy and responsibility, such as the medical world. There was even a case of a bogus astronaut this year, who tricked his way as far as the console for Mission Control in Houston. Those despicable bogus council workmen who rip off old ladies have nothing on this lot.

These may seem like isolated cases, but some people think that fakery is flourishing, particularly low-level, day-to-day deception. According to a survey published in July by the Association of Search and Selection Consultants, some 25 per cent of CVs now include lies. "They range from out-and-out skulduggery from bankrupts and convicted frauds, to cases where people are gliding the lily," says Michael Maule of the ASSC, who believes that faking CVs is becoming more prevalent and socially acceptable. "These days, little white lies are considered OK. But where do they stop?" Could it be like the Zero Tolerance concept - that they provide the seedbed for larger fakes to flourish?

Maule gives some classic examples of "gliding the lily" that will surely make many of us blush. "People with patchy careers cover up gaps by extending the times of employment. A lot of people bump up C grades to A grades. And lots upgrade their salaries and job descriptions." He does not approve. "A CV is a legally binding document, and if it proves to be fictional then you should be dismissed." The problem is so widespread that Maule says that there are companies that specialise in checking CVs, particularly in the City, where the financial risks are highest.

Other recruitment consultants are more sanguine. "A CV is a sales pitch and people embellish them all

the time," says Paul Farrer, of the graduate recruitment consultants Phee Farrer Jones. "People often lie about their interests, and many put 'sport' because it looks healthy. At the interview they are asked: 'What sort of sports do you play?' I've seen people reply 'Oh, I don't play sports, I watch them on telly'."

Adding languages is another classic of the creative CV. "Candidates love to put 'spoken French, Spanish and Italian' when all they can do is order a beer," says Farrer, who often requires phoney linguists to demonstrate their ability to order spare parts in French on the spot. People also claim to have technical abilities they do not possess, particularly in the information technology market. "They write down anything they've heard of, and if you challenge them they say: 'Ah, yes, I need to refresh myself with that program'."

References are getting blander owing to fear of litigation, adds Farrer. And it is a convenient function

It used to be wrong to fib, but a chancer's culture has emerged where the main question is 'Can I get away with it?'

of the new ill of age discrimination that you can legitimately withhold your age, though this can lead to a lifetime's subterfuge: someone I know has lopped two years off her age for so long that she had to hide from colleagues the fact that she had turned 40. Few of us, however, can be as audacious as Tony De Silva, who two months ago sneaked back into school at the age of 26. "Tony Blair's always going on about education, and I took him at his word," pleaded Tony, who wanted another chance at life.

Not many of these are dismissal offences, and they pale with time. Who knows or cares after our late twenties whether our A-levels have been massaged up a grade, unless you are Lord Archer? As the authors of our own stories, is it not sometimes important to grab attention by using the cub reporter's dictum: "simplify and exaggerate." "We're not wildly concerned about low-level stuff," adds Farrer. "The important things are easy to check."

But some believe that the culture of embellishment leaks into fully fledged fraud. "Fiddling CVs is the tip of a vast iceberg of moral and intellectual corruption," says Dennis O'Keefe, of the think-tank the Social Affairs Unit, who is also a lecturer in sociology at North London University. "Our society is becoming more dishonest."

In the past, says O'Keefe, to fiddle, fib and blag was recognised as wrong. "There was a consensus society, and anyone caught lying would have felt shame. It would be demeaning to embellish a CV." But

now a chancer's culture has emerged, where the key question is: can I get away with it?

With the protection of constructs such as political correctness and the litigation society, O'Keefe says that the bullshitters can be well rewarded. "In America, it is on an enormous scale. Charlatans have top jobs in major universities there." His sticking-plaster solution would be a decade of rigorous checking, "so that people know that they will be caught", but in the long term there would have to be a return to basic moral training.

"There is no emphasis on mainstream morality any more, only pseudo-morality," he says.

But in the global employment market-place, increased movement between jobs and better forging technology - personal computers have been a boon to the bogus - the fakers' market is growing and becoming more professional. "I know exactly where to go to buy phoney degrees from the University of Cockfosters or wherever," says Michael Maule, who adds that some even provide fake referees so that people can "check" fake references. Indeed, such a "university" was busted just last month, when an airline pilot, Kevin Stevens, was exposed as running the entirely bogus University of Yorkshire from his home on a Harrogate Housing Estate, offering callers the chance to acquire BA and BSc degrees for £18 and an optional extra of "honours" for £54.

There is a higher level of fraudulence when people assume different identities; a process that often includes a degree of *folie de grandeur*. Earlier this year, a certain Lord De Chanson - who came into the world as Craig Tuck - managed to con many wealthy people into appearing in a directory of the nation's richest individuals which, unsurprisingly, never appeared. And who can forget "Lady" Rosemary Aberdour, whose three-year fantasy bingle in the late Eighties squandered £2.7m worth of embezzled charity money?

I have seen the bogus aristocrat in action personally, when I briefly had dealings with a publisher of soft directories. Here, one of the directors would la-di-dah her voice up and become "Lady Caroline" when selling advertising space to American clients. Horrible.

Other cases of changed identity have a certain poignancy, particularly when they are good at their chosen tasks. Last month, the Puerto Rican jockey Angel Jacobs - also known as Carlos Castro and Angel Monserrate - was unmasked as having been banned from racing in the US in 1995, after failing drug tests. But he was still a great jockey. With many bogus practitioners, the lie is at the core of their selfhood. As Maule says: "If you repeat a lie a sufficient number of times, you start to believe it. The lie becomes part of your reality."

But don't weep for the phoney. "At worst, their actions make society vulnerable, particularly in jobs where the level of education is essential to doing it properly," says Maule. Think of that, next time you add an A-level to your CV.



Godwin Onobogu, top, who posed as a doctor; Katherine Rainwood, above right, expelled from Oxford for cheating in her finals and "Lady" Rosemary Aberdour, among friends, who squandered embezzled money on a champagne lifestyle. Main picture: Photomuse

How we told America we'd lost the plot...

LAST WEDNESDAY I went to a party at Saks Fifth Avenue to celebrate what was billed as the "British Invasion Part II". The first part of the British invasion, needless to say, was the one led by Sir Paul McCartney rather than Sir Walter Raleigh, but every single Brit at the party pointed out this ambiguity, thinking that they alone had noticed it.

The real purpose of the event was to publicise a week-long exhibition of British designers at Saks called "London Now", a rather belated attempt to jump on the Cool Britannia bandwagon.

My next-door neighbour, Hulton Swinglehurst, offered to lend me his Union Jack shirt for the occasion. I initially thought this was a good idea, since it might result in being photographed by all the paparazzi standing outside. (I've always wanted to hold my hands up in front of my face and pretend I don't want my photograph taken.)

However, my desire not to look like a wally eventually overcame my desire to see my picture in the paper, and I wore a Richard James shirt instead. This turned out to be a wise decision since, in the event, I was one of the few Brits present who wasn't wearing a Union Jack shirt.

The event was co-chaired by Liz Tilberis, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, and Trudie Styler, Sting's wife. No doubt they're doing their best to promote Britain's interests in the only way they know how, but occasions such as these only serve to remind America just how negligible Britain's influence has become. Fifty years ago, when the Anglo-American establishment ruled the world, there was no need to promote British taste. The slogan of the American ruling class then was "dress British, think Yiddish". Savile Row tailoring was popular because it was thought to be timeless and low-key.

Nowadays, the only way to market British style is to try to

present it as vibrant and of-the-moment. I suppose this ties in with Tony Blair's attempt to re-brand Britain as a modern, classless society, the centre of the United States of Europe, rather than the colonial power of old. (Incidentally, Tony and Cherie were the honorary chairmen of the event, though neither of them bothered to show up.) To my mind, Margaret Thatcher was a better salesman for Britain, with her shameless appeal to our glorious imperial past. Admittedly it was hokum, but it was the kind of hokum the Americans consume by the bucket-load. By sending out a radically different message, Blair will succeed only in de-branding Britain, leaving us with no real identity.

SHORTLY AFTER Clinton had testified before Ken Starr's Grand Jury, and Zippergate reached a new level of intensity, I bet my friend John Micklethwait, the New York bureau chief of *The*

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL



TOBY YOUNG

Economist, that Clinton would still be in office at the end of this year. At the time this seemed quite likely so I foolishly gave him odds of 7 to 3. Now that Starr has handed in his report, and Clinton's fellow Democrats have begun to distance themselves from him, the chances of his hanging on beyond the November Congressional elections are more like 50-50.

My fears were exacerbated by a trip to my local photocopy shop

earlier this week. On the counter, alongside a sign saying "Shoplifters will be beaten to death", is a little figurine of Clinton with horns and a ring through his nose. Next to him sits his dog, Buddy, clutching a pair of pink, lacy knickers in his mouth embroidered with the letters "MI".

The only thing that may save Clinton is the growing awareness among Democrats that if he does go, Al Gore will become President. That means that Newt Gingrich, who as Speaker of the House will be the next in line for the presidency, will be only a heartbeat away from becoming the leader of the free world.

THE NEWS that the rapper Big Baby Jesus of the Wu-Tang Clan has been shot in a robbery attempt reminds me of a story I heard about him. Last year, back when Big Baby Jesus went by the name of Ol' Dirty Bastard, a friend of mine had the memorable task of booking air tickets to fly

the Wu-Tang Clan from New York to Los Angeles. She works for an LA production company which was making a video to promote the Clan's latest single.

Whenever you take a domestic flight in America you have to show some identification to the airline's check-in staff so that they can make sure the name on your ID coincides with the name on your ticket. Consequently, my friend had to call up all the members of the Wu-Tang Clan and find out what their real names were, so that she could

book their tickets.

"Jus' put 'Ol' Dirty Bastard'," said the rapper (pictured below) who now goes by the name of Big Baby Jesus.

"But does it say 'Ol' Dirty Bastard' in your passport?" my friend politely inquired.

"Say what, bitch?" replied Ol' Dirty Bastard.

In the end she gave up. It could have been worse. She might have had to book an airline ticket for the squiggle formerly known as the artist formerly known as Prince.

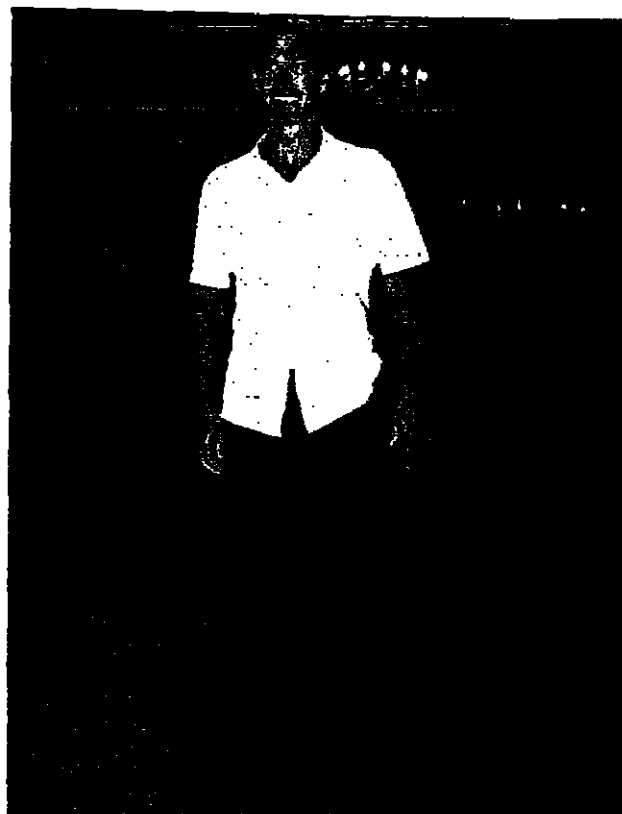


الجمعة 11 سبتمبر 1998

A guide to tribal Britain

IF THE Sixties was the "us" generation, the Seventies the "me" generation, and the Eighties the "sod you" generation, the Nineties must be the "who am I?" generation. Fashion tribes have sprung up from the catwalk, dance and music scenes like vegetables on an allotment, and they've been harvested, tinned and labelled by advertising, PR and the media for our consumption. And we're hungry for them. No band is manufactured by a record company, no new drink is launched on the youth market without

copious amounts of market research into which fashion tribe will buy the product. We are all being pigeonholed faster than parcels at a post office and we love it. We pigeonhole each other constantly, and flock to the bars, clubs, shops and restaurants where we will find birds with our own particular feathers. The funny thing is that the cult of the individual has never been so strong. As Calvin Klein says "Just be", but then, he's just catering to Fashion Girl and the Hoxton Bohos. By Cayte Williams



WHITE VAN MAN

Name: Mark, Dave, Chris, John, Barry, Darren, Trevor.
Age: 25-30.
Wears: White Van Man never tucks his shirts in. His Ben Sherman flow freely over his Versace stonewashed jeans. He loves rip-off Ralph Lauren T-shirts and white Reebok Classics. Although White Van Man loves Michael Bolton, you'll never catch him with a mullet. It's always a short number two hairdo for him.
Habitat: Well-heeled White Van Man lives in a detached new house in a Hertfordshire new town. White Van Man loves Stevenage. He loves fitted carpets, heated towel rails, fitted kitchens with fake wood panelling with names like "Tudor glory".
Hangouts: McDonald's with his kids. Any themed pub. He'll cause havoc on the M25 for a session in Chelsea Football Club's Shed Bar. Hits The Hard Rock Café on his birthday. He's never seen out with the wife unless he's shopping in Iceland.
Music: He loves his music like he drives his van - in the middle of the road. Has back catalogues by Jon Bon Jovi, Michael Bolton and Eric Clapton on CD.
Job: Van driver, builder, plumber, delivery man.
Posture: Has "Popeye arm" from constantly leaning out of said white van and shaking his fist at fellow travellers. Luckily, he can often be avoided as his Foco Rabanne aftershave precedes him.
Wheels: White van, Ford Escort, Ford Mondeo.
Idols: Hard men Tony Adams and Vinnie Jones. Cheeky chappy Johnny Vaughan.
Prospects: Ten years inside for GBH.



WALLABEES MAN

Name: Dan, Jez, Rob, Tim, Jamie, Pete.
Age: 19-26.
Wears: Wallabees Man gets his name from the classic casual shoe from Clarks which looks like a Cornish pasty. Which means that Wallabees Man's face matches his shoes. Wallabees were once the favourite of history teachers but are now cool. Kangol hats pulled right down over his eyes, canvas jackets, Diesel jeans.
Habitat: Originally Wigan but he's migrated south to Brixton, Camberwell and Camden Town. Lives in an all-lads shared house where no one does the washing-up.
Hangouts: Spent the summer festival-hopping. Glastonbury and V8 were the Wallabees Man's finest hours. Loves Dog Star and Mass in Brixton where he drinks real ale if nobody's looking and lager if they are. Likes slouching, rolling his own and looking miserable. Chip shops. Anywhere he doesn't have to take his hat off.
Music: The Verve, Ocean Colour Scene, Oasis, Paul Weller.
Job: Works in customer sales at HMV (he's the miserable one who won't fetch anything by All Saints). A&R man for indie label. Humanities student and Eats officer. Has own band who aren't very good. At all.
Posture: Slouched. He's got a curved spine and jutting chin from trying to see from under Kangol hat.
Wheels: Ford Anglia. Public transport.
Idols: Richard Ashcroft, Liam Gallagher, Bill & Ben the Flowerpot Men.
Prospects: The new face of Old Holborn. Hat model. Hod carrier.



THRIFT GIRL

Name: Iris, Stella, Rose, Saffron, Daisy, Maisie, Jasmine.
Age: 22-28.
Wears: The entire contents of Portobello Road's second-hand shops in one go. Anything girly and Thirties with a Nineties kick. Petticoats-as-skirts, embroidered cardies, denim jackets, Lurex, floral dresses, Seventies YSL, baseball boots. A mess.
Habitat: Notting Hill, Ladbroke Grove, student halls of residence. Rich Thrift Girl loves to dress down. Poor Thrift Girl commutes between squat and mummy's council flat. "Ironic retro" sense of humour means Bay City Rollers posters on the wall. Ker-Flunk on the sideboard and knitted toilet-roll holders in the loo.
Hangouts: The Cow in Portobello where she drinks bottled lager or port & lemon if she's feeling particularly Pre-war Common. The local greasy spoon.
Music: Anything with a girly name, like The Cardigans and The Pixies. Old Top of the Pops compilation albums. Anything she finds the cover of on a second-hand trawl. Thrift Girl never plays records, she just hoards them in an old suitcase in her living room.
Job: Aristomodel, muse, bohemian hetress, Jeweller, art dabbler, drama student.
Posture: Cute and girly. She's perfected that whimsical Stella McCartney pose with head to one side and imploring kitten eyes.
Wheels: 2CV Citroën (which she's painted with pretty flowers) or studied old banger. Scooter. Space Hopper.
Idols: Iris Palmer, Stella McCartney, Sophie Dahl.
Prospects: Marriage to fellow aristo, actress, kleptomaniac.



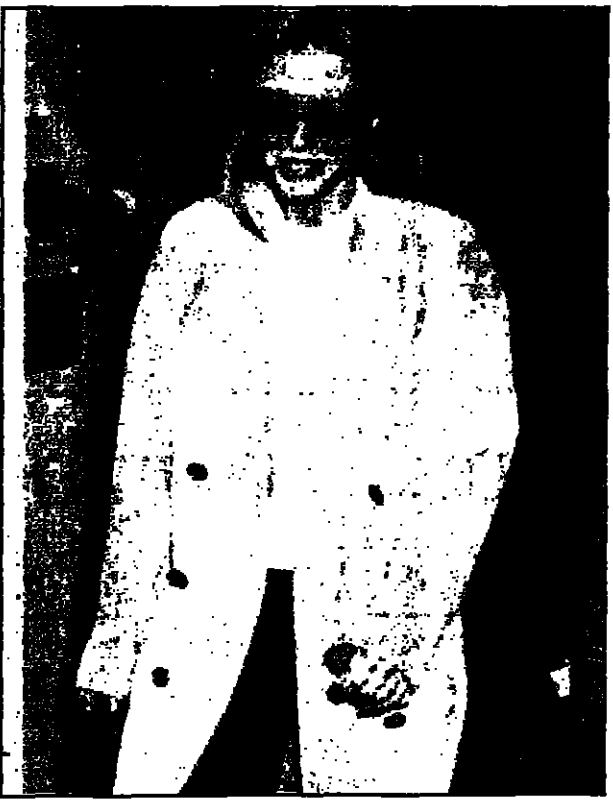
FASHION GIRL

Name: Angela, Sharon, Kylie, Sarah, Tracy, Victoria.
Age: 18-25.
Wears: Labels, labels, labels. Tight Moschino jeans, D&G vest tops and kitten heels for day, short black D&G dresses, Gucci thigh-split minis and stilettos. Fashion Girl loves accessories and co-ordinates her Gucci shoes, bag, belt and watch to perfection.
Habitat: Essex, Manchester, Leeds and Liverpool suburbs. Saving up for mock-Georgian pad with Mr Right.
Hangouts: Bond Street and Harvey Nichols down South. Flannels, House of Fraser and Harvey Nichols Leeds up North. She loves the Epping Forest Country Club where she drinks Sea Breezes and eyes up footballers. Northern Fashion Girl hangs out at Manchester's Mash bar and The Malmesbury hotel or anywhere with a posy name like Peruvia and Prague 5.
Music: House & garage, speed garage if she's feeling adventurous. Anything she can dance to with minimal movement. A handbag is for showing off, not for dancing round.
Job: City girls, beauticians (not hairdressers), rich daddy girls.
Posture: She's a high-maintenance girl with a supermodel pose. Fashion Girl emphasises her manicured feet with a delicate turn of the ankle, enhances her manicure with an engagement ring. Knows exactly how to get in and out of a Porsche.
Wheels: Renault Clio, boyfriend's Porsche.
Idols: Posh Spice down south, Tara Palmer-Tomkinson up north.
Prospects: Shopping-therapy consultant.



HOXTON BOHO

Name: Toby, Damien, Alex, Zoë, Jane, Camilla.
Age: 18-35.
Wears: Combat trousers (would never call them cargo pants - see Middle Youth Woman), hooded tops, Camper trainers, fake London cashmere tops, Flying Elephant zipper pants, gonky T-shirts made by artist friends.
Habitat: Hoxton Bohos started life in London's East End (they went to The Blue Note in 1996 and have the flyers to prove it) but have since spread out to all four corners of the globe. Now you'll find them in Liago in Sydney, Baboon Bar in Milan and Lot61 in New York. London Hoxton Boho lives in a converted loft in Old Street peppered with designer statements, inflated fruit bowls, Philippe Starck lemon squeezers and Droog milk-bottle lights compliment all that minimal white space.
Hangouts: The Blue Note (although it's moved to the Angel), 333, Shoreditch Electric Showroom (designed by Hoxton Boho design-hero Seng Watson) in Hoxton and The Bricklayers Arms in Shoreditch. Anywhere in the Village, Manchester. You can't keep a good Hoxton Boho away from a converted warehouse. Design shop previews where they drink gin cocktails.
Job: Product designer, artist, potter, small-time artisan, style magazine publisher.
Music: Break Beat, Big Beat, Hip Hop, Hop Scotch, etc. The Chemical Brothers. Jamiroquai (they only admit this on cocaine).
Posture: Hoxton Bohos permanently look like they're sizing up Art. They fold their arms, cock their heads to one side and throw the occasional glance to make sure somebody is watching. Usually no one is.
Wheels: Skateboard (under the arm only and only on Sundays), number 30 bus, Morris Minors.
Icons: Damien Hirst (boys), Natalie Imbruglia (girls).
Prospects: The head designer at Alessi. A model in a Wallpaper* fashion shoot. Hoxton Bohos want their own show at the Design Museum or at Space in Shoreditch. Sales job at Habitat.



MIDDLE YOUTH WOMAN

Name: Rebecca, Liz, Anna, Caroline.
Age: 35-45.
Wears: Anything safe and expensive which from a distance might look vaguely fashionable. Beige Ralph Lauren cargo pants, Calvin Klein trouser suits, Prada handbags, Deck shoes, Hermès trainers. The cashmere. Anything from Selfridges second floor.
Habitat: Large family house in Queen's Park, two-bedroom flat in Islington, Georgian Terrace in Bath. Old Compton Street with her gay male friends. Likes to think her taste comes from Wallpaper* when really it's from Red.
Hangouts: Ralph Lauren in Bond Street and Selfridges on a Saturday (especially Gordon's Bar on the first floor). More's in Islington, 192 in Notting Hill and The Engineer in Primrose Hill where she drinks chilled white wine and anything with a salad. Dining is the new rock'n'roll.
Job: Something in advertising or has her own PR company. Solicitor, arts administrator, doctor, magazine editor.
Music: Capital Radio A-list when sober. Abba when drunk.
Posture: Rushed. Important. Nervous when around Young Youth.
Wheels: Black BMW, Peugeot 205.
Icons: Sharon Stone, Jemima Goldsmith (before she went all Iranian), Patsy Kensit (daywear), Charlie Blair.
Prospects: Early retirement. Life membership of The Sanctuary.



FASHION MAN

Name: Christopher, David, Ryan, Michael (Fashion Man never abbreviates his name).
Age: 20-29.
Wears: Prada, Patrick Cox, Paul Smith, Helmut Lang turned-up jeans, tank tops. Northern Fashion Man loves anything from Richard Creme (supplier to Manchester United stars), Brylcreem and Yohji Yamamoto. Southern Fashion Man prefers suits by Copperwheat Blundell, Emporio Armani and Katharine Hamnett.
Habitat: Lives with mum and dad in rich suburbia (see Fashion Girl) or in a male-model mire in Soho. Super-rich Fashion Man has his flat in Primrose Hill. He is pathologically neat. Fashion Man is rather sad.
Hangouts: See Fashion Girl. The Reform Bar opening night in Manchester. Any supermodel haunt like the Met Bar in London.
Job: Model/footballer/whatever. Something in the City. Carphone Warehouse salesman. Shop assistant.
Music: House, speed garage and old soul music, although he'd much rather prop up a trendy hotel bar than drink in a noisy club.
Posture: Self-satisfied and serious yet strangely uncomfortable. A bit of rough in a designer suit.
Wheels: Porsche, black cab.
Icons: Ronan Keating, David Beckham.
Prospects: Ridicule. Shop manager. Player-manager.



MANGA BABE

Name: Tina, Junko, Ingrid, Katrina.
Age: Early teens to mid-twenties.
Wears: Part-Japanese schoolgirl, part-North European trash (see Wigmore), part-overcharged Spice Girl, the Manga Babe wears baby clothes with attitude. She loves the cult Japanese label Superlovers (lots of pretty mini-smocks), Hysteria Glamour T-shirts, six-inch platform trainers from Buffalo or Swear Anything by club label Cyberdog especially ultraviolet reflective skirts and Manga T-shirts. Daniel Poole, Evisu jeans. Manga Babe can't get enough gadgets and usually her two mobile phones (one for international calls), pager, CD Walkman and Sony Playstation all go off at the same time.
Habitat: Lives in colourful brick-wall squat in Camden Town or Soho. Surrounds herself with lots of Manga graffiti, ultraviolet lights, alien motifs and strange kinetic sculptures made by her friends. Or else it's safe suburbia with mum and dad, but she keeps that quiet.
Hangouts: The Fringe on Friday nights and 414 in Brixton. B-Tox in Soho. Hair salons like Peppy's in Camden or Children of Vision in Kensington Market to get her dreads done or just to look decorative. The Tokyo Diner and Wagamama's for sushi and noodles. Bus stops, where she can frighten tourists.
Job: Modelling, fashion designer, art student, computer game designer, shop assistant or hairdresser (see Hangout).
Music: Techno and trance. The electronic tunes from her gadgets.
Posture: Bad Girl from Hell. Assumes eye-to-eye contact at the nearest opportunity. Confident stride. Crushes little children under her Buffalo's.
Wheels: Tube, in the hope that her gadgets will stall up the Central Line signalling system even more. Roller skates.
Icons: Anything to do with Manga or computer games. Tomb Raider ball-buster Lara Croft, Tank Girl.
Prospects: Virtual reality. A star in her own computer game. Communion with extra-terrestrials.

STARTING ON PAGE 16: NINE PAGES OF MUSIC

THE NEW ALBUMS FROM PULP AND THE MANIC STREET PREACHERS REVIEWED;
BB KING'S JAILHOUSE ROCK REMEMBERED; SIR COLIN DAVIS INTERVIEWED

Public school for scandal

After a teacher was indicted for rape and a pupil died while drunk, the new term sees Millfield school in sombre mood. By Kathy Marks

From the theatre, take the path that skirts the golf course and cross the bridge over the ornamental lake. Turn left, and duck under a canopy of trees to reach Millfield School's pride and joy, an eight-lane Olympic swimming-pool. Meander back up via the running-track and the stables, pausing to admire the sculptures dotted around the periphery of the 1,000-acre grounds.

Millfield, in Somerset, has perhaps the loveliest setting of any public school, and facilities to make a dotting father swoon. Add a reputation for sporting excellence and tolerable academic results, and you begin to grasp why parents are prepared to part with nearly £15,000 a year in boarding-fees.

This week, though, there was many a furrowed brow among people dropping off their children for the beginning of term. For in recent months an institution that once rejoiced in an impeccable good name has lurched from one damaging scandal to the next. This is, without a doubt, the most difficult period in the school's 53-year history. Beneath the air of cheerful industriousness that greets visitors, there is a profound sense of malaise.

The 1,250 pupils broke up for summer in sombre mood after the death in June of Jennifer Gelard, a 14-year-old who fell to her death from a dormitory roof. Jennifer, a bright and promising girl, had drunk a litre bottle of vodka with a friend.

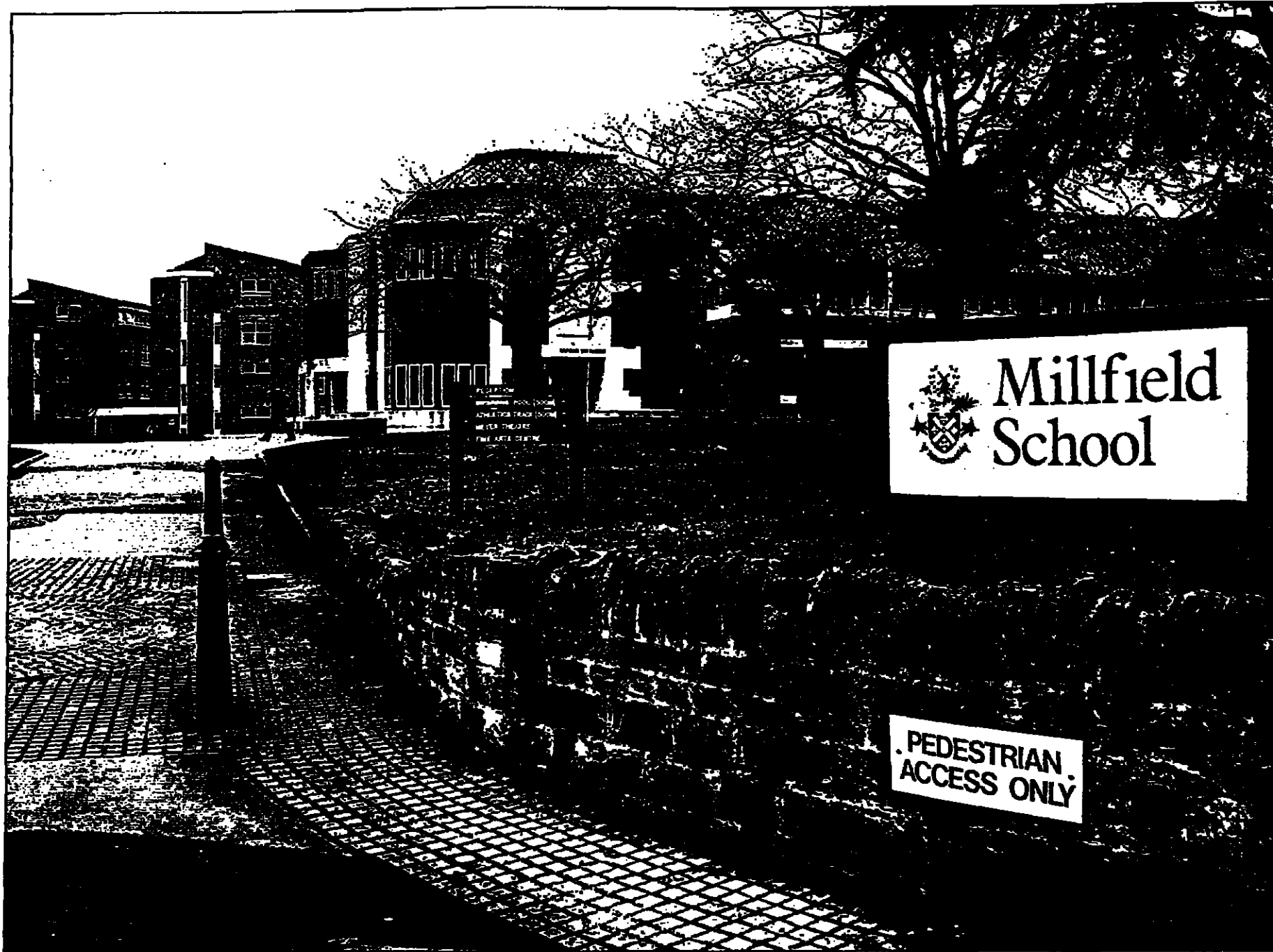
As the new headmaster, Peter Johnson, prepared to take over this week, there were hopes that his arrival would lift morale. Little could Mr Johnson have dreamt that his first task, even before term began, would be to issue a statement on the arrest of a music teacher accused of raping a 15-year-old girl.

David Fitzgerald, who was remanded on bail by Frome magistrates, is charged with assaulting the girl in a school flat on the campus a fortnight ago. The case evokes uneasy memories of Paul Hickson, the swimming-coach jailed in 1995 for raping teenage girls before he took up a post at Millfield.

For legal reasons, little more can be said about the allegations. The soul-searching continues about the Gelard affair, though, because although its tragic conclusion was unusual, the events leading up to it were not. The inquest, which recorded a verdict of accidental death, was told that drinking was rife at the school. In one of a spate of unfortunate incidents, a dozen boarders were suspended in 1995 after a late-night binge.

Drugs, too, have become part of the culture at Millfield, which prides itself on attracting the offspring of foreign politicians and royalty, including Boris Yeltsin, the grandson of Boris Yeltsin. At least 10 pupils have been expelled for taking cannabis and LSD at school.

Were the authorities to break their current vow of silence, they would doubtless talk reassuringly of



A school struggling to rescue its impeccable good name; right, from top, teacher David Fitzgerald, indicted for rape; ex-pupils Ian Botham and James Hewitt



Main photograph Nick Ray

a few bad apples. Speak to parents and teachers and you hear the same refrain: even the best public schools are afflicted by such problems; Millfield has no more than its fair share.

Millfield, though, is not like most other public schools. Founded in 1935 by Jack Meyer, an eccentric former Somerset cricketer, it is progressive in philosophy and liberal in outlook. These attributes have persuaded the likes of Sean Connery, Elizabeth Taylor, Charlie Watts, King Hussein of Jordan and Adnan Khashoggi to send their offspring here. Children enjoy an uncommon degree of freedom, being permitted to wander unsupervised around the local town, Street, after lessons. Boarders – 75 per cent of pupils – can visit pubs at the weekend once they turn 18.

The other difference is the sheer wealth of these teenagers. As they descend on the town at lunch time, they stand out from the locals in their expensively cut clothes. The girls have the elegance and poise of catwalk models. Adolescents queue

up at cashpoints to withdraw wads of cash, and arrange assignations on mobile phones. As 2pm beckons, they order taxis rather than walk the half mile back up the hill to school.

A former teacher recalls one boy who arrived at Millfield with 30 suits. "A lot of the children have credit cards with no limit," he says. "If they fancy going on a drinking-spree, money is no object." Emma Wilkinson, who boarded for two years, says: "Money was a massive focus. We're talking new wardrobes of designer clothes every half-term."

Street's proximity to Glastonbury, haunt of hippies and travellers, means that drugs are more easily available than in most small towns. Phil Daysh, licensee of the Street Inn, says Millfield's image as a school for rich kids made it a magnet for dealers. "They could park up outside like an ice-cream van and do a roaring trade," says a lunch-time regular, suppressing a giggle.

Chris Brown, a former day pupil,

is entirely unsurprised by such lurid stories. When he was there, he and his contemporaries would persuade older pupils to buy alcohol for them in Street. They smoked cannabis in the school grounds from the age of 14. "It's such a huge site, and there are plenty of secluded spots for

Children enjoy an uncommon degree of freedom

kids to have a shag or a sniff."

"Boss" Meyer, who, legend has it, founded the school after a despondent maharajah friend failed to get his son into Eton, would spin in his grave if he heard all this. His own weakness was gambling. His abrupt departure as headmaster in 1971 followed an unfortunate all-night ses-

sion at the gaming-tables, and a bag of school fees.

Meyer's unorthodox selection methods – some pupils in the early days were admitted if they could catch a cricket ball hurled at them from behind his desk – were part of a mission to nurture a broad spectrum of gifts. The accent on sport has provided Millfield with a roll-call of illustrious alumni – including the Welsh rugby player Gareth Edwards, the Olympic gold medal swimmer Duncan Goodhew and the cricketer Ian Botham. But it has also contributed to the school's reputation as a haven for children of unexceptional intellect. Nick Ashforth, who attended a rival establishment, says: "Millfield was the team that you didn't want to play against, because it meant getting thrashed. It wasn't the place where people sent their academically gifted sons."

Christopher Martin, who retired as head last summer after eight years, tried to shift the emphasis from brawn to brains. But he also

presided over a big expansion in pupil numbers, which some insiders believe helps to explain the wave of teenagers going off the rails.

The school argues that it takes a pragmatic approach to such matters. It offers drugs counselling, and arranges visits to the campus by police with sniffer dogs. Pupils found with illegal substances are expelled on the spot.

Anne Leaman, whose two daughters attended Millfield, approves. "When we first met the head, he told us: 'Don't think that the school doesn't have a drugs problem, because it does'," she says. "I was horrified; then I realised that it's no worse than other schools, it just doesn't believe in sweeping things under the carpet."

She, together with numerous other parents, says that the pastoral care at Millfield cannot be faulted.

Brian Letts, a criminal barrister who has four children at the school, agrees. "Because of my professional life, I am only too aware of the

problems that drink and drugs pose for young people," he says. "Despite all the recent sad events, I believe that Millfield's modern outlook makes it better able than most schools to equip children to deal with the challenges of the modern world."

In Street, there is scant sympathy for Millfield's plight. Residents are ambivalent towards it. They recognise its importance to the local economy but resent its privileged pupils and fabulous facilities, beyond the wildest dreams of comprehensives in Street and Glastonbury.

Millfield is proud of its famous old boys and girls and circulates a list of them, with their occupations; whatever bad habits pupils pick up at school, they can look forward to networking when they leave. There are advantages to rubbing shoulders with children who bring their ponies to school, and whose parents turn up at open days in private helicopters. Millfield, it goes without saying, has its own helpaph.

Let's go to the hops, everybody

It used to be a working summer holiday for impoverished Eastenders. But a determined bunch of assorted characters still descends on Kent every September to pick hops. By Mark Piggott

My mother first came hopping in 1897," says Ada, a tough East Endster in her late seventies. "Last year they had a celebration of our hundred years on the hop, with cakes and everything."

Her husband Wally, a fierce former lorry-driver with a bristling moustache, continues: "Everyone would set off in pony traps; whole families would turn up for the harvest. Everyone lived in tents, or slept on straw in the fields. They were real hoppers, not like this bunch."

By "this bunch" Wally is referring to the assorted characters who still descend on rural Kent each year to pick hops for a few weeks, in exchange for free accommodation and cash in hand. Workers have been coming to pick hops in Kent for centuries, traditionally from London's East End but now from all over the world. Yet still, among all the New Age travellers and foreign exchange students, there are many working-class Londoners for whom the annual pilgrimage is a paid holiday away from the inner city. There is plenty of work both in the fields, driving tractors, and in the sheds.

I am employed as a hanger, working in the shed hooking the long, thick hop stems to a conveyor belt which constantly feeds into a huge shredder. The hops are small, round pods attached to a thick, sinewy stem that is rough on the hands and highly irritating to the skin. For many, the smells emanating from the hops are overpowering, and it isn't hard to imagine how tough the work must have been before the days of tractors and conveyor-belts. The hooks on the belt come around fast, and every time you miss one or the stem falls out on to the floor, Wally bellows his wrath into your ear like Alf Garnett.

"Don't mind old Wally," says Roy, a humorous Dubliner in his thirties, "his bark is worse than his bite." Un-

like many of the workers, for Roy this is only his second time to the same farm outside Faversham. "We were in Australia for six years. I did a degree in horticulture, then I was in Holland for three. I travel about in the ambulance with my girlfriend. We just came back from the Czech Republic, and straight here. The hop harvest lasts about a month. We love it; the people are real characters."

As if to illustrate his point, two bikers from Sheffield arrive on a Harley-Davidson. Matt and Adam are shattered, having spent the previous night at a service station outside Peterborough after their bike broke down.

"Don't give yer real name when they ask you," says Adam, who in both voice and appearance bears an uncanny resemblance to Jarvis Cocker. "You're what they call a hanger; so we'll call you Mark Hanger. It's very rare for the Social to do a snoop, but if they do, just give a false name and address."

Apart from Matt and Adam, there are several others from Sheffield, mainly redundant miners who see the opportunity to earn £36 a day in your hand – a good reason to travel south with the birds each September. There are workers from everywhere: from Spain, from Italy – even Pepe, who claims to be a Portuguese policeman, and Sue, a young Malaysian student who is studying for a degree in computing.

"All my friends went home to Malaysia for summer," says Sue



Hop-picking holidays: "In the old days, it was like a big happy picnic."

Andrew Buurman

brightly, "but I had no money so I came here to work. Anyway, you get to meet real English people, not only students. Everyone is very friendly; I like it here very much."

Pay on this particular farm is good, at £4 an hour – the rate set down by the farm unions and Min-

istry for Agriculture, Farming and Fisheries (Maf). But, says the farm manager, Pat Goode, "competition from other farms is slowly forcing us out of business. Some of the northern farms up around Lincolnshire and East Anglia pay less than two quid an hour; mainly to loc-

als on the dole and illegal immigrants who can't complain. We've already had to stop growing cauliflower and other vegetables. We just can't compete. Hops are still profitable, as they go mainly into brewing, and this weekend we're sending samples to America, but

they're only harvested for three weeks in the year."

Although the business may have shrunk from Wally and Ada's day, there are still huge fields of hops, 15-ft stems in long, straight rows with names like Fuggles, Goldings and Challenger, all around this idyllic corner of Kent. Increased mechanisation and stricter employment laws mean that there are fewer families now, and children have to be content to play in the empty fields.

"I've been coming down to Faversham for over 50 years," reminisces Ada. "I've brought my kids and grandkids down. It used to be a kind of paid holiday, but now we come here more to see our friends than anything else."

"In the old days, all the kids would be singing in the rows; it was like a big happy picnic. You got paid a lump sum on what you'd picked. Later, when work was over, we'd all sit round the camp fire telling stories. We'd sing hymns; that was lovely. And in the pub up the village there'd be hundreds of us round the old piano, singing and having a good laugh."

The conviviality of the farm is striking to the outsider. There are about 30 staying in the barn, in tents and camper vans, and a somewhat drab row of rooms in a prefab outside on which hangs a sign saying "Bang-hop Hilton". Part of the community feeling is due to the fact that so many return here year after year. But the majority of hop work-

ers are locals (whose accents are sometimes completely impenetrable) and east Londoners. In the village pubs each evening (now only two of them), city slickers and country cousins enjoy a mutual respect and understanding. Over the years, a number of relationships have sparked between the two tribes, some of which have resulted in marriage. It isn't long before Helen from Romford is trying to fix me up with a local girl called Jeanette.

"You could do a lot worse," says Helen, "she's a well-built girl."

Helen, now 47, has been coming down to Kent on and off since she was three months old. "Traditionally it's the women and kids who come down; the men all come straight from work on a Friday night for their 'marital dues.' Helen's husband Ted, a mild-mannered double-glazing manufacturer from Chelmsford, grins as he sips his bitter. "He comes down more for the beer than for me," says Helen.

In a brave attempt to fan the flames of romance, Helen has managed to borrow a hot dog van from a friend in the village for a Saturday night barbecue. Saturday is the highlight of the week: we rise at 6am for a 6.45am start and Matt and Adam's breakfast consists of a straight whisky. You finish at 12, have a hot shower in the somewhat dilapidated toilets, and wait for your wages and the beer man. Pat, the farm manager, duly arrives with pay packets for all the workers.

The beer man is next, arriving with crates of lager straight off the ferry and extremely cheap. This year there is simply too much work to do. The tradition of migrant labour is an ancient one in the Garden of England, that part of the nation which Le Shuttle seems to bypass in time as well as space, and as long as you are away from the village by the end of September, you will be welcomed back with open arms next year.

10/10/98

Houston, we have a result

When scientists lost contact with a solar observatory spaceship, it looked like disaster. But then they received a call. By Alexander Hellemans

Disaster struck at a point somewhere between the Sun and the Earth where objects are pulled with equal gravitational force by the two celestial bodies. It was Wednesday 25 June when engineers at the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Maryland, lost radio contact with the most powerful astronomical instrument designed to study the Sun. For weeks the Solar Heliospheric Observatory (Soho) drifted aimlessly in space until, out of the blue in early August, it started sending brief radio signals back to Earth. Now the mission impossible is to fully revive the satellite that was once written off.

Last week, the investigation into what went wrong concluded that the prospects look good. The joint investigation board of the American National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the European Space Agency found that there were at least no "on-board anomalies" but rather "a number of ground errors" which led to the satellite spinning out of its carefully allotted position between the Earth and Sun.

Radar signals sent from Earth pinpointed Soho's position and found that it was spinning at a rate of about one revolution per minute. This rotation prevented the solar panels recharging the spacecraft's dead batteries but now engineers are hoping to regain control by slowly bringing life back to the frozen satellite. "It is now in reach to get it back," says Bernard Fleck, ESA's Deputy Project Scientist for Soho at the Goddard Space Flight Center.

Before the mishap, solar scientists had already heralded Soho a resounding success. "We collected a lot of data, and very good data," says Russell Howard at the US Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, and the principal investigator of an American instrument designed to take images of the solar corona — the superheated halo surrounding the Sun. "All the instruments were working well."

Built by the French-British company Matra Marconi Space, the craft was launched in December 1995 and was placed in a solar orbit at a point about a million miles away, where the gravity of the Sun and Earth cancel each other out.

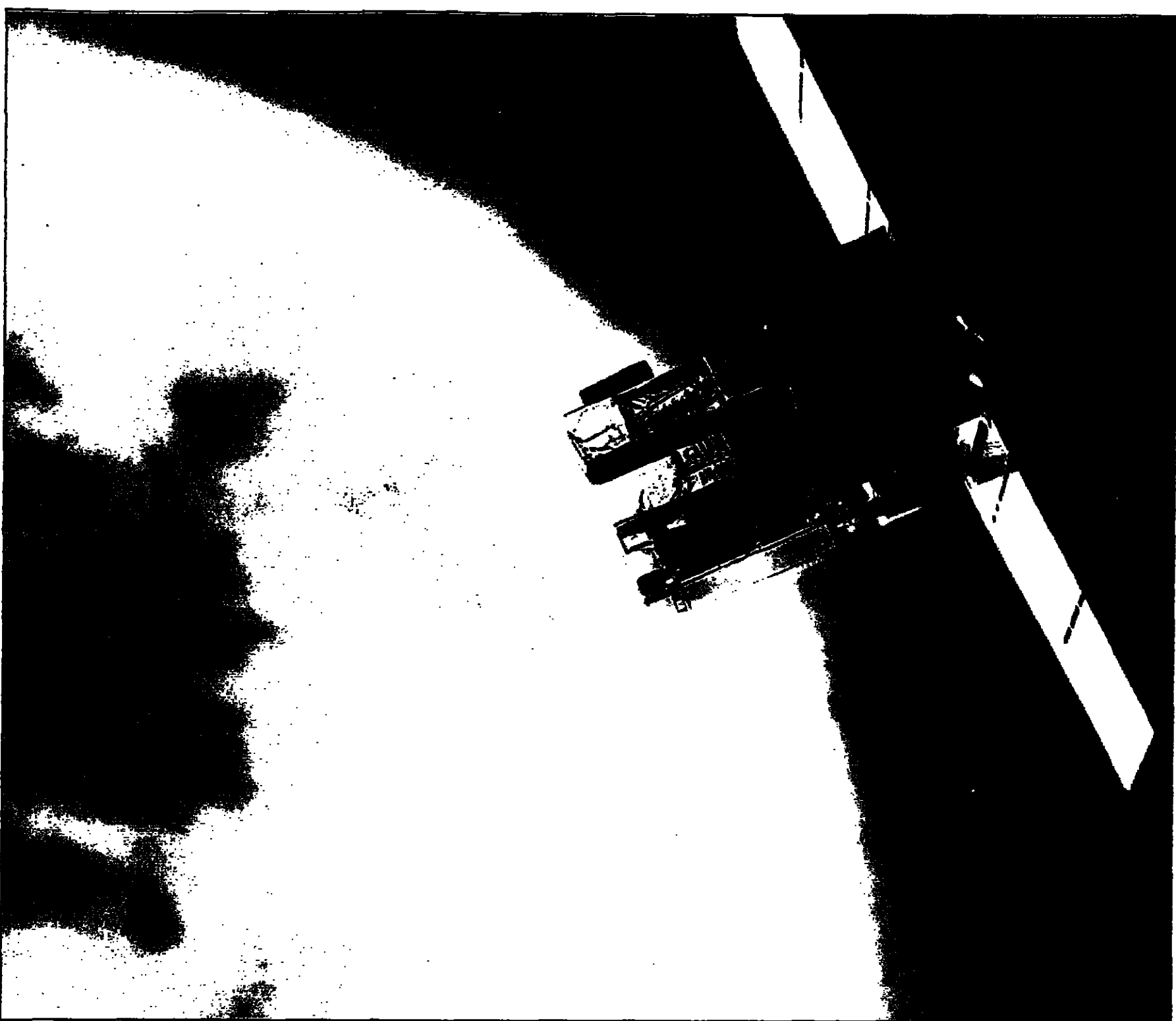
During the past two-and-a-half years, its 11 instruments have harvested an impressive amount of information. Cambridge University's Douglas Gough says that in the two years Soho was operational, he and his colleagues managed to get a much more precise idea of both the structure and the rotation of the Sun — it rotates at different speeds depending how far you are from the solar equator.

Among the most important observations concern the coronal mass ejections — huge clouds of ionised gas ejected from the solar atmosphere and hurled over vast distances into space. In the past they have been observed only from Earth, but the instruments aboard Soho have made it possible to study the clouds as they head towards Earth — which takes them about 80 hours to reach. Because these masses of electrically charged gases carry magnetic fields, they cause "magnetic storms" in the Earth's magnetosphere, disrupting radio communications and interfering with electrical power supplies.

Several of Soho's instruments are able to detect vibrations of the solar surface. In analogy with the study of vibrations of the Earth's crust, the study of solar vibrations is called solar seismology. Just like a bell, the Sun "rings" at several pitches simultaneously. Unlike the smaller planets in our solar system, the Sun lacks a properly defined surface. "It is practically a perfect gas that simply becomes more dense as you go down," explains Richard Bogart, an astronomer at Stanford University in California.

The hot masses of gas in the outer layers of the Sun constantly move up and down like boiling water in a tea kettle — a process called convection. This convective movement causes the Sun to vibrate constantly. Several of the instruments on board Soho are able to detect the oscillations of the hot gasses on the Sun by looking at how the light emitted by these gasses changes in frequency while they are moving, just like the pitch of the horn of a passing train changes — a phenomenon known as the Doppler effect.

As the Earth's seismic waves tell us about its interior, so do the seismic waves on the Sun tell astronomers about what is going on



An artist's impression of Soho: the craft's rotation is preventing its solar panels from recharging its dead batteries

Science Photo Library

inside our own star. These waves are called pressure waves or p-waves and they travel through the Sun just like sound waves, but have much lower periods than the sound waves we are used to: the periods of the different detected vibrations are in the range of several minutes. The study of the p-waves has revealed a complex array of motion in the outer solar layers: the Sun rotates at different speeds, and huge flows of gas stream under the visible solar surface.

With Soho's instruments, astronomers also discovered how huge flares, eruptions in the solar atmosphere mainly visible at X-ray wavelengths, cause quakes on the Sun. Such a flare is caused by disturbances in the solar magnetic field, whereby vast numbers of electrons are accelerated downwards from the solar atmosphere. As these electrons hit the solar surface they cause seismic waves that propagate over the solar surface "like ripples from a pebble thrown in a pond", says Valentina Zharkova of Glasgow University, one of the astronomers

who observed such a large x-ray flare in 1996. Soho has also allowed astronomers to observe comets striking the Sun, and hopes were high that Soho would observe ripples caused by their impact.

The loss of the spacecraft would be an even bigger disappointment for the solar astronomers because the observations period of two years that was originally planned was ex-

Hope of recovery has increased dramatically since contact was established

tended until 2003. This would have made it possible for the spacecraft to study the Sun when it goes through the maximum activity of the 11-year solar cycle. At this point, the number of sunspots reaches a maximum and the Sun's magnetic field goes into reverse. "We wanted to find

out how the structure was going to change through the solar cycle," says Gough, who is co-investigator on three instruments that detect solar vibrations. "We are really interested in being able to observe the huge expulsions of plasma as the Sun picks up in activity," said Howard. If Soho cannot be revived, scientists will lose the opportunity to redesign their research in response to what has been found out up to now. "We planned on doing different things that we never even planned on doing. That is where the real discovery starts," said Gough.

A post-mortem into the disaster found that contact was lost because of errors in pre-programmed command sequences during maintenance operations, whereby the spacecraft, instead of remaining pointed at the Sun, entered a slow spin. Flywheels control the spacecraft's orientation and they gradually spin faster during attitude corrections and so need to be slowed down at regular intervals. This is done in a controlled fashion during maintenance sessions whereby the slowing down of the flywheels is

compensated by the firing of hydrazine thrusters that also control the orientation of the craft. The investigation board confirmed that during the last maintenance session, a wrongly programmed sequence caused the loss of control of the spacecraft. However, its report also points out that several other factors — such as the display of housekeeping data that is "not userfriendly", and the overburdening of staff during the maintenance operation — contributed to the mishap.

The hope of recovering the spacecraft has increased dramatically since first contact was established on 3 August. "So far the recovery went fairly smoothly," Fleck said. The major problem was that because of its slow spin, about one revolution per minute, the solar panels were not operating at full capacity, and the batteries became discharged. The solar panels now deliver about 40 per cent of their capacity because the craft is in a more advantageous position in its orbit around the Sun than two months ago.

Now the housekeeping operations are working continuously; but before the spacecraft can be taken out of its spin, the hydrazine in the main tank and the pipes leading towards the thrusters have to be unfrozen with electric heating elements. "We completed the thawing of the hydrazine tank," said Fleck. "We are now heating the pipes that connect the hydrazine tank to the thrusters outside."

Fleck expects that the thawing of the pipes can take up to two weeks because a quick thawing may cause the pipes to burst due to the expansion of the hydrazine. The next steps are the testing of the gyros that control the craft's position. Then the spin of the spacecraft will be slowed down in an attempt to point it back to the Sun, where its solar panels will receive their full complement of sunshine. However, none of the 11 solar instruments have yet been tested and Fleck acknowledges that this month will be crucial to future of Soho. "We aren't home yet, but a couple of miracles happened in the last few weeks."

TECHNOQUEST

Q: Why does static electricity affect water?
Everything is made up of atoms. But atoms aren't the smallest things in the world. There's a central bit called the nucleus and around that are lots of "electrons". An atom is a bit like a small solar system.

Static electricity is to do with electrons. Atoms usually have an equal number of electrons (which are negative) and protons (which are in the nucleus of the atom and are positive). So the electrons balance out the protons. This means the atom has no "charge" — it's balanced.

But you can remove electrons from or add electrons to atoms which means you've either got too many or too few electrons making atoms negative or positive. And just like opposite ends of magnets attract each other, so do opposite atoms. A negative atom will attract a positive one.

When you rub a comb or plastic ruler, you're taking electrons away from the atoms in the comb. So the comb becomes positive.

Water is a special material. Most things are balanced — with equal numbers of electrons and protons, so they wouldn't be attracted to the comb. But water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen. When these atoms join together, they share their electrons. This is often how things join together, by sharing electrons.

But they don't share them equally. The oxygen atom likes electrons more than the

hydrogen atom so takes more than its fair share of electrons. This means the oxygen is slightly more negative than the hydrogen. So the comb will attract the oxygen and pull the rest of the water with it.

Q: Life, the universe and everything. The answer is 42, isn't it?

Yes — maybe! A recent report from some early results from a radio experiment in Cambridge to measure small temperature fluctuations in the cosmic microwave background (the heat left over from the big bang) suggests one of the answers to a puzzling question is 42.

The small fluctuations they observed are caused by very large clusters of galaxies as they are first forming. From the information gleaned it is possible to interpret the time it takes for such large things to form in terms of models of the formation of structure in the Universe. The group discovered one such cluster, the analysis of which produced a very uncertain value of the Hubble constant which is 42.

However the uncertainty is very large. Correctly calculating what Hubble's constant is, is one of the bighears of modern astronomy. The current consensus is somewhere close to 60. You can visit the Technoquest World Wide Web site at <http://www.science.net.org.uk> Questions and answers provided by Dial-A-Scientist on 0345 600444.

THE TRUTH ABOUT... AMBER

AMBER HAS been admired for its golden hues since time immemorial. It is only in recent years, however, that the wider public has become aware of its unique fossil-preserving features, thanks to Hollywood's *Jurassic Park*, which depicted the fictional extraction of dinosaur DNA from a mosquito trapped and preserved in amber for millions of years. The decorative qualities of amber have made it a sought-after substance since at least the Bronze Age. Scientists also look upon it as a source of information about the distant past. Although no one has so far extracted dinosaur DNA from an amber-trapped insect, biologists have nevertheless been able to discover intriguing insights into early evolutionary history as a result of studying the imprisoned and often extinct life forms trapped in the fossilised tree resin.

Certain trees exude sticky resin

to protect their vulnerable bark against attack. The resin gums up the jaws of tree-eating insects and its antiseptic properties help to kill invading bacteria and fungi.

When bark exudes its resin the sticky blobs can engulf anything they land on, including insects, spiders, flowers, seeds and even small lizards. Its antiseptic nature and lack of water help to prevent the organisms from decaying straightaway. As the volatile components of the resin evaporate, the sticky exudate begins to amberise and dry out, enhancing its preservative qualities.

The organic molecules of the resin form bonds to make bigger molecules, in a process known as polymerisation, which is similar to the chemical reactions resulting in the formation of plastics. Hardened resin, known as copal, gets incorporated into soil and rock and remains around long after the tree

dies. Amberisation — when fossilisation is complete — takes a further 2 to 10 million years. The result is a completely inert substance, which can survive intact for hundreds of millions of years.

Dominican amber is the best preservative. The extraction of DNA from amber-trapped insects was first reported in 1992, when scientists claimed to have recovered small stretches of genetic material from a bee in amber.

However, Andrew Ross, curator of fossil arthropods at the Natural History Museum in London, who has just published a booklet on amber, has failed to repeat the DNA-extraction experiments, which casts doubt on whether the DNA really was from an ancient insect, or whether it was the result of laboratory contamination.

As for the idea of ever extracting dinosaur DNA from a trapped mos-



Amber has given biologists huge insights into evolution SPL

quito, Dr Ross is even more sceptical. "Even if DNA could be extracted from insects in amber, a real-life *Jurassic Park* is not possible. There are many reasons why such a venture will remain fiction. First, there are no known insect-bearing Jurassic ambers. Second, contrary to

popular belief, mosquitoes are extremely rare in amber." Steven Spielberg, please note.

'Amber: The Natural Time Capsule', published by the Natural History Museum, £7.95 STEVE CONNOR

UPDATE

BEING AGAINST genetic engineering would be "like being against the steam engine in the last century," according to Professor Stephen Hawking, the renowned Cambridge physicist. In a statement issued yesterday he said that "what I want is a recognition of the possible dangers and proper controls. The potential benefits are so great, it's no good trying to outlaw it."

TEN OR more different genes could contribute to each individual's risk of developing schizophrenia, says Peter McGuffin, of the University of

Wales in Cardiff. "The population risk is 1 per cent, but if you have relatives who have schizophrenia then it changes that risk," he explained this week at the British Association. "There could be 10 or more genes and it may not always be the same ones in different people." However, population studies do show that the root cause of the illness is genetic, rather than simply environmental.

THE NUMBER of people who speak English as a second language will soon overtake those for whom it is their native language. "English has

proved to be a useful natural broker in many countries in negotiations of power between ethnic groups," said Dr David Graddol, of the Open University. "Chinese, by contrast, doesn't look as if it's about to take over as a global lingua franca." Yet while in 1950 9 per cent of the world population spoke English as their first language, by 2050 that will decrease to 5 per cent — the same as for Spanish, and the Indian and Arabian languages.

MORE THAN 3 million people may travel to Cornwall to try to see next

August's total solar eclipse, the first to be visible in the UK since 1927. But scientists this week launched a safety campaign to encourage people not to try to view the eclipse directly, and instead to view the sun's image projected on to a surface. People are also being encouraged not to go as far as Cornwall: the "totality" will occur in Devon, too, said John Parkinson, of the UK Eclipse co-ordinating group.

BY THE age of 30, women who once lived on the island of Ensay, in the Outer Hebrides, suffered perma-

nent changes to their vertebrae caused by their manual labour — carrying sacks weighing up to 80lb (36kg) full of peat fuel on their backs. The distinct changes, which have been detected in the skeletons of people who lived in the island between the 16th century and the 19th, will be used as an indicator to help scientists to quantify changes found in other, more ancient skeletons, said Dr Joanna Sofaer-Derevenski, of the University of Cambridge. Her database required 96 measurements on each of the 24 vertebrae from 118 skeletons.



Things to do with a turkey baster

Liz Lochhead's latest hit play is not autobiographical. But then again she likes to write about evacuees, Dracula and kitchen utensils. By Sue Wilson

ENNY JOSEPH'S famous paean to disgraceful ageing - "When I am old shall wear purple" - is only the best-known articulation of the subversive redemptive many women find themselves enjoying later in life. Having reached the point where they may not be past it - even if a youth-obsessed world might beg to differ - they are certainly past caring what he world thinks.

So it is, perhaps, that 51-year-old Scottish playwright and poet Liz Lochhead can come out with statements such as, "I think people go to be theatre to see the truth", quite heedless of the outrage she's committing against received post-Modernist wisdom.

Lochhead's salty disdain for the modish" (a word she uses several times to illustrate everything she and her work aren't) has the force of fresh indication behind it, given the thoroughgoing success of her Edinburgh fringe hit *Perfect Days*: a sellout rave run, a Fringe First, a London transfer in the offing and a Channel 4 film deal.

There is irony here, certainly in the subtitle "A Romantic Comedy" - an epithet usually reserved for these days for cutesy American date movies starring Meg Ryan or Jennifer Aniston. The play is about a 39-year-old Glaswegian hairdresser and local TV celebrity, Barbs Marshall, attempting to embark on single parenthood with the help of her gay male best friend and a turkey baster. (No, says Lochhead, there's no autobiographical subtext: "I had to go out and buy a turkey baster to see what one looked like, and I'd rather have a bad plate of wickets than a baby.")

There is real subversion, too, beneath the play's traditional staging and narrative structure, not least in its depiction of the choices open to women of Barbs' age and circumstances: single, self-made, financially secure, worldly-wise and sexually assured. While she might initially be seen as hemmed in, rather than liberated by the inextricable ticking of her biological clock, Lochhead's treatment of her response to the situation has elicited

its share - though emphatically a minority one - of male disapproval, the kind that generally ill-conceals defensive unease.

"A few critics went on about her making these cold, 'clinical' decisions, or that she hadn't thought through the implications of her behaviour, or I'd avoided the moral issues. I was partly interested in the moralities of having a baby on your own, but in the context that the notion itself actually isn't any major skin off Barbs' nose in moral terms, not these days.



Liz Lochhead: A salty disdain for the 'modish'

"The taboos she's broaching are deeper ones, unwritten ones, to do with her exercising autonomous choices, or her right to be a mother - whether she's entitled to demand that right, given that she can. As I see it, the way she goes about it is simply the solution this particular loving couple - her and her gay pal, Brendan - arrive at, out of the various options that are open to them."

Perfect Days looks set to mark a breakthrough for Lochhead, in terms of bringing her blend of pungent colloquial humour and penetrating emotional insight before a wider audience. She has long had both critical respect and popular affection within Scotland, where she's known both for her poetry (plus her skill at performing it), and her plays. - *Blood and Ice*, *Mary Queen of Scots Had Her Head Chopped Off*,

Jack Thomson's *Boats* - or her adaptations of classics into Scots, such as *Turkoffe* and *Dracula*. Despite this, her work has only had one major outing in London when *Mary Queen of Scots*... transferred to the Donmar Warehouse, but not before she'd resisted suggestions that she "tone down" its broad vernacular idiom in deference to tender southern ears.

While in a post-*Trainspotting* world such crassness is mercifully less common, Lochhead remains conscious of the expectations metropolitan commentators often harbour towards Scottish work. "There is almost this attitude now of, what's the point of these people being Scottish if they're not going to do drugs and stuff," she says. "It's like, if they're just going to be middle-class like us, why do they need a Scottish accent?"

Another instance of such perceptions is the accusation that Scottish playwrights, in the light of the impending Scottish parliament, are currently neglecting their duty by failing to write on "political" subjects. Quite apart from the presumption implicit in dictating to anyone what they "should" be writing about, Lochhead argues that the charge suggests an extremely narrow and outdated definition of political drama.

"I'd like to know what these people think politics is," she says. "Because for me it's about how people live their lives. *Perfect Days*, for example, is all about families. What does family mean? The new kinds of families people are creating, how they compare with the old ones - I mean, political issues don't actually come much hotter just now. It's like the critics who said the play was just a bit of froth, or that it was all terribly clichéd. Since when have birth and love and mortality, the very stuff of life itself, been frothy or frivolous subjects? Just because a situation might be clichéd, like the fact that for women of Barbs' age it really is now or never when it comes to having a child, doesn't mean it goes away or gets resolved. By writing about clichés or truisms, you're not going to change them, but you can examine them and maybe give people a moment's freedom from their strictures, as they observe them operating on somebody else."

Not content with one major premiere within a month, Lochhead has a second new play opening at Edinburgh's Royal Lyceum this week, barely leaving herself time to recover from *Perfect Days*' last-night party. Strictly speaking, *Britannia Rules* is the completion of an earlier project, *Shanghaied*, a tale of Second World War evacuees from Clydebank, originally aimed mainly at younger audiences. The finished version features this existing piece, some-

what rewritten, followed by a brand-new second half set on Coronation Day, examining the intervening years' impact on the characters.

"It's very different from *Perfect Days*," Lochhead says. "It's not plot-driven in the same way, but more in the sort of Chekhov mode. Watching people hurt each other by accident, by what they say, or by not listening - and also helping each other quite movingly at moments. It's about the heroism of ordinary people, I suppose - but people who are often hiding their emotions from each other. The trick is to show, in

just brief glimpses, how these characters really feel. Mostly they try to act as well as they can, like we all do, but their true selves or feelings are often revealed in those moments when they're turned away from everyone else."

Which brings us back to that tentative assertion about theatre's responsibility to deliver "the truth". It's an outcome Lochhead sees as emerging, ideally, from the contract between audience, writer and company, achieved through an interplay of affirmation and revelation. "I think people want to see something about

their lives being explained, I know I do," she says. "When the truthfulness of people's lives is shared with other people, through fiction or drama, they're able to empathise or understand each other that bit more. They can witness these moments of unguarded or private feeling. They can recognise elements of themselves in these characters' experiences and through that maybe see, or even laugh at things which they couldn't in real life."

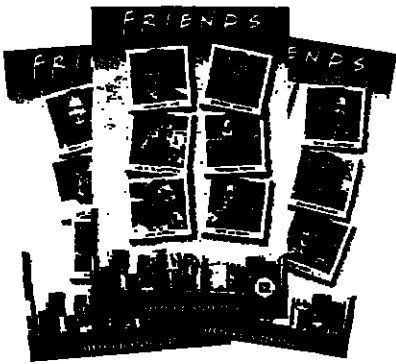
Britannia Rules, Royal Lyceum, until 3 Oct, box office 0131-248 4848



'Perfect Days', Liz Lochhead's play about a woman trying to have a baby with inappropriate tools

Geraint Lewis

TAKE A FRIEND TO THE OPERA



Warner Home Video have finally released the last three volumes of *Friends* Series 4, now available to buy from Warner Home Video. Who would have guessed that when Ross took Emily on their first date to the opera they would have ended up at the altar? To celebrate, two lucky winners will have the good fortune to take their date to the opera, as well as receiving the entire set of *Friends* on video, nearly 50 hours of laughs courtesy of Warner Home Video. The prize package includes travel and overnight accommodation in London.

15 runners up will win a complete set of *Friends* Series 4.

All you have to do to enter this competition is dial the number below, answer the following question on the line and leave your name, full address and contact number:

Q. Which of the following British celebrities did NOT appear in the Fourth Series of *Friends*?

- 1) Richard Branson
- 2) Jennifer Saunders
- 3) Sarah, Duchess of York
- 4) Tim Henman

Call: 0930 526237

Calls cost 50p per minute and should last no longer than two minutes. Winners of the Warner Home Video promotion will be picked at random after the lines close at midnight on Sunday 12th September 1998. Usual Independent Newspaper rules apply. Editors' decision is final.

Rigg stirs audience with guilty desire

THEATRE

PHÈDRE
ALBERT THEATRE
LONDON

THE FLAME-COLOURED wig is a bit of a mistake - its cut too reminiscent of the one modelled so heroically by Fennella Fielding for the past 30 years. But there is not much else wrong with Diana Rigg's portrayal of Racine's Phèdre, the woman with a fatal passion for her up-right stepson.

From the moment she enters Jonathan Kent's powerful production - shielding her eyes from the prying sunlight and feeling her way along the wall as though half dead with mortification - she delivers a deeply unsettling study of a woman consumed with shame, passion and illicit desire.

It is not often that you get two high-profile interpretations of this great work opening within a week and Kent's production provides great contrast to Luc Bondy's, which was performed last week at the Edinburgh Festival.

Bondy gave the play a tranquil, austere beautiful marine setting, as if to emphasise that tragedy is not fussy about where it strikes.

But in the oppressive, steeply raked gallery where Kent's Phèdre takes place, an ominous note is struck from the outset by a statue of Venus - the goddess who has victimised the female line in Phèdre's family - which presides over the proceedings and is spookily



Power and the passion: Toby Stephens, Diana Rigg and Barbara Jefford in *Phèdre*

Geraint Lewis

illuminated in the black-outr between acts.

Rigg has always excelled at playing women who refuse to take refuge in illusions about themselves and Phèdre is, of all heroines, the one who is most remorselessly eloquent on the subject of her own guiltiness.

The best moment in Rigg's performance comes in the scene where Phèdre receives the hardest blow of all - the

news that her stepson is not doctrinally indifferent to all women, but has finally fallen in love with someone else.

At this point, Bondy's Phèdre, Valerie Freville, let out a strangled animal howl of anguish. Rigg, however, graduates her response more tellingly. She mulls over the information with a tight, ghostly smile, like someone getting the measure of a sick joke, before launching into a frantic fever of jealousy.

The most stunning moment in the production comes when her confidante (Barbara Jefford) tries to comfort her by pointing out that there would be no future in the stepson's love for the young woman. "Yes, but their love exists. It exists," exclaims Rigg, giving these few simple words a terrible weight of wonder, hurt and dismay.

In the last scene, Freville crawled on her belly like an exhausted serpent and died abjectly, face down in a heap of sand.

Rigg's Phèdre, having confessed all to her husband Theus (Julian Glover), dies sitting upright and staring directly at the sun, even as she declares, in Ted Hughes's tough, unrhyming avalanche of a translation: "Now the sun's

light at last/Can resume its purity unspoiled".

Having hidden under veils, she is now seeing her tragedy through to the end.

As Hippolytus, the young object of her infatuation, Toby Stephens is much better than his pretty-boy counterpart in the see-through shirt in Bondy's production.

Rigg delivers a deeply unsettling study of a woman consumed with shame, passion and illicit desire

"A single surge has swept me from myself," cries this character, whom love has suddenly turned from a righteous prude to an ill-at-ease romantic. Stephens makes the cack-handed intensity of his overtures to Aricia (Joanna Roth) almost touchingly comic. In his frightfully *Boy's Own* upper-class accent and in the affronted manliness of his poses, he also reveals a youth who seems to have spent his life compensating for an absentee father who is a legendary, womanising hero.

It is an impressive production which whets the appetite for the company's version of Racine's *Britannicus*, which opens in late October.

PAUL TAYLOR

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The trick is to think small

Nick Grimshaw thinks details are important, and his approach has proved a big hit on buildings in cities around the world. His latest exhibition gives an insight into the tools and processes that make fine, and functional, designs. By Nonie Niesewand

Just as you thought Britain didn't make anything any more, two exhibitions have opened in London to show the world that industrial design is crucial to new British architecture. Architects are joined at the hip – and the roof hip – industrial designers who customise their buildings with factory-made components.

He recently appointed professor of industrial design at the RCA, Ron Arad, looks to the aircraft industry to mould his architectural furniture, fireplaces, and pod-like houses in an exhibition entitled *Ron Arad*. And at *Fusion* in the Victorian Pumping Station at Wapping, Nick Grimshaw shows us the nuts and bolts of his buildings. He chose the place because, as simply as "le week-end", fusion means the same thing in several European languages. It also represents the seamless union between architecture and industrial design.

"The aim of this exhibition is to encourage people to look at the details of building. The details count," Nicholas Grimshaw believes. "Blind and satisfying buildings leave you with the feeling that the architect has just walked away. It isn't really a question of money. It's the need to understand the way that things are made."

God in the details, as Mies van der Roë once piously observed. In his buttoned-up British way, Nick Grimshaw agrees: "People don't realise what it is that they like about a building, but they do get joy from details. Somehow, that message gets across. They like the feeling of it. It's a very subtle thing."

In a Grimshaw glass box, the details have worked a lot harder than mere accents. They are the entire building, he running water that cloaked the glass facade of the British Pavilion at Expo 92 in Seville, the caravans draped along the wrap-around glass on the *Western Morning News* building in Plymouth, even the tarpaulins that shroud the passenger platforms at strategic points along the Eurostar Terminus at Waterloo, do not hide the fact that he hits below the glass, like sinew and muscle, hold the skin. It's unforgiving. The engineer Frank Newby cruelly described hi-tech as "the use of tortured structure for decorative purposes". There is nothing tortured – or decorative – about the tiny little trusses, clips, joists, clamps and tucks. Captain Queeg would have had difficulty fitting them in his pocket, yet the skeleton supports every Grimshaw building are surprisingly small.

Going green is at the heart and



Above: Nick Grimshaw with door handles he designed for Fusital, on show at 'Fusion' (left) in a Victorian pumping station

Grimshaw is sensitive to it. "By 2020, aluminium won't be mined anywhere in the world," he predicts. "It's a recyclable material. There will be enough for constant remoulding and it would be a great waste not to use it." Unlike brick, new bricks take a lot of energy to manufacture, and old bricks can't be recycled, since imperial measurements don't fit metric floor plans. So the backdrop to *Fusion*, the cavernous hydraulic pumping station at Wapping, is pertinent. Here the Victorians harnessed the Thames to operate hydraulic lifts. Now the chunky machines are silenced and obsolete but Grimshaw, who is converting the space for the Women's Playhouse, will leave those dinosaurs of another age. "I like them," he says, recalling that the Victorians made bolt-on prefabricated masonry units, windowsills and doorways in brick, a mass production that stopped with the First World War.

"In the 19th century you used individual craftsmanship to produce moulds. Now, craftsmanship at the factory replaces 10 repetitive tasks with one simple system. The art and craft is in that first process to make the template. That original pattern casts millions of pieces."

Since 1985, Grimshaw has employed two industrial designers, Duncan Jackson and Eion Billings to tailor steel and aluminium components cost effectively. From building parts, they designed street signs, telephone masts, bus shelters, door handles and lights. At *Fusion*, their work is displayed inside silvered aluminium trunks, like the ones film crews and rock stars use to pack things flat. From previous exhibitions in Zurich and Munich, it moves to Liverpool in October, and from there to Japan.

Billboard snaps of Grimshaw buildings are set beside the bits and pieces that gave them lift-off. Different techniques are shown at different stages. Tooled pieces furred like *Titanic* salvage from the sea bed represent the lost wax process kick-started in a British factory that made handgrips until they were outlawed. Only the lost wax process can make pieces with a spherical core, from gun barrels to bolt-together panes of glass on the Eurostar Terminal at Waterloo. No wonder Grimshaw goes ballistic at

any suggestion that the terminus is cracking up. "As we understand it, some of the roof panels were damaged by window-cleaners and they've replaced 35. I don't like people saying my building is falling down." A glimpse of its spine close up in *Fusion* is reassuring. A clip as slender as a dragonfly's body, but tough as steel, holds two panes of glass on either side. Its tail is a concertina of fan of rubber that allows the glass to rise and curve into the great caterpillar of the Eurostar Terminus, which measures at either end 36 metres, and soars to 48 metres in the middle. Tried and tested before installation to take the worst-case scenario of a train at full speed slamming to a halt, this concertina allows the glass viaduct to move up and down and not shatter.

Another steel piece shaped like a DNA cluster on stems, which bolts together big spans of glass evolved from a chunky piece like a spanner, supports the glass facade on the *Financial Times* building, and the slimmed-down version on tucks of steel rigged across the *Western Morning News* building in Plymouth. The Paddington Bear version will support the glass over Paddington station. What appears to be a chunky Viking breastplate in steel turns out to be bus shelter seats made for a Spanish billboard company. Hundreds of them line Madrid and Barcelona; New York's Mayor Giuliani has called to see them. South America wants them and Grimshaw is launching the modular system at Orgatec in Cologne this October.

How buildings are made may seem like a *Blue Peter* demo that you skip. Go and see it. As the century draws to a close, this exhibition blueprints a simpler way of making things that work. It is a sophisticated product range in a highly competitive market, that illustrates the disciplines and sensitivities required when designing a building. It involves structure, space – and a formidable master craftsman.

Fusion runs at the Wapping Hydraulic Power Station, Wapping Wall, London E1. Admission £3, £1.50 concs. (0171-377 2110). The exhibition moves to the Tea Factory, Wood Street, Liverpool L1, from 30 October to 27 November. Admission free (0151-225 2914).

'What do my creations actually do? Who cares?'

Ron Arad's approach to design has made him famous all over the world. So why is he still unknown in Britain? By Nonie Niesewand

TRIFLED-SIZED metallic sculptures looming over the chairs and tables at the Arad show, staged at Aram Design, are Ron Arad's latest enthusiasm. "Call them vases to save time," he says. "I'm more interested in making things than in what they do." Which deals a blow to that modernist chestnut that "form follows function".

In an aircraft factory in Worcester he discovered vacuum forming, by blowing up with air until it bubbles an inch-thick piece of steel, cut and shaped with a piece of aluminium beneath it. Out bulged these gravity-defying curvaceous forms on a scale that would have taken Brancusi many months and a great deal of money to mould and cast. Now he is using the technique to make two curvy steel fireplaces for a house in Notting Hill.

The most original talent working in Britain today, Ron Arad trained as an architect, launched himself as a furniture designer and is professor of furniture at the Royal College of Art. A s a hybrid, he crosses disciplines easily.

Ron Arad once said that he liked working in Britain because nobody gave a toss about modern design. That was before New Labour made design cool – or hot, depending on your jargon. Totally ignored in the

Eighties, when English country house style wrapped Britain up in chintz, Ron Arad got on with designing the "Big Easy Chair" in metal, set hi-fi systems in pebble-dash cement, and wired a staircase to a Moog synthesiser so that every footfall created music, in his workshop in Covent Garden.

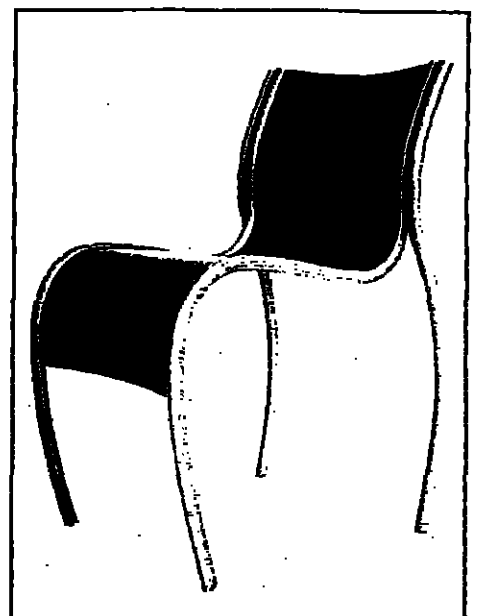
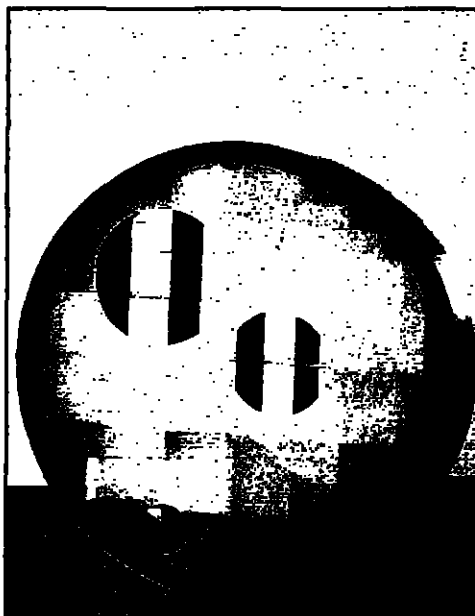
Meanwhile, in Milan, from 1984 when he first exhibited at the Salone del Mobile furniture fair, his furniture practically walked off the stand. His fans rocked in the metal "Mickey" chair, hanging their legs over its voluminous ears to the sound of sand slithering in its base. Now, bouncers control crowds outside the show he shares every year at the furniture fair with the lighting designer Ingo Maurer. In Paris, at the Pompidou Centre, where groups paid mega-francs for the catalogue to Ron Arad's exhibition in 1988, only to feed them into the paper-shredder that was its main attraction, Ron Arad is as famous as Philippe Starck. The lowest boredom threshold in the design business is now a big name world-wide.

Zev Aram, who is the fame broker in Britain for international stars from the Bauhaus to Alvar Aalto and Eileen Gray, planned this exhibition on Ron Arad because: "He is a major talent now in Europe, com-

missioned all over the world but not here where he studied. It's time to give him a major platform."

Wooded by manufacturers such as Kartell, who put into mass production in plastic his "Book Worm" circular shelving system, Ron Arad still likes to make one-offs to explore new materials. Often they become the prototypes for a range. The "Tom Vack" chair, vacuum-formed in aluminium at the Superform aircraft factory, is now produced in alabaster-smooth plastic by Vitra. His latest chair, called "A Box in Four Moments" is a steel cube that comes with a battery-operated screwdriver. Four hollow steel pillows, each 40cm, stack on to three torsion hinges. Crank up the springs with the screwdriver and the cube unfolds into a zig-zag, stable enough to sit on. It doesn't look comfortable but, surprisingly, it is, because the boxes are hollow and the flexible torsion springs give it bounce.

Vintage Arad fetches the kind of auction-house prices you expect from a Louis-the-something chair. At Phillips sales, his "Big Easy", the ultimate club chair in steel, has sold for \$60,000 (£37,000). Rarity puts up the prices as much as the restlessness of the designer, who finds repetition boring, one of the reasons why this graduate from the Architectural



From left: Shelves keep level with the floor while the outer wheel rolls round on the RTW unit; Ron Arad inflated heated sheets of aluminium with air pressure in an aircraft factory for the BOOP table; Fantastic Plastic Elastic chair for Kartell in Italy

Association put architecture on the back burner. Not for long. His Amega pod house failed to get planning permission for the Hampstead site because it involved taking down an undistinguished Twenties house. But Camden Council will give it planning permission if the owners can find a suitable site.

Just as Oscar Wilde described his acquaintances as either charming or tedious, Ron Arad divides designs into boring and interesting. "Some-

thing can be interesting for all sorts of reasons. Because it's light, cheap, heavy, expensive, inexpensive." He is scornful of the rounded edges that scallop furniture now. In defiance of that sort of curvy design, his latest spiky design, which is not yet off the drawing-board, uses a toothed comb as both bedhead and board on the "FPE Bed" (Fantastic Plastic Elastic). Typical Arad: the teeth act as the struts to support, in plastic, a wide span for the mattress.

How does he square working in plastic with a concern for the environment? "Some things have to be made in plastic. Blood transfusion bags, for example. But the new plastics are recyclable. My Rover chair, which recycled old Rover car seats, was environmentally friendly, but if I made it today it wouldn't be."

The first task he set his postgrad students at the RCA (he joined last year) was to design and make a book on contemporary furniture. Disap-

pointingly, mostly Wallpaper* and Elle Decoration clones resulted, but I'll warrant that after two years of Ron Arad's hands-on tuition, they will think differently. He always does. Whatever advances are made in mechanising furniture production, his impact upon the 21st century is already being felt.

The Ron Arad exhibition is at Aram, 3 Kenn Street, Aldwych, London WC2, Mon-Fri, until 12 October

Arad 1998

Reflections of all your desires

Mirrors were once thought to hold strange powers. Nowadays they're a miracle of design, a cure-all for lack of light and space. By Ros Byam Shaw

Think of any famous interior and the likelihood is that somewhere it features a mirror. It may be a towering overmantel or a pair of slim pier-glasses, a wall of mirror or a dressing-table mirror; it may be incidental or central to the design. Look around you: mirrors are in your handbag, in your car, over your washbasin, behind the bar in the pub and the cosmetics display in the supermarket.

At once commonplace and magical, mirror possesses a magnetism irresistible to the human eye. Used in an interior, it has an unrivalled power of transformation, rubbing and redoubling space, creating surreal vistas on to a world that is back to front but still the right way up. And, while mirror has been used to create some of the world's most extravagant rooms, including the Salle des Glaces at Versailles, Coco Chanel's Paris salon, Indian palaces and American casinos, thanks to modern methods of manufacture it is no more expensive than good wallpaper and no more difficult to install than tiling.

It wasn't always so. For centuries after its discovery in pre-Roman Egypt, mirrored glass could be produced only with great difficulty, and in very small sheets. Like the finest jewels, it was believed to hold mystic power. A reflection, it was thought, could capture the soul, hence mirrors were turned to the wall throughout illness and after death, until the soul was safely delivered. The chemical decay that attacked the silvering of old mirrors was blamed on moonbeams. Seventeenth-century Dutch housewives protected their mirrors with curtains in order to preserve their reflectiveness, lest it should run out through overuse. No wonder breaking a mirror was thought to bring seven years' misery.

In the late 17th century, sponsored by the French king's passion for mirrored walls, a method of casting molten glass and winding it smooth was discovered so that, for the first time, a sheet of mirror large enough to reflect more than a head and shoulders could be produced. Mirrors like these were a phenomenon, a marvel, a new experience. The Salle des Glaces at Versailles still astounds with its scale and grandeur. How much more extraordinary must have seemed when the mirror itself was a rare and extravagant commodity.

Methods of manufacture improved with small bursts of innovation throughout the 18th century. Robert Adam made extensive use of mirror, most notably for the "glass drawing-room" at Northumberland House in London, now long since demolished. By 11 accounts it was an astonishing room, with its walls of glass backed with a dark red pigment, punctuated by pier-glasses and overmantels, the whole linked and embellished with ornate metal fillets.

By the 19th century, large mirrors had sprouted over the mantel of every self-respecting parlour, bringing light to the darkest wall of the room and emphasising the central importance of the fireplace.

In the age before electric light, mirror continued to serve a practical as well as a decorative role, effectively doubling the light of candles and dim gas flames.

By Queen Victoria's death, mirror had been democratised. Brilliant-cut for extra sparkle, mirrors were adopted by the fairground, the pub, the Gypsy caravan and the long-boat.

The ability to make glass in large sheets has had a profound effect on the history of architecture, famously described by Le Corbusier as the battle of the window to attain the greatest dimensions in the face of technical limitations. Today that battle has been decisively won.

Modern plate glass is floated on molten tin, minimising the need for the grinding and polishing that made old mirror so labour-intensive. In 1937, architects Raymond McGrath and AC Frost wrote a book entitled *Glass in Architecture and Decoration*, a paean to the new possibilities allowed by this "medium capable of endless adaptation without loss of integrity". Some of that period's most important interiors, inspired by what the authors describe as "the recent purge or spring-cleaning of architecture and design" use mirror in a way that still looks up-to-date; the fashionable interior decorator Syrie Maugham's all-white drawing-room with its chrome-and-mirror screen; the film star Tilly Losch's mirrored bathroom; Norman Hartnell's mirror-pannelled salon.

Mirror's recent image has suffered from its ubiquity. As a cheap means of invoking glamour it is too often used indiscriminately in restaurants, cinema foyers and hotels. The horrible Seventies vogue for bronzed mirror glass; the smutty connotations of mirrored ceilings; the popularity of mirrored fitted wardrobes - all have further contributed to the suspicion that mirror, as opposed to the venerable looking-glass, is rather vulgar.

This is unfair. Poor design makes mirror look nasty but, used well, it can still delight and transform. David Hicks was a master, and used it to enhance the sense of space and grandeur in his own, small Albany apartment. Other decorators have made much of it: Michael Inghelbald mirrored opposing walls in his hall to give the illusion of endless vistas punctuated by an ever-diminishing file of reflected obelisks; Frédéric Méchiche lined a stairwell with it; David Gill used it to line his bathroom. Charles Jencks, like Sir John Soane before him, used jewel-like fragments of mirror inlay to highlight his architectural fantasies.

At this year's House & Garden Fair in Earl's Court, of four room-sets given pride



Seen through the looking-glass in Coco Chanel's Paris salon

Massimo Listri

of place at the centre of the Great Hall, three featured mirror.

Emily Todhunter's included a bath pannelled in mirror, a mirrored chest of drawers and a mirrored coffee-table. Just across the aisle, Alidad's circular "gentleman's cabinet" was entirely pannelled with mirror glass that had been distressed and decorated for an effect utterly different from the clarity of Todhunter's style. Most hip of all, Jonathan Reed used two large mirrors, one of them an antique convex mirror the size of a luxury car wheel, the other a simple oblong, plainly framed in wood.

Once, the cost of the glass itself vied with the price of the most elaborate frame. Today a frame of real quality, old or new, re-

mains very costly, but mirror glass is cheap. DIY superstores sell an array of unframed mirrors, round, square, large and small, some bevelled and most under £30. They also sell mirror tiles in different sizes.

Every town has a glazier. Here you can order mirror cut to size and, within reason, shape. And now the fun begins. Stained coffee table? Cover it with mirror, bevelled at the edges. Soon you will find yourself arranging pebbles or candles or even ash-trays, and marvelling at the effect. Dreary fireplace? Tile it with mirror. Dark basement? Mirror the window silks, or better still the whole embrasure. The increase in light is dramatic.

Interior bathroom with no window? Mirror a wall and the sense of claustro-

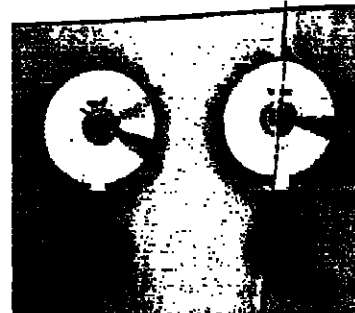
phobia almost disappears. And if the sight of yourself, rubicund and wobbly, fresh from a hot shower is too much to bear, you needn't rely on the misting effect alone. Brutally honest modern mirror can be "antiqued" for a more flattering reflection.

As a cure for lack of light and space, mirror requires little training or expertise to administer. As a material in itself, mirror glass has no particular style allegiances. Mirror is as appropriate in a modern loft as in a Regency rectory; its effect can be luxurious or sober, sparkling or mined, extravagant or spare.

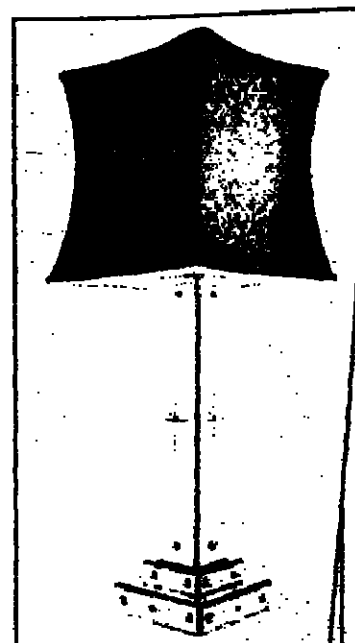
Play with it, experiment, be brave. It won't cost you an arm and a leg. Just try not to break it; no one deserves seven years of bad luck.

DESIGN DETAILS

A STRATEGIC mirrored light or candle sconce can be as dramatic as an entire wall of mirror glass. Here's a selection.



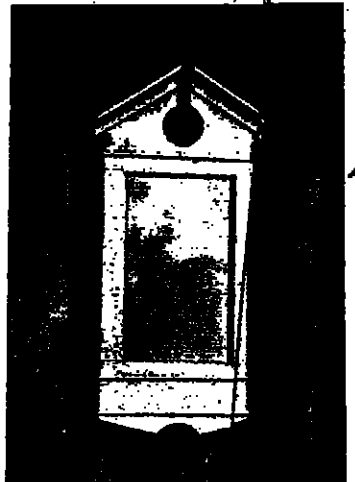
Tole candle sconces in tortoiseshell and green, £289 each from Vaughan, ring 0171 731 3133 for stockists



Mirrored lamp base from Renwick and Clarke, £1250 (0171 730 8913)



Wheat sheaf wall light, 288 from Vaughan, details before



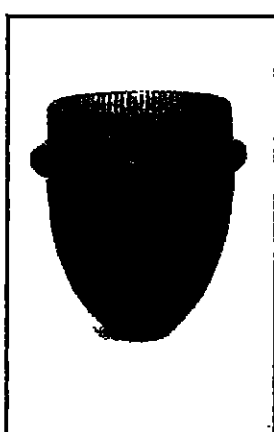
Palladian mirror in silver, £105 from Wilde at Art (01726 824044)

INDEPENDENT COMPETITION IN CONJUNCTION WITH LIBERTY AND CRAFTS COUNCIL SHOPS

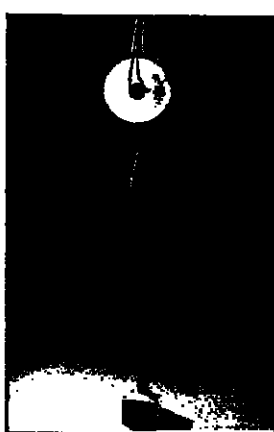
Liberty and the Crafts Council are offering you the chance to win £1,250-worth of glass and crafts by choosing the winner of the 1998 Jerwood Prize for Applied Arts



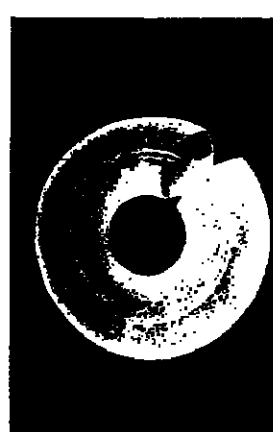
1 'Cascade of Glass' by Keiko Mukaiide



2 'Glass Bowl' by Anna Dickinson



3 'Untitled' by Diana Hobson



4 'Serpentine Shape' by Galia Amsel



5 'Minimal Form' by Tessa Clegg



6 'Tallis' by Keith Cummings



7 'Untitled' by Lise Antogena



8 'Confined Spaces II' by David Reekie

The Independent has joined forces with Liberty and the Crafts Council to offer one reader the chance to purchase glass to the value of £750 for selecting the readers' choice out of the eight Jerwood Prize finalists. To enter, study the work of the eight finalists shown above and write the number of your nomination for the winner of the Jerwood Prize in the box provided, then complete the tie-breaker sentence in no more than 12 words. Fill in your name, address and phone number, and post it to: The Jerwood Prize Competition, PO Box 4013, London E14 5BE. Closing date for entries is Monday 14th September.

Write the number of your nomination here:

Name..... Address.....

Postcode.....

Daytime telephone number:.....

Tiebreaker: Complete the following phrase in no more than 12 words: I think my nomination should be The Independent's choice because...

.....

Competition Rules, Terms and Conditions
1. All entries must be legible and arrive at the address on the entry form by the second post (midday) on Monday 14th September 1998. Proof of posting will not be taken as proof of delivery and no responsibility will be taken for lost or damaged entries. 2. Only one entry per person is permitted on an entry form out from the Independent or obtained from our offices. 3. From the eight short-listed nominees the readers will have to nominate their choice of winner. The Independent's two design editors will then decide who, in their opinion, completed the prize sentence in the most apt way. Winners will be notified by post. 4. First prize will be £750 to be spent at Liberty, Regent Street, on glass. Two runners up the end of the year. 5. The editors' decision is final. 6. Employees and families of the Independent Group, their agents and members of the Independent are not eligible to enter. 7. The winners names may be published in the Independent on the 19th September 1998, or at a later date. 8. No purchase necessary. To obtain an entry form, send an SAE to Independent Newspapers Group, Marketing Department, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. 9. The competition is held by Independent Newspapers Group. 10. Entry implies acceptance of these rules, terms and conditions.

0171 201 520

Natural creativity takes wing

Marine life and birds are the inspiration for potter Ann Stokes. The result? Quirky, amusing and usable pieces. By Annabel Freyberg

If I'm not excited I can't work. I need to be at the peak of excitement," says the potter Ann Stokes. This summer she has been just that, creating a flood of fish dishes, reptile mirror surrounds, Moroccan lights, and tulip vases based on an 18th-century example she saw in an Italian church. Her whimsical ceramics, the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Rebecca Hossack Gallery, are - like their maker - bright, effervescent and full of movement. Indeed many seem to have taken flight: eagles, owls and swans with wings outstretched. Starting in conception and ambitious in scale, they are of necessity made in sections in order to fit into the kiln.

Ann Stokes's oeuvre fits into no obvious category: she is neither simply studio potter, sculptor nor folk ceramicist. Along with birds, fish and animals, her leaf-printed plates, Crean-style cups and saucers and casseroles in the shape of ducks are amusing, usable and idiosyncratic. Among the many people who have fallen for them over the past four decades are the decorator John Fowler, who became one of her first clients, the art historian David Sylvester, who favours her blue-and-white tableware, and the gallery owner Nigel Greenwood, who chose Stokes's work for the 1970 Hayward Open, where it must have sat cheerfully and curiously among more pofaced installations.

Stokes was a ballet dancer before she turned to clay. When she was 17 and living in St Ives the painter Adrian Stokes - later her husband - suggested she took up dance. She trained under Phyllis Badell, who had been evacuated to Cornwall, and performed every night at the local *palais de danse*, catching ringworm off the floor. Barbara Hepworth later turned the building into her studio and it is now a museum. In St Ives Ann naturally ran into Bernard Leach, the patron saint of potters, and was struck by how awful it must be to sit at a wheel all day.

It was only after several years of wartime signalling with the Wrens in



Clockwise from top: standing owl, £50; vulture cup and saucer, £30; hanging fish light, £100. Available at the Rebecca Hossack Gallery

Paris, Warrington and Aberdeen, and when her knee gave out, that she hung up her dancing shoes and got married. After the birth of her son, Philip, she discovered the Hampstead pottery run by Christopher Magarashak. In fact, Ann was no stranger to making things. "I was given a fretsaw at the age of eight, and carved animals such as horses at a hunt. At 12 I invented a spiral fretsaw that would go back and forth."

She started on wood again. At the pottery class, her son was put off when he found glass in the clay, but Ann was mesmerised by the sight of clay growing up on the wheel. Later, the Sudanese potter Mohammed Abdallah taught her to make coiled pots.

Gradually potting took over her life. At first she had to take her ceramics

to a workshop to be fired and carry them back home again. Then she turned her ground-floor room into a studio, and used the wine cellar under the street to house a kiln. She started to fashion fountains and other objects bigger than herself. However, it was not till the painter and art critic Sir Lawrence Gowing surprised her by suggesting that her work would sell well - which she at first found most unflattering - that it occurred to her that others might be interested in buying her wares.

Thirty-six years ago she held her first Christmas sale, an event that has since turned into a crowded annual institution, with friends and customers fighting over jugs, tiles and mirrors as if it were a Harrods sale. She relishes the challenge of new

objects and commissions, and of devising ways to make something unlikely work: bird-of-paradise wall lights, a bluebird stool, a wren shelf or a crocodile still life. Early on she began to frequent London Zoo, to try to capture the movement of birds and beasts. Her fascination for animals grew, she believes, out of her balletic background: "Every animal is a dancer. They couldn't slouch even if they wanted to."

Built into the uprights of her stairs is a series of tiles telling the story of two pigeons (ever versatile, she has also made a rich-hued stair carpet designed for her by the art historian John Goding; she stitched it while watching television plays). Fish also feature prominently in her work, from whopping piscatorial platters to three-dimensional dishes with spiky-finned lids. A striking recent invention is the hanging fish light, peppered with scale-like holes to let the light through; these look buoyantly surreal when suspended in mid-air. Next she plans to tackle a bat light, fashioning its "lovely umbrella-shaped" wings over a large wok to get just the right curve.

She spends half the year in Italy - till recently annually picking olives from 260 olive trees - with her second husband, Ian Angus, who this year celebrates an achievement of his own: the publication, after 15 years, of the complete works of George Orwell. The pottery she encounters in Italy has confirmed her preference for earthenware, which she has always used for her work. Ann insists that far more personality goes into earthenware than into the ubiquitous, less fragile stoneware which all her pupils - like most British potters - now use.

"It occurred to me when I was humming the song 'Light and Lovely' the other day that that was what I ought to call my show," said Ann Stokes, laughing. "After all, I hate heavy pottery, and I can't open my mouth without using the word 'lovely'."

Ann Stokes's exhibition is at the Rebecca Hossack Gallery, 35 Windmill Street, London W1, until 3 October. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. (0171-436 4899)



Ann Stokes with an osprey, a vast platter and a screen of painted tiles Philip Meech

STARTING TOMORROW

THE INDEPENDENT

Travel to Paris free on Eurostar

The Independent has chartered an entire Eurostar train to take readers to Paris. To claim a free seat for you and a partner, simply collect four tokens from The Independent or The Independent on Sunday and enter. Winners will be able to spend a weekend (or a week-long) break in the French capital (the choice of return journey is yours).

There are no losers: unsuccessful applicants will be entitled to massive discounts on travel to Paris or Brussels. Look out for the first token in The Independent tomorrow

My Country, right or wrong

A black and white photograph of a group of nine people, including men and women, dressed in formal attire like suits and hats, posing outdoors in front of trees. The group is arranged in two rows, with some individuals standing and others sitting or kneeling in the front. The image is high-contrast and grainy, typical of older newspaper prints.

Lambchop's latest album 'What Another Man Spills' is available now on City Slang Records. They appear on October 15 at the Electric Ballroom, Camden, London.

An Evening With
Silith Fair
A Celebration of Women in Music

Sinead O'Connor
Alison Moyet
Sarah McLachlan
Beth Orton
N'fela Davenport
Lisa Loeb

Wednesday 29th
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Royal Albert Hall
London

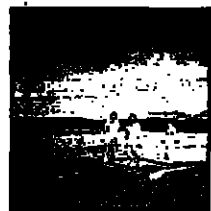
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ملف ١٥٠٠

THIS WEEK'S ALBUM RELEASES

REVIEWED BY ANDY GILL

Preaching, but not reaching



MANIC STREET PREACHERS
This Is My Truth, Tell Me Yours
Epic

It is grim out west. Or so it appears from *This Is My Truth, Tell Me Yours* – though it is, admittedly, hard to tell, given the complete absence of irony in the Manic Street Preachers' work. On this showing, the Welsh trio is almost as humour-free as a zone as Paul Weller, which is a very grim state to be in indeed.

The epic pomp-rock of *Everything Must Go* has curdled here into something rather more indigestible, with individual tracks echoing the Joy Division creep of doom ("I'm Not Working") and, rather more distressingly, the meat-and-spuds rock ordinariness of Bryan Adams.

For a band which has made copious mileage out of projecting an image of rebellious intelligence and sensitivity there are some desperately embarrassing moments here, most notably the clumsy Welsh nationalist hand-wringing of "Ready For Drowning", where the portentous church-organ introduction is supplanted by a chorus which actually asks that age-old question so beloved of confused old hippie types, "Where are we going?", without a trace of irony.

Elsewhere, lyricist Nick Jones' intelligence appears to be primarily employed in stroking the maudlin sensibilities of the Manics' notoriously self-pitying fans, with

lines as cynical as, "It's not trivial like they think" and songs like the obvious single "Nobody Loved You" – a sort of co-dependency anthem of low self-esteem, one of several tracks that might refer to the departed Richey Edwards.

Hardly anywhere on *This Is My Truth, Tell Me Yours* (a title borrowed from Aneurin Bevan) do Jones and co challenge the cosy assumptions of their audience, particularly in musical terms.

You would not gather, from these turgid, middle-of-the-road arrangements, that there had been any musical developments in rock'n'roll beyond Bon Jovi, which hardly backs up the Manics' much-vaunted revolutionary credentials – if they can't bring any daring or innovation to what is, after all, their primary medium, why should we expect any sharper insight applied to such secondary concerns as their world view or their political opinions?

Only on one or two occasions do they stretch a little, musically: "Tsunami" (curiously, they're the second Welsh band in as many weeks to use this title) features electric sitar and strings, in a sort of corseted psychedelic euphoria that is clearly less than second nature, and the concluding "SYMM" employs a reverse-drum effect and guitar playing which is more bluesy than brusque, a triumph of sorts for James Dean Bradfield.

The song itself is one of the more striking pieces on the album – a reaction to the Hillsborough tragedy in which Jones admits his own inability to add anything to the situation save the query, "South Yorkshire mass murderer/How can you sleep at night?"

This is his opinion; tell him yours.



Even the Preachers' notoriously self-pitying fans will identify some embarrassing moments on the new album

Dublin yields to Donal's harmony

Yer man Lunny is back with a cracking album.

By Colin Harper

"THANKS VERY much," says Donal Lunny, six numbers into a lean, mean media showcase scene in the heart of Dublin. "This is just like a gig." Lavish lunches are 10 a penny in Dublin – indeed, some people base their entire social calendar around them – but this one, at The Odeon, was a bit special.

Lunny has been a major force and influence at the commercial coiffure of Irish traditional music since the early Seventies, most visibly as a member of Flannery, The Bothy Band and Moving Hearts – all of which enjoy iconic status in the current Irish music boom. In the past decade he has been more of a producer, a mover and shaker – a prolific backroom presence in an increasingly prolific Irish trad industry.

Common Ground, last year's set by various EMI artists, was essentially a Donal Lunny album-cum-tribute album in all but name, but *Coolfin* (released on Monday) carries his name unashamedly – the first to do so for 10 years.

For an invited audience peppered with the likes of Christy Moore, Paul Brady and Altan alongside family, friends and legion media folk, Lunny and the seven-piece Coolfin Band delivered a razor-sharp, sensuous performance of 11 choice cuts that sparred with the virtuosity and controlled energy one would expect. But they also exhibited an infectious enthusiasm for music and for nudging at the boundaries that one shouldn't take for granted – not even with a musician whose long career has been characterised by innovation in his chosen field.

This year's model is an almost cubby, groove-based construction with Balkan tinges, marrying ambient keyboards and light percussion with the sprightly, scating fiddle sounds of Nollaig Casey and the blistering uilleann pipes of John McSherry – all on a bedrock of heavy bass and drum in odd time signatures. Others have tried similar formulas before, with mixed results – Scotland's Capercaille not least – but Lunny has it nailed.

Space and rhythm are the thing, with Lunny himself on bouzouki and bass player Ronnie O'Flynn doing a fabulous and tricky job in laying down hypnotic, off-centre accents throughout. Occasionally – with the odd keyboard solo, for example – the whole thing teeters on the brink of Eighties funk, but 95 per cent of the time this was captivating, exhilarating yet deliciously cool music.

"Spanish Point", a mystic, fiddle-led evocation of sea cliffs, recalled the Mahavishnu Orchestra's jazz fusion at its most sensual, while the contributions of guest vocalists Mairead and Tríona ní Dónnail (who also appear on the album) induced that back-of-the-neck tingle a seasoned music writer rarely feels. Mr Lunny, it would appear, is still The Man.

JUNIOR DELGADO
Fearless
Big Cat

PAIRING THE Seventies reggae star with a succession of unusual production collaborators – from Jerry Dammers to Smith & Mighty – *Fearless* is a splendid piece of work, surely set to be the reggae album of the year. It is not perfect – there are a few fillers and one out-and-out disaster in the sub-Mondo tropical stylings of "Temptation" – but the freshness and diversity of the tracks, and the roaring of Delgado's militant roots, provide more than enough highlights to compensate.

Delgado's voice has a pained hoarseness reminiscent of several soul legends and he uses it to powerful effect on tracks such as "Hypocrites" (a condemnation of tobacco and alcohol merchants) and the self-explanatory "Sons of Slaves".

The producers, meanwhile, employ a variety of strategies to spice up the basic reggae style: Kid Loops stamps a sprightly drum'n'bass martial feel on "Sons of Slaves"; Sumo's elastic-sprung techno-dub groove to "Fuss'n' and Fight'n'" is utterly infectious; and Jerry Dammers brings the requisite unsettling urban soundscape to "Armed Robbery" with his multi-layered hybrid jungle/reggae/dub backing.



PULP
Live At Glastonbury
Island

THE PRECIPITOUS decline of the Britpop industry has been no more shockingly reflected than in the relative commercial failure of Pulp's *This Is Hardcore*. Hence the attempt to revive its dormant fortunes by the addition of this live album, available for an extra £1 with *This Is Hardcore*, or on its own for a fiver.

Frankly, it is hard to see how this will help. Apart from Glastonbury survivors who fancy a souvenir of their time in the trenches, I cannot imagine why anyone would want both albums, given that all but one of these seven tracks (the lacklustre "Live Bed Show") is featured on the studio album, and in more efficacious surroundings at that.

Furthermore these are not, for the most part, songs which lend themselves to live presentation the way that anthems such as "Common People" and "Disco 2,000" did. While "The Fear" is a good way to open a studio album in terms of impact, it is a mistake not to open this show with "Party Hard", which prompts an enormous rush of enthusiasm – but unfortunately too late to salvage the album. It is not a bad record as such, just an unnecessary one.



KENICKIE
Get In
EMI

LAST YEAR'S *At The Club* debut depicted a peppy, irrepressible Kenickie, slyly drawing on all manner of girl-group predecessors from Shangri-Las to B-52s, by way of Bananarama and The Go-Gos. Though it retains a modicum of that spirit in tracks such as the summer pop anthem "Stay In The Sun" and the Roxy glam stomp of "Magnetron", *Get In* could hardly be more different: if *At The Club* was a party-hearty night on the tiles, this is surely the come-down morning after, an obstacle course of reflection and recrimination. Lauren Laverne reveals an introspective capacity which defies her sassy, blonde-bombshell image.

Life has become a more complicated matter for Lauren judging by the acidulous cynicism of "60s Bitch". Her bandmates, fortunately, prove well up to the challenge of the new material, negotiating its emotional twists and turns with settings which strike a fine balance between experiment and melodic appeal. The result is a fine pop record which airs contemporary concerns in a more pleasurable, and more sincere, way than the Manic Street Preachers manage.



MOLOKO
I Am Not A Doctor
Echo

MOLOKO'S 1995 debut *Do You Like My Tight Sweater?* was one of the more interesting outgrowths of trip-hop, an intriguing blend of Mark Brydon's cunningly constructed backing tracks and Roisin Murphy's peculiar vocals, which eventually sold an impressive quarter of a million copies. This follow-up seems unlikely to emulate that success: the intervening three years, it seems, have done little to hone the group's style to a sharper cutting edge – instead, the Sheffield duo have limited their appeal by waywardness, mistaking the irritatingly zany for the attractively oddball.

The result is an album tainted on all levels (music, words and vocals) by an overly mannered, self-conscious approach. Murphy's vocals just seem like a series of bad parodies of Beth Gibbons and I kid you not Bryan Ferry, whilst Brydon's grooves are frustratingly fragmentary.

Occupying an uncomfortable space between jungle, funk and techno, tracks such as "Be Like You" are as over-freighted with smug cleverness as a late-period Prince album; and neglect to leave them with anything approaching a decent tune.



JOHNSON
The debut album *Hard Mouth To Feed*

"One of the most refreshing surprises of the year has to be Johnson; straight up guitar based tunes with soulful, gospel tinged pop" TIME OUT

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SLEEVE NOTES

THE SPICE GIRLS are being scrutinised by the Catholic League in America. With an insight that harks back to the furor surrounding rock'n'roll and sexual mores in the Fifties, the largest Catholic civil rights organisation in America has said: "The Spice Girls have been exploiting girls their age and younger for a fast buck by hustling their bodies. The message they send is invidious and pernicious." The Spice Girls, however, have a strong linguistic defence, as they use words that teenagers understand.

Meanwhile, policemen in Detroit are urging local politicians to ban rap concerts following a series of fights after performances by the rap acts Scarface and Master P.

UB40's Ali Campbell and Brian Travers are to become record-label owners. The duo have joined forces with Jetstar, a London-based distributor involved in promoting Jamaican reggae acts in Britain. They plan to encourage another underdeveloped market and form a "roots and dance hall label" called Oracabessa Records. Curt Mayfield, formerly of Tears For Fears, is opening his own management company, Zerodisc. At least from one of his signings you can expect to hear great things, as Muli have already impressed critics with an eclectic debut album. Meanwhile Dolly Parton has become involved in a rather more bizarre enterprise – "Twin Peaks". The country and western singer is building a roller-coaster with two giant

loops inspired by her world-famous boobs. It is currently the most popular feature in her Hollywood theme park in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee.

THERE HAVE been more attention-grabbing antics by Hole's Courtney Love, below. The rumour that Garbage's lead singer Shirley Manson and Love are planning a col-



laboration is a surprise after the lavish praise for Manson in recent Love interviews. Meanwhile Love cancelled an appearance on last week's *TFI Friday* after Chris Evans' wouldn't agree to two small requests – to sign a 17-page list of interview restrictions and allow her to appear on the show with Hole's bassist Melissa Auf Der Maur.

AFTER US's pop tour reached new heights of showmanship/egomania, extravagant dress and carbon monoxide emissions, they have dazzled the music in-

dustry once more after signing a huge deal with Polygram for the release of three "Best of" albums. The first will be *The Best of U2 Volume One 1980-1990* and hits the stores on 2 November. Meanwhile the jazz legend Ahmad Jamal is filing a suit against MCA Records claiming unauthorised releases of his work, including use in the film and soundtrack of *The Bridges of Madison County*.

KISS ARE following in the footsteps of David Bowie, announcing the launch of their own Internet Service Provider. Users will get Kiss customised Internet access, unlimited web access, Kiss e-mail, personal web pages and chat rooms. But some who remember this hard rock group in their Seventies heyday may not find devilish and clown-style imagery as attractive as the upmarket artistry of Bowie.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MP3 technology, touted as the solution to delays in downloading music from the Internet, has been given a boost by the Beastie Boys. The MP3 has met with resistance from the music industry because it is used for music piracy, but the Beastie Boys have begun to release exclusive live track through the band's official website. "Enjoy, and be good," it warns. "Sharing with friends is OK; selling for profit is not... We're playing your game, have some respect and play ours." Geffen Records also offers the MP3 option on its DreamWorks Records site.

JENNIFER RODGER

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And that is why I choose to sing the blues

In 1970, one Chicago jail was like a jungle, rife with corruption and violence. A new warden was determined to change things - with a little help from BB King. By James Maycock

On a sublime autumn day in 1970, BB King performed for 2,117 prisoners in Cook County Jail. Against the sound of BB King's musicians tuning their instruments, a female official from Cook County Jail introduced members of the prison administration.

As she asked the prisoners to recognise "our own, beloved Sheriff Woods", the polite, scant applause was swiftly extinguished by the sound of booing from the prisoners. Under-ferred, and with a growing sense of sarcasm, she introduced "another dear friend of all of yours out there, the Chief Justice of the Criminal Court, Judge Joseph Powers". These sentiments were met with louder cries of derision.

The official responded to the frangible mood of the prisoners by hurriedly initiating the start of the performance. "Would you please come forth, Mr King?" she asked, as the musicians and BB himself abruptly



flung themselves into a very short, but manic, version of "Every Day I Have the Blues". The song bristled with anxious energy. Today, BB King concedes, "Well, yes, yes - I was nervous."

On that day in 1970, he was in a precarious, theoretically neutral position, standing both as an official guest of the prison bureaucracy and also as a musician offering a momentary relief from the insipid existence of the convicts, 75 per cent of whom were black.

Two years previously, in 1968, the Illinois Crime Commission and the John Howard Association, a prison reform body had jointly conducted an examination of Cook County Jail and uncovered a debauched and anarchic system. Describing the prison as a "jungle", they promptly discharged the disgraced warden and replaced him with a black psychologist called Winston Moore.

A former prisoner disclosed that, prior to Winston Moore's appointment, "Any- and everything went. Anything from heroin to whisky was sold and traded in the jail. Homosexual rape, bribery and murder were the bill of fare. No one seemed to give a damn."

On his very first day in office, Winston Moore seized over 200 weapons and a multitude of illegal drugs. He also confiscated the Mafia contingent's three fridges full of Italian food. The prisoners, who had



BB King with his beloved guitar "Lucille" made a big impact on inmates at the Cook County Jail - just as they did on him

EPA

thrived undisturbed in the regime that had been instituted by the previous warden, began to physically intimidate Moore and his assistants. The former Deputy Warden had granted considerable authority to the most devious and domineering convicts. These men were called "barn bosses" who, initially, refused to submit to Winston Moore.

The scope of the corruption within Cook County Jail made some officials doubt Winston Moore's ability to restructure the prison. But he persevered and, ultimately, broke the will of the dissenters. BB King's concert was, in part, to celebrate Moore's achievement in pulling the prison out of chaos. BB King was at the time

playing at Mister Kelly's, which he remembers today as a "very prestigious jazz club" in Chicago. He was the first blues musician to perform there, Moore approached him and, as King recalls, "He said to me, 'It's a first for you at Mister Kelly's and it's a first for me as a black person over here, so why don't we both get together and do another first and get you to play for the inmates?' That's how it came about."

King was guided around the institution and chatted with the convicts. "There's something final and scary and rock-hard about being on the inside of a prison," he says. "I didn't talk to a lot of them, but the press did. I invited them to see and talk. They could give a bet-

ter detailed story about what was going on than I could."

Eighty per cent of the prisoners attended the concert, while the other 20 per cent, who, according to the bluesman, "they couldn't control very well", were locked in their cells. After the tense, over-fast performance of their first song, King and his musicians soothed the rowdy element within the audience with a succession of slow, emotional ballads.

King admits that he empathises with "anybody that's locked up... anybody that's not free. I should say", and, at Cook County Jail, he was saddened by the way that underlying racist conditions had determined the disproportionate amount of black men in the

prison. His experience at the jail affected him profoundly.

He subsequently performed in other penal institutions and founded the organisation "Inmate Rehabilitation and Recreation", which was based in Washington DC.

In 1970, many prisoners spent up to a year held on remand, prior to trial, and this period of time would not be deducted from their sentence. King remembers that a "TV network did a big story on that some time later on and they changed the system somewhat and that made me happy. I felt that we had done something good."

That day in Chicago, BB King transformed the sullen mood of the prisoners who, at

the end, rose to their feet and applauded like crazy. The warden, Winston Moore, was equally thrilled at what King had accomplished.

Preceding the final song, a ballad called, "Please Accept My Love", BB King confided in his audience:

"Lucille - that's my guitar here - you know, we feel very good today. Very, very good. I would like to do it again some time, if you would like to have us back."

BB King's albums, 'Live In Cook County Jail', 'Completely Well', 'Take It Home', 'Live at the Regal' and 'His Best: The Electric BB King', have all been digitally remastered and reissued.

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RIFFS

THE FIRST AND LAST RECORDS BOUGHT BY FORMER HUMBLE PIE GUITARIST PETER FRAMPTON

First Record
The Everly Brothers:
"Til I Kissed You"
I HAD seen Buddy Holly and Eddie Cochran on television to my dad's warning: "You are not bringing that rock and roll stuff into this house."

Little did he know. He turned out to be a quick convert, my dad, and has introduced me to other great music. What I didn't realise at the time is that it's the maestro Chet Atkins playing the guitar. I live in Nashville, so much so that he has streets named after him.

Anyway, there I was one day, and I got a call saying he wanted me to come round to his house, which is like the Holy Grail for a guitarist. So I said to him: "The first record I bought, you were on it." And he said: "Oh, I remember. It had the tremolo."

Obviously it's the guitar sound on it that most ap-



Frampton (left) jamming with Bill Wyman

peals - being a guitarist myself, it's always the main sound I listen to when I first hear a record. The tremolo was like the first guitarists' set, when there wasn't any other gadgets. Now there are hundreds and thousands you can get with the little pedals on the floor. There is a great drum piece in there and the harmonies

of the Everly Brothers really move me. It also has this catchy and folksy tom-tom feel that isn't the main part but is just as catchy as the guitar and voice.

Last Record
Pearl Jam:
"Yield"
I WAS a little late picking up on Pearl Jam; this must be

the third album they've done. I like the fact that it is a two guitar, bass and drum and singer outfit. And again, it's the way that the guitarists work together. It reminds me a little bit of Humble Pie - the fact they are not playing at each other but with each other.

It's very interesting and it's a very clever skill to play off each other and still play extremely well. I guess as a guitarist I don't think twice about it, but they really work out parts that are very complementary to each other; one will start and finish and the other will continue. It's just a very cohesive way to work together. It also has very good songs. They were one of the first bands that began the grunge sound and now, of course, they are getting put down. But I think it's a great record for them and it's a great place to be musically.

JENNIFER RODGER

Nice song, shame about the attitude

ARTY, SENSITIVE, and perhaps a little too precious, Belle & Sebastian don't do support tours and their frontman doesn't do interviews. If their beautifully flawed records weren't so beguiling, this might spell commercial death.

As it is, the *New Musical Express* has already described *The Boy With The Arab Strap* as "one of the best albums of 1998", adding ruefully that "it'd be nice to know how it got that way". This lot don't do the media two-step, but they still seem to be leading the dance.

For a few rather testy moments tonight, it almost seemed that it would all end in farce. The tightly corralled audience was hot and bothered, and when Belle & Sebastian took the stage some 45 minutes later than billed, they were greeted with a fairly even mixture of cheers and boos—even the odd cry of "piss-takers!" Despite singer Stuart Murdoch's claims that it had been "a technical problem", few of us were convinced. This Glaswegian octet almost seem

POP

BELLE & SEBASTIAN
SHEPHERD'S BUSH
EMPIRE
LONDON

to enjoy walking the fine line between alienating their audience and creating rock myth.

Amazingly, they got away with it and though there was plenty of in-between song heckling, the end of each tune was greeted with feverish applause. Live, Stuart Murdoch's vulnerable-sounding vocals, the sense that you're watching a particularly inspired church-hall practice session, and the feeling that it could all go pear-shaped at any moment are all part of Belle & Sebastian's considerable charm. Each time the music stopped though, that charm evaporated as Murdoch proceeded to patronise us like only the hippest indie kids can.

"Calm down, the heat's getting to you," he advised from up where there was still air to breathe. Yes Stuart. Very droll.

Highlights included the Motown-influenced "Dirty Dream Number Two", which featured a beautiful solo from their kilted trumpeter, "Stars Of Track And Field", played so quietly that you just had to listen; and "Is It Wicked Not To Care?", in which cellist Isobel Campbell took the lead vocal while Murdoch played glockenspiel.

In a pop world where economics often ride roughshod over aesthetics, some have cited Belle & Sebastian's *modus operandi* as the perfect embodiment of a purer ideal. Musically, they certainly have a unique, roughly-hewn magic, but their attitude towards their audience is dangerously glib. One fan told me afterwards that he was surprised how quickly the crowd forgave them. I have a feeling that the popular music press won't be so meek about it.

JAMES MCNAIR

A version of this review appeared in some editions of *Tuesday's paper*



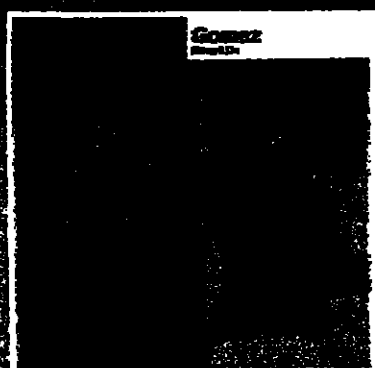
Belle & Sebastian: the perfect embodiment of a purer ideal?

Ronnie Black

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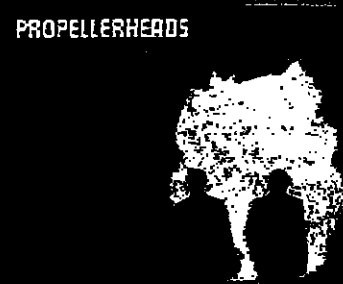
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IT'S A tough gig, being an Australian band in London. Back home a hefty fan-base clamours to hear your special blend of acoustic baroque pop. You beat Nick Cave and Savage Garden to the Aria award for Song of the Year and become the subject of a major record company bidding war.

Commercial radio gives you heavy rotation; your stunning debut album *Angel Blood* goes gold. Labour Party politicians are quick to seize photo opportunities. The media even prints your name in its intended lower case.

But tonight, Upstairs at the Garage, it is just Leonardo's Bride and a clutch of noisy antipodean backpackers—more eager, initially, to catch up with each other than to shut it, listen and enjoy.

Unfazed, the lead singer Abby Dobson strums a few deceptively light chords on her acoustic guitar before unleashing a megawatt-powerful voice which conjures melancholy, romance and sex seemingly out of the ether—disarming all remaining chatterers in the process.

A blonde twenty-something with a penchant for wearing fairy wings and tinsel, her (unnecessary) technical request for "a bit more sparkle" in her vocals is at odds with the dark, angst-ridden presence of co-founder, songwriter and guitarist Dean Manning.

After busking away the early Nineties in Europe, Dobson and Manning returned to Sydney with a swathe of original material, formed Leonardo's Bride and toured Australia on the back of a self-financed EP. With great business savvy, they refused two mainstream recording contracts before Mushroom Records promised them free rein plus a jazz rhythm section for *Angel Blood*.

Their intense but restrained live shows are equally intended to place emphasis fairly and squarely on the music. Indeed, with candelabras, cushions, red velvet drapes and four seated band members, this evening's lounge-style intimacy renders Dobson's first person reflections on life and love all the more startling.

Backed by Manning, conservatory-trained bassist Patrick Hyndes and a bearded drummer called Howie, she belts out power ballads, delicate laments and quirky, catchy melodies with professional ease. Dobson seems to be one part Gwen Stefani in two parts Sinead O'Connor, soft rock with folk music's do-it-yourself aesthetic.

Urban hippie Manning's predilection for ornate lyricism takes in both Dahl-esque fairy-tale ("Here walks a giant and the world is just stone in his shoe") and rather gratuitous cultural name-checks (try Lewis Carroll, Lenny Bruce, Oscar Wilde and Marcel Marceau...).

It is a loaded collection of songs, swirling with undercurrents and complimented by modest instrumentation—drum brushes here, tiny cymbals there—and fine harmonies. Offsetting any twee-ness with bouts of humour, growing feedback and even a brief psychedelic wig-out, Leonardo's Bride plays a tightly coiled set which hints at stadium status but remains firmly rooted in their Sydney living room.

JANE CORNWALL

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Susan Bullock doesn't hide behind a beautiful voice. She's not image conscious. Telling the truth is all that matters.

By Edward Seckerson

You're going to be naked, you're going to be naked... taunted one well-known opera director on hearing that Susan Bullock was to give her first performance in David Freeman's new production of the now defunct Opera Facia. The director of opera, the Antichrist of opera, the great and good had come to love it. While opera slowly atrophied into a "musical", Freeman was among systematically rearranging exhibits. Then last year he died for Raymond Gubbay - "the impresario" - on the water. *Madame Butterfly* at the Al-Hall. So maybe Susan Bullock can't be naked after all.

Two weeks before opening when we meet, and stage rehearsals are well underway. So far, Susan hasn't lost a stitch. But a quick look through the closed doors of the rehearsal auditorium reveals setting in progress and clearly a long way from 19th century opera. Perimeter fencing and a lot of barbed wire suggests this century, if not the here and now. So Freeman is back, and this time it's personal. Well it is for Desdemona, the white woman who leaves behind everything she's ever known - home, family, friends - for the love of a black man. That makes her a tough cookie in Bullock's eyes. "She's got guts."

"She follows her man to this strange far-off place, somewhere she doesn't belong, somewhere she doesn't understand... and all against the wishes of her family. No wonder she can't quite believe what's happening to her. She's not a victim, though, and I wouldn't want to play her that way. She's got character - that's what makes her interesting..."

Bullock's got character, and that makes her interesting. The very idea that she could ever be the kind of Desdemona who floats serenely, compliantly, to her fate doesn't even bear thinking about. She'll not go softly into any dark night. She's a feisty, plain-speaking, risk-taking northerner who's more than a match for opera's outside emotions. At every turn there'll be a lot of Bullock this Desdemona - a lot of

resistance, a lot of fight. The evening will not, she insists, go out on a prayer and a whimper: "a 25-minute death scene".

"Even as Desdemona sings the 'Willow Song' there has to be this strange sense that, rather like the song, this is someone else's story, this is happening to someone else. That's the real challenge. For me, that final scene is only dramatically interesting if, despite all her fears, you can still believe that she believes that Othello will come to their bedchamber and make amends. Even as he says to her 'confess your sins - I don't want to murder your soul', she still cannot really accept that this is the night, the moment, that she will die."

The resistance makes it harder to sing, of course, but that's the least of Bullock's concerns. She's never been one "to hide behind singing", as she puts it, she's never been one for whom "the beautiful voice" comes before the sense and sensibility, the deeper emotional truths of a role. Bullock's voice - even as it has grown, fleshed out over the years - has always sounded honest, robust, lived-in. Not without beauty - far from it - but possessed of a vibrancy, an edge, an unvarnished quality. If you want unblemished, buy a CD, she says. The cosmetic approach to opera, singing, singers, doesn't interest her. It concerns her that in the age of the big sell, live opera - unadorned, unadorned - should to some ears pall by comparison with the instant "fix" of a high-decibel, super-digital, 24-bit CD. It concerns her that image sells. It's not her style. Nor is it her priority. Singers are becoming increasingly image-conscious, she believes. A slim figure has begun to matter more than a well-rounded portrayal. It's enough to drive a girl to ice cream and chips.

This girl came to opera, to singing, unexpectedly. Neither of her parents was "musical", both their children were (Susan's brother is head of music at a college in Luxembourg). Susan was an aspiring pianist. She only sang solo at school because her voice was louder than the other kids (you'd better believe her). But the aspiring pianist became an in-spiring singer, sailing through two-and-a-half years at the Royal Academy, two seasons in the

Glyndebourne Chorus, and a year at the Opera Studio to a contract with English National Opera. En route she picked up the prestigious Kathleen Ferrier Award (1984).

English National Opera nurtured her, groomed her for bigger and better things. But slowly, Make haste slowly was their motto: beneficial in the long-term, frustrating in the short. Bullock was the "first cover" or she was the "second cast" - which meant no six-week rehearsal period, no first-night glory, and a lot of waiting in the wings for the next throat infection or back injury to strike. The phone, she says, rang at most inopportune moments. But the roles were shaping up nicely - Pamina in *The Magic Flute*, Gilda in *Rigoletto*, Marguerite in *Faust*, Ellen in *Peter Grimes*, Tatyana in *Onegin* - a progressive lengthening of her lyric soprano reach. Then came one of those happy misfortunes. Happy for Bullock but not for Janice Cairns who failed to bounce back from one of Tosca's notorious battlements leaps. Bullock was suddenly "on" for the revival of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* in the starkly uncompromising Graham Vick production. And she was so good, so poignant, so complete in the role that this critic (who wasn't on duty at the time) wrote his one-line review on a postcard and left it at the stage door.

Butterfly demands everything, and more, that the lyric voice can deliver. She floats in a child bride, the high-lying vocal line full of wonder, she exits a deserted woman in a blaze of belting robustness. For Bullock, it's become the role against which everything in her development as a singer and performer can be measured. Some critics may have homed in on her less than galsie-like figure, but the truth is she transcended the physical - and she knows it. She's an all-or-nothing, total-immersion performer. At this summer's Spoleto Festival she blew everyone away with a performance as Magda Sorrell in Menotti's *The Consul* that my colleague at the *Independent on Sunday* described as one of "historic stature" (happily Chandos Records were there to tape it). Magda is a kind of everywoman-against-the-system, and it's her climactic aria which stops the show, your heart, your disbelief.

"Essentially," says Bullock, talking me through the aria as if psyching herself up for an impromptu performance, "she loses it." You don't have to have been there to know what Bullock "losing it" might entail. She's just sung her first Tosca ("I came off thinking I never want to sing anything else") and such was the abandon of her Act Two encounter with the evil police chief Scarpia that on opening night she could barely compose herself to sing "Vissi d'arte". "I remember those clarinet chords getting ever closer and thinking to myself - Oh, God, I'm not ready, I need another half-hour, a rub-down, and a valium! - but you draw in all your technical reserves, and..." Before you ask, she had listened to the Callas Tosca, of course she had. But not during preparation of the role: "I find it too easy to mimic, and that's dangerous. But, you know, Callas is a wonderful example of sound connecting with feeling in a really meaningful way. It isn't a beautiful sound, but that couldn't matter less because it's real."

Meaning truthful. Without that we're back to "the beautiful voice" once again. It isn't enough. How do you make flesh and blood of a character called Minnie in an opera called *The Girl of the Golden West*? If you're Susan Bullock, you start by trying to understand how she feels. If the feelings are real, the character is credible. And to hell with whether you can shoot straight. Puccini's spaghetti western will be a first for Bullock, a first for ENO. There'll be other firsts (Verdi's *Ballo and Forza*, perhaps, Strauss's *Marschallin*, and, who knows, maybe even Wagner's *Stephinde*) but Bullock's options are wide open.

"You have to remember that the voice is constantly changing. A very wise man - the bass Michael Langdon - once told me never to sing to anyone's expectations but my own, and never in any voice but my own. And that means the voice I have today, not the voice I had yesterday, or the voice I hope to have in 10 years. Because I don't know what that is going to be."

I think we have a pretty good idea.

Otello opens tonight at the Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, London WC2 (0171-632 8300)



Susan Bullock: feisty, plain-speaking, risk-taking

Neville Elder

ON THE AIR

THE WEEK ON RADIO REVIEWED BY ADRIAN JACK

RADIO 3 could repeat a good many more programmes than it does if only the rigid schedules would allow it. The summer has been a good time to catch things like Susan Marling's *Designs for Living* on weekday evenings, which dealt with celebrated buildings, so the series doesn't come within my brief, though it made piquant use of music at selected moments. Why, though, was *Role Play*, Michael Billington's famous series of interviews with actresses and opera singers, repeated last week? On Wednesday Gwyneth Jones and Zoe Wamaker shed no light whatsoever on

Sophocles's and Strauss's *Elektra* - Jones speaking in a ridiculously distorted, rootless accent which I suppose is the lot of international stars who belong nowhere and whose minds function in perpetual translation. Josephine Barrow, on Friday, was a lot more sensible about *Salome*, though we didn't need her to tell us that the "Dance of Seven Veils" is musically gross and dramatically boring.

Sunday inevitably brought a repeat of Natalie Wheen's "celebration" of the life of Michael Tippett, whose oratorio, *A Child of Our Time* was in the Prom that evening. Sir Colin Davis, who has

conducted the first performances of seven major Tippett works, was alone in recognising his shortcomings. His scores looked dreadful, unplayable, said Davis, because, as the composer Steve Marland explained, Tippett wrote what he wanted - by which he meant, an approximation of the intended sound rather than instructions to performers.

Otherwise, the programme was hagiography, and Tippett was painted as a thoroughly nice chap. Even his most devoted admirers have always admitted he was a less than lucid communicator, both as a person and as a composer. Yet he was,

and remains, compelling, probably because his humanity and intimacy with life seemed more important than mere professionalism. And when the wicked Wheen asked him how many puberties he had experienced, he became coy and girlish - "Oh, you're not getting round me like that. Try again!"

Almost the last word was given to Harrison Birtwistle, who said that if Tippett's music was "dared", then a perfect, or wholly achieved work was probably predictable, and, in effect, that it was better to travel hopefully than to arrive. He, again, was interviewed in the interval of last

Thursday's Prom, following the European premiere of his *Eroty*, and was drawn to make one of those rash and sweeping generalisations few of us can resist. The two most important artistic movements this century, he said, were cubism and serialism. At least, nothing could be the same afterwards. When you consider that neither Kandinsky nor Matisse were touched by the one, nor Varese by the other, you wonder: And Varese, as much as any composer, is supposed to have affected Birtwistle's sound world.

In the Year, continuing each Sunday afternoon as part of the

mega-series, *Sounding the Century*, Natalie Wheen's choice for 1943 had one serial work, Webern's orchestral *Variations*, but nothing else that was at all affected by serialism. It was a stimulating, motley programme, in which Wheen was not too rigid in setting a context - indeed, that was very much the point as I understood it. Harry Partch's *US Highball* represented the social and musical dropout - though Partch got a Guggenheim scholarship that year - in the form of a hobo melodrama with untuned splashing on tinny-sounding instruments, which provided the main musical

interest. A primitive curiosity. Equally splashy in its very English way - unintentionally comical and frolicsome - was Tippett's solo cantata, or song-cycle, *Boyhood's End*, resonantly titled in view of his imprisonment as a conscientious objector who refused to follow directions for alternative war service. The War had no direct effect on any music in the programme except Bernard Herrmann's unsentimental berceuse, *For the Fallen*. In their various ways, Kurt Weill's *One Touch of Venus*, Messiaen's *Visions de l'Amen* and Vaughan Williams's Fifth Symphony ignored it.

Keep it in Czech

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL ROUND-UP
RAYMOND MONELLE

YOU WONDER what a Prague audience would make of a British extravaganza like the Last Night of the Proms. Other people's nationalism always seems inspiring but unaccountable, like a best friend's for some nondescript girl.

Smetana's opera *Libuse* is a celebration of Czech national fervour. It has no plot to speak of and is largely composed of endless fanfares and marches. Somebody sings a song to a lime tree (sacred in Czech myth) and the piece ends with a series of *tableaux vivants*, in which the heroine foresees episodes from the national future (fortunately or unfortunately, she overlooks the Soviet tanks of 1968).

Despite the strangeness of it all, this concert performance brought the house down at the Edinburgh Festival Theatre. A troupe of adequate soloists had been imported from the home country - only Eva Urbanová in the title role really inspired - and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra did a grand job under Oliver von Dohnányi, its suffering not too evident.

The Festival Chorus was a bit

bemused, probably having the same kind of struggle with the Czech language that we were all experiencing. But at least it managed to convince us that it spoke for the Czech people in their final cries of "Slava".

It was an odd experience, rousing and yet a bit politically unsettling. Its most important pay-off was to reveal the extraordinary inventive gifts of this composer, a master of big tunes and infectious rhythms.

This was even more obvious in *Dalibor*, a much better piece, which was given in a brand new staged version by Scottish Opera. It is almost a masterpiece, marred only by a few miscalculations in the scenario and by its atmosphere of buttonholing sincerity. David Pountney avoided cliché in his witty, pretty production; the set designer Ralph Koltai contrived a swivelling and seesawing platform which lifted the singers into the air and delivered them to their next position in the blocking.

Dalibor himself, a boisterous hero from Czech history, was Leo Marian Vodička, singing with a powerful and fearless tenor, and, with Richard Armstrong conducting

spaciously, this was a successful and very impressive venture.

This year's Smetana theme included a piano recital by Jitka Cechova and a concert of chamber music including the nationalistic *From the Homeland*.

Finally, there were two concerts by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Charles Mackerras, with an opportunity to hear the whole of *Mo Vlast*.

Some of these six symphonic poems are related to *Dalibor* and *Libuse*, but here the political element seemed gentler, more affectionate.

Oddly, the orchestra, which must know this work better than anything on earth, sounded a bit cold; the texture was sometimes rather hollow, the supreme moments somewhat understated. Maybe Sir Charles's return to the original orchestration was responsible.

A rather dry oboe and a warbling horn were accompanied by an undernourished string band. There was a certain tired exuberance but no real grandeur.

No doubt about it; even the best teams play better at home.

Franz Schmidt, alias Frank Smith

THE BOURNEMOUTH Orchestra, in its heyday under Sir Dan Godfrey (1868-1939), was the pioneering orchestra of the early 1900s. To this sea-swept retirement outpost on the Dorset-Hampshire border many an aspiring English composer turned for help in getting new works, spurred in London or even Manchester, a first or repeat hearing.

The symphonist Franz Schmidt (1874-1939) is in a sense another Elgar - albeit an Austrian one; while the current Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, which on Wednesday gave the first BBC Proms performance of - amazingly - any Schmidt work, sounds in finer fettle than perhaps at any time in its long history. Even as Rattle bows out of transfigured Birmingham, it is clear that the Bournemouth orchestra's new musical director, Yakov Kreizberg, the dynamic young firebrand from Berlin's Komische Oper, has the gifts to take his present players to a comparable world-class eminence.

Watching Kreizberg at work on Schmidt's Fourth, and last, symphony is like watching one of the current greats - Carlos Kleiber, perhaps, or Valery Gergiev conducting the St Petersburg (formerly Leningrad) Philharmonic, even,

perhaps especially, in rare repertoire. Kreizberg is breathtakingly well-prepared, and shrewdly self-effacing. He coaxes energetically without getting in the way. He is individual, but never autistic.

Why Franz Schmidt? (With a name like "Frank Smith", he sounds intriguingly like a cross between Jedermann and Andy Capp.) Scarcely a year ago, even Kreizberg had heard, or indeed seen, scarcely a bar of this phenomenal late-Romantic composer's music. It was Franz Weiser-Mäst - now departed from London - and the LPO (ravishingly recorded on EMD who relaunched the Schmidt revival over here. Yet in his home city of Vienna, this Hungarian/Slovak-born composer is almost as familiar as Bruckner, Mahler or the Spanish Riding School. Despite the disgrace of his last two cantatas, both "pinned" by the Nazis - the first, in 1939-4, foretelling Armageddon; the latter applauding the *Anschluss* (with hindsight, about as

politically incorrect as one could get), Schmidt recovered in Austrian popular favour; and his music was promoted by the likes of Knappertsbusch and Karl Böhm, Furtwängler, Clemens Krauss (most famously, with Fritz Wunderlich in tow) Müropoulos.

The Fourth, composed in a time of deep personal sorrow, is usually seen as the greatest, as well as most tragic, of Schmidt's four symphonies. His own instrument - he was a cellist in the Vienna Philharmonic under Mahler - provides the moment of most touching extended elegy, where the material of the first section of this single-movement, cyclic symphony miraculously metamorphoses into an extended cello theme of such exquisite beauty that Richard Strauss would have given his eye teeth to have composed it (he did, in effect, a decade later, with *Metamorphosen*). The opening trumpet theme, despite its optimistic cadence, is desolation and puzzlement personified. Schmidt deals in long drawn-out, Wagner-inspired chromatic themes every bit as cogent as those of the Tristan and Parsifal imbued Elgar. His fragmenting of them is arguably less skilled than Elgar's. Rather, he prefers to work with recurrent but

constantly shifting building-blocks, akin to, say, Bruckner's Fifth or Schubert's Ninth.

I can't imagine a more lucid Proms first outing for Schmidt than that given him by these dedicated Bournemouth players. The dozen or so first violins phrased for Kreizberg like Bachian angels. The hushed, sensitively phrased cello solo (Timothy Walden) was breathtaking, and the later passage for massed cellos likewise. The dry, rather than sensuous, opening trumpet melody (Peter Turnbull) gave way to a melting warmth in the closing bars, whose eloquent and unexpected farewell had even the usually clapping Promenaders foxed. Thanks largely to Kreizberg's inspired restraint, the whole symphonic argument, even in the darkly Wagnerian funeral march, emerged with the crystal clarity of chamber music, just as the composer intended. There were few climaxes. When they arrived, they were not blaring, or fancy, or kitsch, but telling, and often enough, terrifying.

The Bournemouth team will take their stunning performance to the Vienna Musikverein next month. Talk about coals to Newcastle. But lucky Vienna.

RODERIC DUNNETT

Handwritten signature: J. V. 100 150

Everything was music to her

IT WAS predictable that *Hilary and Jackie* should divide its audience in Venice last Sunday. While some saw Anand Tucker's film as a tasteless travesty of the du Pré tragedy, others – including *The Independent's* reporter – were deeply moved. The response, in short, echoed that provoked by the book on which the film was based: those who assert the messiness of life must expect to be hated, and lives don't come much messier than these. But the crucial response is yet to come: what does Daniel Barenboim think? Since du Pré's former husband may have the power, by invoking France's privacy laws, to prevent its release in that country, the film-makers are not falling over themselves to contact him – though, as they rightly point out, they have presented him in a sympathetic light.

Barenboim's verdict matters, quite simply, because he was there. He had nothing to do with the family chronicle by Hilary and Piers, but since he has given his blessing to the musicologist Elizabeth Wilson's forthcoming book about du Pré, we may learn something from that quarter. In the meantime, we must be satisfied with other dicta such as the one I prised out of him during an interview in 1991. His complex relationship with the cellist was, he said with a cold stare, something that could "never be resolved", and it was, in any case, "not a public subject". Then, after a pause, he delivered this oracular judgement: "I have never come across anybody who was so completely music. Everything was music to her – brain, heart, intestines. It was the most natural form of expression for her. Added to that was her unique instrumental mastery. I'm so very happy that peo-

ple can still hear her, and see her on video." I don't think he will try to ban this film in France; I guess he will just preserve a dignified silence.

Nobody else will: after the critics will come an army of amateur psychologists, each pointing their own particular moral as they did with *Shine*. But, as in *Shine*, some of the most interesting aspects of *Hilary and Jackie* are musical, as I discovered a few months ago on



MICHAEL CHURCH

After the critics will come an army of amateur psychologists, each pointing their own particular moral

a visit to the set. Emily Watson was boldly confronting the challenge – which defeats most actors impersonating musicians – of convincing her audience that her fingers were really playing the notes. The notes themselves were being produced by a cellist who had in real life received du Pré's stamp of approval. Meanwhile, the film composer Barrington Pheasant was wrestling with the problem of how to create a score for a film chock-full of familiar musical

masterpieces. On these counts at least, the result is a noble success.

NOW TO mayhem, rape, and murder as purveyed by their jolliest musical exponent, Martyn Jacques, who is due to unveil his album *Low-Life Lullabies* next Wednesday at the Spitz (0171-392 9032), knows whereof he sings: seven years of playing in transvestite bars, pushing drugs and hanging out with prostitutes have furnished him with real-life material for scores of macabre lyrics. And this is no mere voyeur: he recalls the day a gangster burnt him out of his flat (reducing his accordeons to piles of ash); and he bears the scars of the near-fatal knife he got on a nocturnal prowling.

As he tells it, his life story comes across as almost conventionally unconventional: putting a pig's head on the altar at the Welsh theological college where he was a student was a timeless subversive protest. He and his band the Tiger Lillies have won a devoted following with albums called *Spit Bucket*, *Ad Nauseam*, and *Farmyard Filth* (which really is filthy); these have been furtively released on the hard-to-find Misery Guts label. In a curious way, it all sounds rather cosy.

Gradually, you discover that he is not a stereotype. He is a born comedian, and once spent a happy day selling songs in the street alongside Arthur Smith – who was selling jokes – but he loathes "comedy" audiences. "I can't relate to them," he says, "nor they to me. My audience drinks, too, but unlike comedy people – who just want to be clones – mine are all misfits." There is a transparent sincerity in his horror of the mainstream, and a naive idealism in the way he views his art. "I use my face, my

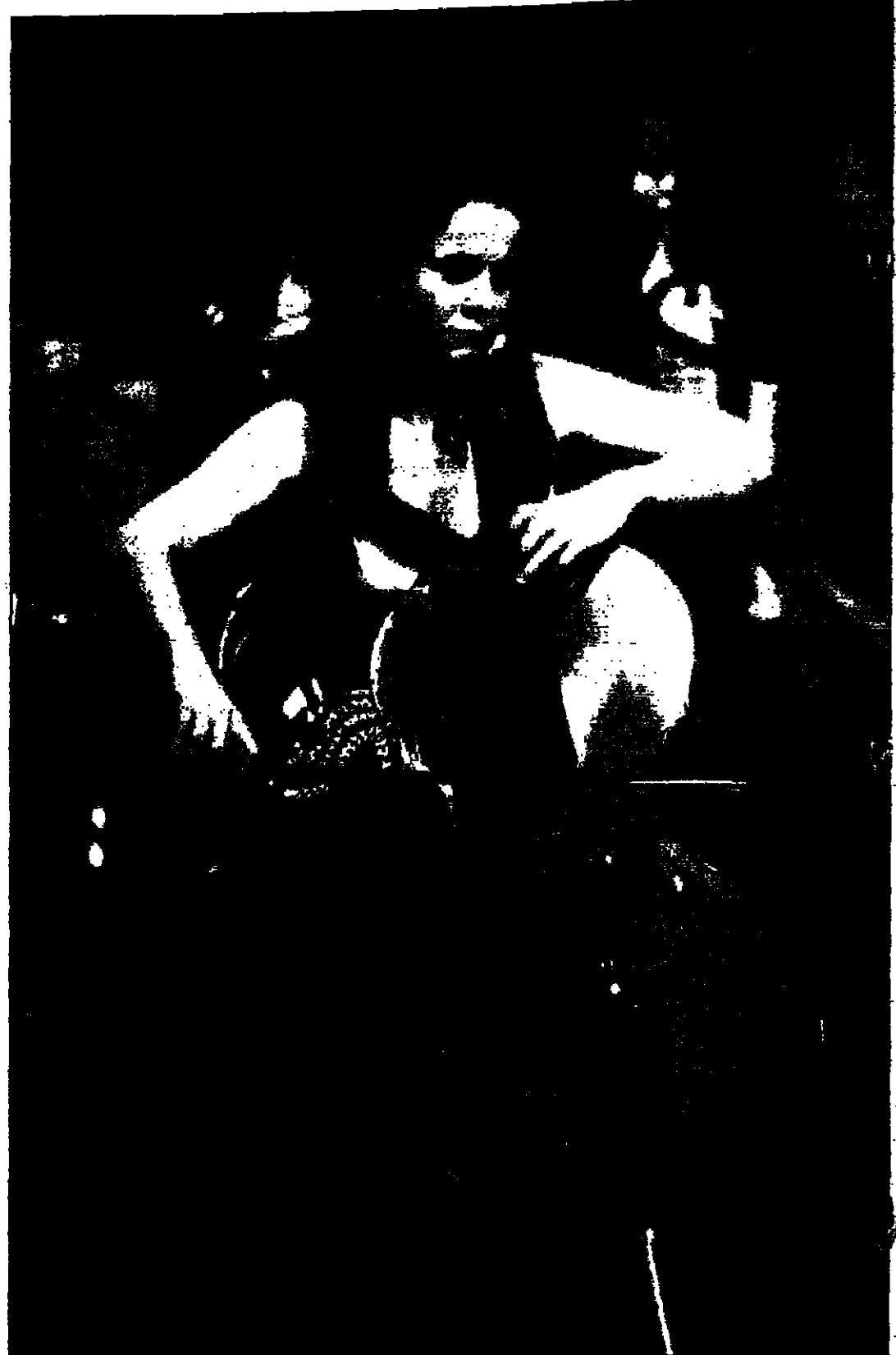
voice, my body, to create art. If people want to call that pretentious, let them."

Nobody who saw his Grand Guignol extravaganza, *Shock-Headed Peter*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith would call him that. While the human marionettes did unspeakable things to each other, Jacques gave the spectacle a diabolical musical spin. He doesn't make a beautiful sound – his falsetto recalls Dame Edna – but, with sinister effects from his accordeon, it chills the marrow in your bones. There is plenty of Weill in his singing, plus Satchmo's rasp, and every so often the hand's harmonies degenerate into wild atonality.

This show is now catapulting the Tiger Lillies to stardom: they are touring three continents with it, taking it to Broadway, and, next winter, bringing it into the West End. This week, meanwhile, Jacques and his men have been performing in Paris and Hamburg, where their cult is huge. So hurry along to the Spitz.

DEPARTMENT OF piquant coincidences: while the Royal Opera was desperately ringing down the curtain on Wednesday, English National Opera was introducing its new boss to the press.

Step forward Nicholas Payne, late of the RO, who, in his own words, "just got out in time". He inherits a ship in fine shape, and with a passionately loyal following: tonight's new production of *Otello* is the first offering of his season. Nice to hear him reaffirm ENO's determination to stay at the Coliseum. The Royal is dead: long live the English National. And a pox on all schemes that are dreamed up by management consultants.



Emily Watson: boldly confronting the challenge of acting musically

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Goodbye to the golden calf

ON WEDNESDAY 23 September, Sir Colin Davis will launch his fourth season as Principal Conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra with a concert of music by Mozart and Bruckner. Both composers put a main artery somewhere between aesthetic pleasure and spiritual edification, but there can be no doubt where Sir Colin's own priorities lie.

"It's high time that we woke up again to the fact that the 'dance round the golden calf' has been going on long enough," he says emphatically. "And we really have got to look at ourselves, and ask what the hell we are actually doing here." So, can music really help us to reclaim our spiritual values? "Certainly, music has a great deal to offer in that respect," insists Davis, "and we treasure the great pieces because of that spirituality."

Bruckner's symphonic world is something of a spiritual apocalypse. Think of the Eighth Symphony's cataclysmic first movement. "And the last movement of the Sixth," adds Davis, "the work we'll be playing next week. It's the world under threat, or Bruckner's soul under threat from the Inquisition. A terrible march is

*Being an Englishman,
they naturally thought
'He doesn't know
anything about Bruckner'*

on there, with blaring trumpets, menacing interruptions from the brass, terrifying squeals on the other instruments. It is the most extraordinary piece I've ever heard. Is that, then, why he chose that particular symphony to open the season? The honest, I chose the Sixth Symphony because it is the one that doesn't really get mentioned in dispatches; it's usually the Fourth, Fifth or Seventh – but the Sixth is particularly beautiful work. In some respects, it is really a pastoral symphony. The orchestral colourings are remarkable, and there seems to be no reason why the piece should stop – which is the sort of feeling you often have with great music."

David conducted Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and F minor Mass during his stint as chief conductor of the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra in Munich. His readings - and recordings - were widely admired, especially abroad, but was that the premise of his Brucknerian repertoire at the time? "Yes. It wasn't until I came to the LSO that I learnt about four symphonies. It was a great block of sound. You know how Bruckner puts them side by side and doesn't really think about joining them up? 'Brahms does that, too.' So there is a marked difference between the Munich and London orchestras' response to Bruckner?

"Yes. There's a tremendous difference," confesses Sir Colla, "because the Bavarians have played Bruckner ever since they can remember. Their first conductor was Eugen Jochum, who did loads of Bruckner, and then Rafael Kubelík – who was the orchestra's chief conductor before me – was a great Bruckner conductor." Initial suspicions soon gave way to approval. "When I came along, as an Englishman, they naturally thought, 'he doesn't know anything about Bruckner'. But the advantage of playing Bruckner with the LSO is that the orchestra doesn't really have the music in their bones either."



Colin Davis: 'It's high time that we woke up to the fact that "the dance round the golden calf" has been going on long enough' *Keith Saunders*

Bruckner's Sixth is really a slow march; in fact, it becomes a funeral march, and Elgar's slow marches are always effective. I think in particular of the slow movement of the Second Symphony, which is one of the most wonderful pieces I know."

Elgar and Bruckner were both epic symphonists, unlike Mozart, the other composer on Wednesday's programme. Sir Colin's Mozart performances are by no means legendary, both in the opera pit and in the concert hall. But has Salzburg's greatest son lost any of his power to inspire, to humiliate? "Mozart is the god of love," Davis says decisively. "He tells us that we're so ridiculous, and that the simplest thing is to forgive one another, laugh at one another and love one another, and go out and have a good meal!" But surely there is a darker side to Mozart, a minor-key sense of unrest? "OK. Then he's accused of trying to break up the universe because of *Don Giovanni*, and I think that there he is misunderstood. Mozart despised Don Giovanni because the Don has no inner life of any kind. He hasn't anything to say. He has no proper aria because he doesn't exist as a person; he's just a machine for

*Bruckner is still
misconceived as heavy,
marmoreal and
monotonous*

disrupting things. And so perhaps Mozart wrote his greatest music just to send this chap down, because he was so intolerable. He also demonstrates, in the same work, the temptation of following stars: Don Giovanni is a star, he's a pop star, a football freak."

But not all crowd-pleasers are "mere" stars. Earlier this year, the composer Anthony Payne stole the nation's hearts with his sensitive elaboration on Elgar's sketches for a Third Symphony. Davis will include the new "Elgar Third" in his forthcoming Elgar series. "Payne has come up with a most extraordinary piece of work," he says. "Only the second movement still puzzles me. I'm not quite sure whether I've found my way into that yet, but the first movement has a genuine Elgarian swagger." That was in July, so by now, Davis may have fathomed the mysteries of that elusive second movement.

ties of that elusive second movement. As to the more general questions about New Music and whether or not the past has an exclusive claim on musical greatness, Davis returns to the perennial lists of forms, order, a centred "mean". "Since the collapse of the Classical system of composition, we've seen various alternatives," he says, "but none of them has survived. There's been too much music just being composed. It will take a great spiritual revival, or a need to write what we would call 'great' music, to draw the various exceptions into a centre where it can be organised by some exceptional musician. Then they will write a great piece and we will recognise it as such. It has been so centrifugal, the whole thing, hasn't it? People whirling around, getting further and further apart. It has got to come back, congeal - and maybe then we will find our souls again."

Sir Colin Davis conducts the opening concerts in the London Symphony Orchestra season on 23 and 24 September at the Barbican (0171-638 8891)

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The modern magistrates' court in Leeds which had to take on more work with the closure of Ripon's court

Outlawing local justice

The closure of old magistrates' courts is not just a finale for some magnificent buildings. It is the end to local links between JPs and people appearing before them. By John-Paul Flintoff

DAVID UFFINDALL, a lay magistrate in North Yorkshire, often bumps into people he has sent to prison. But he could not be more delighted. "I saw one in the supermarket," he recalls. "I said hello, and he said 'By'ack, I wish you'd given me a couple of days less!"

Like many of his colleagues on the bench, Uffindall believes that magistrates' courts work well precisely because magistrates are familiar with the local community. "Justice is about local people dealing with local people, magistrates who know the area. To live with your decisions from day to day is extremely important," he says. The tradition of local justice reaches back to the Middle Ages. "It's hard to explain this, but it's about the collective esteem of the local community, about the sense that we can run our own affairs."

But that tradition is under threat, because magistrates' courts – including Ripon's, in which Uffindall used to sit – are being closed down one after the other. This is partly because magistrates' workload is diminishing. Many of the offences that once required an appearance in court can now be settled by post-driving offences, for example, and fare evasion. For other offences, police have become increasingly reliant on the use of a caution.

And if the work isn't there, then keeping the magistrates' court open can't be justified, because local magistrates' courts committees (MCCs) are allocated a fixed sum

each year by the Lord Chancellor's Department, and one of the biggest sources of expenditure is leasing court buildings from local authorities. "These buildings were built a long time ago and were not geared up to modern requirements. It can be expensive to put buildings into an acceptable state," says Paul Bradley, chief executive of the north Yorkshire MCC. A spokesman for the Lord Chancellor's department elaborates: "The Government is committed to the better distribution

'Justice is local people dealing with local people, magistrates who know the area'

and use of the public resources that are allocated to magistrates' courts committees. We look to provide a modern system of justice, with well equipped and secure courtrooms."

On the face of it, Ripon magistrates' court didn't look great value for money. Built in 1850, its single cell was "more or less the cleaner's cupboard," says Uffindall. Outsiders, brought in to examine the court by the MCC, suggested that to bring the court up to modern standards would cost a prohibitive £250,000. Whereas closing it down, the MCC calculated, would save £10,000 a year.

It did not close without a fight. Last October, when they heard about the plan, many local magistrates themselves set about protesting. They collected 4,000 signatures, says Uffindall. They took the campaign to local papers and broadcasters. The local MP, former Conservative minister David Curry, raised the matter in Parliament. The local authority, which pays 20 per cent of the cost of magistrates' courts, appealed against the decision, but in June the Lord Chancellor – who pays the other 80 per cent – backed the closure. Now defendants and witnesses must travel 12 miles to the modern court facilities of Harrogate. In effect, they are subsidising, through their transport costs, the savings achieved by the MCC. And in north Yorkshire, transport is not a simple matter. For people living in the most remote corners of the region, poor public transport can make it almost impossible to get to Harrogate and back within a single day. One local villain recently told Uffindall that he would henceforth wait to be collected for court appearances by a police "taxi".

Over the last seven years, explains Bradley, 10 out of 19 local magistrates' courts in North Yorkshire have been closed down. "In most cases," he says, "the county council did appeal, as did the city of York, but all the appeals were dismissed by the Lord Chancellor."

But Uffindall is deeply unimpressed. "This is a quango taking

away a public service when they are not answerable to the public."

Closures are happening all over the country. In inner London, Old Street, Southcombe Street, Walton Street and, most recently, Marlborough Street and Hampstead magistrates' courts have ceased operating. Still facing uncertainty is the court in King's Cross Road, Clerkenwell. "Wonderful courts – all closing down," comments one sorrowful solicitor, Paul Butcher of Hodge Jones & Allen, in Camden.

If the work isn't there, then keeping the magistrates' court open can't be justified

"What about the local community?"

But Hampstead magistrates' court contained only one courtroom, and little space. It might have been listed, as an historic building, but it was nothing more than "a toilet", according to one barrister who appeared there before it closed.

"Or perhaps a large cupboard," she concedes. Her scathing comments have little to do with the wood panelling. What she is getting at is the cramped conditions, in which it was occasionally necessary to write

down instructions on her lap. For this particular barrister, the closure of Hampstead can only be regarded as a good thing.

In place of the smaller court-houses are springing up a smaller number of buildings, each one housing a greater number of courtrooms, larger space and greater facilities. The most recent to open in inner London was the seven-courtroom West London magistrates' court in Hammer-smith. In almost every respect, the new buildings represent an improvement – except for hard-up defendants and witnesses who have to fork out for bus or Tube fares for the privilege of appearing in court.

But one defence barrister considers that this is no great hardship – for a few of the defendants, at least. "I've got some clients," she says, "who travel as far as from London to Cardiff to carry out their crimes. I think they can manage a trip across town to court."

And in any case, the inconvenience of making an appearance in a court far from home is always going to be a problem. If the alleged crime took place in Brighton, then that is where the case must be held, even if the defendant is from Liverpool.

"And why not?" asks a spokesman for one MCC. "After all, if you moved the case to Liverpool, then all the witnesses would have to travel there. And that wouldn't be fair either."

How can you put a price on a good lawyer?

With more legal publications producing profit league tables we risk forgetting what lawyers are for. By Linda Tsang

THE END of the silly season also marks the beginning of open season on "fat cat" lawyers. For the first time this year, the main legal publications have all published tables of the leading City law firms and what their gross profits and profits per partner for 1997-98 were. The legal publishers Chambers has also published its list of barristers in the "millionaire" bracket in its annual directory, which includes one woman, Elizabeth Gloster QC, and the heavyweight commercial silks Gordon Pollock QC and Jonathan Sumption QC.

On the solicitors' side, the findings that the law firm Slaughter and May is the most profitable in the City merely confirms what most lawyers – and their clients – already knew. One publication, *Legal Business*, in its Top 100, estimated that the equity partners are entitled to an estimated £275,000 each, and, according to the weekly *The Lawyer*, in its Top 50 the figure is £350,000. And *Commercial Lawyer* calculated that profits per partner at the firm were £330,000. Next, in descending order, are Allen & Overy, Freshfields, Linklaters and Clifford Chance, according to both *The Lawyer* and *Commercial Lawyer*. But according to *Legal Business*, after the City firms Slaughter and May and Allen & Overy comes the niche commercial Scottish firm Dickson Minto, followed by the City firms Richards Butler, Freshfields and Linklaters.

But why publish such figures? Borrowing a concept from the business world – because law firms are partnerships, they are not required to publish their accounts – the legal magazines have been involved in a battle of using their contacts – and insider "moles" – to get the figures for gross fees and calculate the profits per partner for the firms. Some firms are prepared to give precise figures while others will only confirm a ballpark figure, and a number simply do not co-operate at all. The gross figures do not show what the highest paid take home, as a significant amount will be paid back to run the firms' business. And for the Bar, there is the caveat that the million-a-year barristers also have to deduct overheads from the headline figure.

There are a few exceptions – most recently, the Scottish firm McGrigor Donald published its £20.6m turnover figures in an annual review last month, with the managing partner Kirk Murdoch commenting: "Although the review is a long way removed from all the information contained in company accounts, it is a step in the right direction. It lets clients see that the firm is successful with their support and not at their cost."

The first publication to do the "unthinkable" was *Legal Business* in 1993. Editor Martha Klein explains that the initial reason for publishing the figures was that "given the amount of money that corporate clients pay to their lawyers, those figures should be in the public domain so that corporate executives can get a better handle on the market; and also it lets the law firms measure themselves against their competitors. Greater transparency helps both the lawyers and their clients in their businesses."

There is also a more compelling reason, according to *The Lawyer*'s City editor, Robert Lindsay: "As legal high-flyers become more mobile, the profits which each firm can do out to its partners are becoming much more important."

Lawyers use these figures to make decisions about their careers.

The general view of in-house lawyers – who effectively instruct those law firms – is that the league tables are a good excuse to get publicity in the general press. The totally expected reaction has been in the middle-market tabloids, with the Labour MP Paul Flynn being quoted as having accused top commercial lawyers of being parasites: "These people contribute nothing at all to society."

The tables also give the Bar an opportunity to defend its own corner. Heather Hallett QC, chair of the Bar Council, says: "What the tables show is alarming. With City solicitors pushing to do more advocacy work, it will mean that they will be charging at those City firm rates, which can be much higher than the Bar – it shows that, pound for pound, barristers are better value."

Stephen Ball, managing director and chief general counsel at Nomura International, is another in-house lawyer who does not use the tables to pick lawyers: "As experienced users of legal services, we like to



Gordon Pollock QC, one of the top commercial silks

think that we use only the best," he says, "and we also like to think that we already know who they are. But it is good to have our choice as the best confirmed in the league tables."

One leading in-house lawyer, who uses a panel of five City law firms, says that the tables do not go far enough: "From my point of view, I am more interested in the service levels – and I would expect the good firms to be making healthy profits. The figures given in the various league tables are gross figures; the more interesting question to ask is what is being reinvested in the business – in technology, and in the most important resource – the people."

So the view from the business world is that "obviously, knowing the gross fees figures can be useful when negotiating the legal fees. But it is the law firms' business how they cut up the pie – what we want are happy lawyers, not knackered ones, because the business is not properly managed or not properly resourced." And the legal press, in publishing those league tables and their analyses of those figures, has also borrowed another concept from the business world, which applies to even the most profitable of the successful law firms – the profits warning.

Don't fight. Mediate your way out of the relationship

I WENT to a wedding recently where the bride's parents (each with their new partners) sat on opposite sides of the aisle. The wedding reception was a tense affair. Both the bride's father and stepfather made speeches but the animosity between them was evident – all very sad as the bride's parents had divorced some 10 years earlier.

Each year, about 300,000 couples marry, and 160,000 couples divorce. The divorce rate has stabilised over the last three to four years, but the popularity of marriage as an institution is in gradual decline. Some see this as a natural development in an increasingly Godless society. Others point to the unreality of an institution based on "till death us do part".

But there is increasing public awareness of the huge pain which divorce can inflict on families both in emotional and financial terms.

What part do lawyers play in all of this – an unpopular breed, whom the public regard as largely responsible for delay, acrimony and costs?

As the Family Law Act 1996 is phased in gradually so that the fault grounds for divorce are removed, now is the time when many will look at alternatives to the conventional legal process. Many couples are choosing the mediation option as a civilised means of resolving the disputes which arise when a relationship ends, such as whether to divorce or separate and what arrangements should be made

for the children, finance and accommodation.

Mediation has nothing to do with reconciliation, although this may conceivably be the by-product. Instead, couples meet with a trained mediator who will help them to identify the areas of disagreement and to explore the areas for settlement. The process is confidential and both parties will be encouraged to take independent legal advice at the end of it. Indeed, many mediators (including myself) are specialist family lawyers wearing a different hat.

Susannah and Alan came to see me in mediation earlier this year. Both agreed that the marriage was over, but were still living together. Both were anxious to see as much of the

OUR LEARNED FRIEND



KIM BEATSON

children as possible. Alan had formed a new relationship, and Susannah was upset about this and mindful of the effect this could have on the children. Both

had strong – and opposing – views as to whether the matrimonial home should be sold. In mediation, it was possible to agree a pattern of contact so that Alan could spend frequent time with the children. Alan was able to agree that the children should not be brought into contact with his girlfriend until the separation took place. It was agreed that the house should be sold but Susannah would receive a greater proportion of the proceeds to reflect the fact that Alan had superior pension provision. Both took the agreement to their own lawyers, an agreed settlement was reached and the legal costs were reduced considerably.

If the case had proceeded to a court hearing, costs on each side

could have totalled thousands of pounds with delays of a year or more. In mediation, a settlement can be reached in a matter of weeks. But the mediators still require detailed disclosure of financial circumstances.

Mediation is also suitable for cohabiting couples or same sex couples who may wish to consider arrangements concerning children, property ownership and housing.

The cost of mediation will be split between the couple in whatever proportion they agree. Typically, mediation sessions last one to two hours and lawyer mediators charge about £70 per person per session. Usually the process is completed in four sessions although this depends on the issues under discussion

and the complexity of the case. Selected services also offer mediation under the legal aid scheme to those who satisfy the relevant financial criteria.

If you are keen to achieve an amicable end to your marriage or relationship, then I urge you to consider mediation. It is impossible to walk away from a relationship where children are involved. School meetings, graduations and weddings mean that couples will continue to meet as parents. Mediation can help in creating an environment where those meetings will be in a spirit of respect and courtesy instead of the heat and animosity as a result of a legal battle.

Kim Beatson is a partner at Anthony Gold, Lerman & Muirhead

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NEW FILMS

BABYMOOTHER (15)
Director: Julian Henrichs
Starring: Anjela Lauren Smith, Will Johnson, Caroline Chikezie
An endearing reggae musical which takes an old idea and douses it in gaudy colours - quite literally, in fact, given that it sometimes looks as though the print has been splattered with Day-Glo paint. Anita (Anjela Lauren Smith) is a "baby-mother" - a woman saddled with children at a young age. She lives in north London and longs to be a reggae star, but her dreams are confounded not only by her responsibility to her son and daughter, but by her calculating father, who feels that his own imminent stardom would be jeopardised by Anita's success. The final musical showdown between the pair is clumsy, but for the most part, this is a fresh and engaging delight.
West End: Ritzy Cinema, Virgin Trocadero

COUSIN BETTE (15)
Director: Des McAnuff
Starring: Jessica Lange, Elisabeth Shue, Bob Hoskins
Bette's novel about romance and deception in 19th-century France is the basis for this shallow but breezy comedy. Jessica Lange plays Bette, who is appointed housekeeper to the family of her late cousin. In the pursuit of love in her own life, she inadvertently weaves a web of betrayal around everyone she knows - her cousin's daughter, Hortense (Kelly McDonald), her actress friend Penny Cadine (Elisabeth Shue), and most of all, her employer's son, a sculptor to whom Bette has fallen in love. Although the director Des McAnuff can't keep his film from wandering, there are enough precious comic moments to make it a pleasing diversion.
West End: ABC Baker Street, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Haymarket, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Swiss Cottage

SAVING PRIVATE RYAN (15)
Director: Steven Spielberg
Starring: Tom Hanks, Edward Burns, Matt Damon
Steven Spielberg's Second World War drama focuses on a mission with more than a hint of

public relations about it. Three brothers are killed in action, and their mother is about to receive the triple dose of bad news in one go; the fourth and youngest, James Ryan, is still in combat. Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks) is dispatched with his squad to seek out the young Private behind enemy lines and return him home to safety. It is unlikely that many viewers will emerge from the picture warmed by emotional catharsis, though there is plenty of it in evidence. It is the harsh, devastating battle sequences which are branded on the memory and which momentarily suggest that the film will be something more adventurous and resonant than your average war movie. It isn't. But the promise alone is, in itself, strangely compelling.

The real achievement of *Saving Private Ryan* is that Spielberg has managed to create anything remotely worthwhile out of Robert Rodat's screenplay. Rodat throws together so many clichés that at times it seems that most of Spielberg's energy is expended in distracting us from the tawdriness of the material. This he does most effectively in the combat scenes, where subjective sound and photography create a disturbing sense of chaos. It was an error to once again use John Williams as composer; but for most of these lapses of judgement there are compensations, most often found in the cast.
West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Clapham Picture House, Elephant & Castle Cinema, Empire Leicester Square, Hammersmith, Virgin, Notting Hill, Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, Screen on the Green, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin, Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero

LA VIE DE JESUS (THE LIFE OF JESUS) (NC)
Director: Bruno Dumont
Starring: David Douche, Marjorie Cottereau, Genevieve Cottereau, Kader Cheatoui
See *The Independent Recommends*, right
ICA Cinema

Ryan Gilbey

THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS



Film Ryan Gilbey
THE UNBLINKING, blank-eyed coolness of Bruno Dumont's *La Vie de Jésus* is mirrored in the inscrutable face of the film's main character, Freddy (David Douche) lives in a dull French town. His passions are his motorbike and his girlfriend, Marie (Marjorie Cottereau). He is a small fish in a small pond. Dumont's first feature comes on like *Los Olvidados* on downers; his characters are earthy and even ugly, but there is a plain sanctity in his depiction of them which approaches the essence of compassionate film-making.
On release
As someone who has resisted *The X-Files* on television, I found the movie version moderately enthralling. What I did warm to was the nicely understated, often dryly funny relationship between David Duchovny (above) and Gillian Anderson. There should have been more. As anyone who has caught his cameo on *The Larry Sanders Show* will testify, Duchovny can be a real goofball.
On release

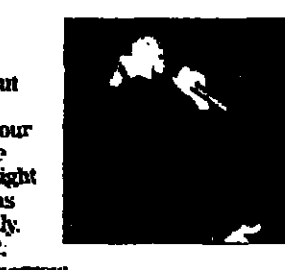
Theatre Dominic Cavendish
SUPERLATIVES have risen to flood-level for Jonathan Kent's production of Racine's *Phedre*. A visceral translation by Ted Hughes, a faultless central performance from Diana Rigg (right) as the desire-stricken stepmother, strong support (particularly from Toby Stephens as Hippolytus), five-star lighting and design. It's panic-busting time.
Albany Theatre, London WC2
(0171-389 1740) 7.30pm
The sculptor Anthony Caro has made his first foray into theatre, creating the set for Northern Broadsides' fearless staging of Samson Agonistes, Milton's beautiful verse tragedy, which was never intended for performance. Barrie Rutter stars as the blinded, incarcerated hero, who must grit his teeth before bringing the house down.
Viaduct, Dean Clough, Halifax (01422 255266) 7.45pm



Comedy James Rampton
IT IS SEVERAL years since Paul Merton - everyone's favourite curmudgeon on *Have I Got News For You* - ventured out on to the live circuit. In his brand-new show, *And This Is Me*, Merton discusses among other things "his critically acclaimed near-death experience and the truth about his short but instructive spell in the Maudsley Psychiatric Hospital". A brave choice of material.
Harlequin Theatre, Redhill, Surrey
(01737 765547) 8pm
They used to be every critic's favourite punchbag, but this year, the Cambridge Footlights have shut them up with a sparky show called *Between a Rock and a Hard Place*. Under the imaginative direction of Cal McCrystal from Peepolykus, the troupe perform some sparklingly energetic ensemble set pieces. And the good news is, there is not a single song about punting or cucumber sandwiches.
Uppingham Theatre, Uppingham (01572 822318) 7.30pm



Pop Tim Perry
LA RAPPERS Cypress Hill (right) have a reputation as lovers of the fragrant weed but their live shows have always provided excitement with large dollops of acute humour thrown in. Two comeback shows should see them running through old favourites like "Light Another" and "I Wanna Get High" as well as material from their fourth album, out shortly.
Astoria, London W1 (0171-434 0404) tonight
University, Manchester (0161-275 2930) tomorrow
Perhaps the biggest-ever celebration of Native American music and culture in the UK takes place with the Native Rites event. Free daytime activities include storytelling, dancing, instrumental workshops and exhibitions while in the evening a grand concert is headlined by John Trudell. His AKA *Graffiti Man*, a mix of rock, blues and spoken word, is apparently one of Bob Dylan's all-time favourite discs. Also appearing are Nebraska flautist and dancer Robert Tree Cody, storyteller Gayle Ross and there's dancing and more music from the Gathering of Nations.
Barbican, London EC2 (0171-638 8891) tomorrow from 1pm; concert at 7.30pm



GENERAL RELEASE

ARMAGEDDON (12)
This deeply stupid film purports to be a tender love story, a meaty action adventure and a global disaster movie in which a meteor is on a collision course with Earth. Its jumble of styles will end up pleasing no one.

BARNEY'S GREAT ADVENTURE (U)
Feature-length exploits for the big, jolly dinosaur. Ideal for the undemanding pre-school viewer, an endurance test for anyone else.

LE BOSSU (15)
Sumptuous swashbucklers are fast becoming French cinema's stock-in-trade. This effort doesn't break much new ground, but is acted and shot with such magnificent grandeur that its lack of originality is never a problem.

DR DOLITTLE (PG)
The thought of Eddie Murphy functioning within the restrictions of a PG certificate may not be a promising one but in the snappy new film version of Dr Doolittle he shows that his talents are more pliable than they might have first appeared.

EVE'S BAYOU (15)
Rites-of-passage drama set in Louisiana locations which have been debated by too many Southern Comfort ads. Despite some intuitive observations, this feels for the most part like reheated *Fried Green Tomatoes*.

FIRELIGHT (15)
Starchy 19th-century melodrama starring Sophie Marceau as a Swiss governess who bears a child for the wealthy aristocrat Stephen Dillane, then devotes the rest of her life to finding the girl.

GADJO DILO (15)
Stéphane, a young Parisian, journeys through rural Romania on a quest for Nora Luca, the gypsy singer whose music he discovered through his father. There is a warmth and humour to the storytelling and an integrity which pushes this film beyond being mere sentimental travelogue.

GODZILLA (PG)
The team which cooked up *Independence Day* is generally very adept at constructing enjoyable adventures. In this case, their light touch has deserted them.

HE GOT GAME (18)
The plot of Spike Lee's muddled tale is pure poppycock: Jake Shuttleworth (Denzel Washington) is doing time for the murder of his wife but is offered a deal which could cut short his sentence if he can persuade his basketball-star son to sign up with the Governor's alma mater. Lee coaxes an impressive performance from Washington but it is his own stylistic excesses which are the film's undoing.

THE HORSE WHISPERER (PG)
Robert Redford's over-long and deeply indulgent film of Nicholas Evans's novel is a textbook lesson in the narcissistic allure of cinema. Redford plays a Montana farmer who specialises in equine psychology. He agrees to help New York magazine editor Kristin Scott Thomas whose daughter has been traumatised in a riding accident.

THE LAND GIRLS (12)
Rachel Weisz, Anna Friel and Catherine McCormack are the "land girls" called upon in the Second World War to pick up the discarded ploughs and take the place of the farmers who have departed for war. Nothing surprising here - sexual awakening, broad laughs, a smattering of tragedy - but very nicely done.

THE LAST DAYS OF DISCO (15)
In the fictional club at the centre of *Whit*, Syllman's dry and slightly sad comedy, everything sparkles - under the light from the ceiling, the dancers are united in their absent-minded beauty. Syllman does a fine job of capturing the mixture of flair, invigoration and uncertainty by which any burgeoning trend is characterised and it's refreshing to find a work that is this enchanting and intelligent.

THE LITTLE MERMAID (U)
After years of churning out sub-standard animated features, this sprightly adaptation of Hans Christian Andersen's story began a string of hits for the rejuvenated Disney Studios.

LOCK, STOCK & TWO SMOKING BARRELS (18)
Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels follows the lead of Quentin Tarantino, but the film's defining characteristic is its resilient morality. The picture is peopled by thugs, both amateur and professional. Young Eddy, who comes unstuck in a high stakes card game, falls into the former; but Hatchet Harry, to whom he owes £500,000, is a dangerous old-school pro.

LOST IN SPACE (PG)
Yet another cult 1990s television series gets an expensive makeover but the film-makers have remained faithful to the original tone and the movie looks terrific. William Hurt stars as a frosty scientist who journeys with his family into space to save the Earth from destruction and, of course, learns how to bond with his kids in the process.

THE MAGIC SWORD: QUEST FOR CAMELOT (U)
The first full-length product of Warners' new animation division, this looks and sounds, thanks to the inevitable Celio Dine, even cheaper than the average Disney effort. But beneath the surface there's an edge of genuine weirdness that will keep parents entertained, if it doesn't scare the children out of their wits.

MR NICE GUY (15)
This largely disappointing addition to Jackie Chan's oeuvre has its moments - a fight scene on a construction site is a particular delight. But the combination of comedy and adventure doesn't gel; it may be the first Chan film that wouldn't even look good if you were plastered.

THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION (15)
Comedy in which Paul Rudd confounds his flatmate Jennifer Aniston's dreams of weddings and joint burial plots by turning out to be gay.

PAULIE (U)
Once the muse of indie legend John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands here has the chance to work with a talking parrot. Voiced by Jay Mohr, Paulie is the wisecracking bird who takes a wry look at human foibles in this likeable kids' movie.

THE PROPOSITION (12)
Dismal period drama in which feminist writer Madeleine Stowe and priest Kenneth Branagh become entangled after she discovers her fat-cat husband (William Hurt) is unable to father a child. Salacious tous.

SPECIES II (18)
Ludicrous science-fiction horror about a strand of alien DNA carried back to earth in the bodies of astronauts. Cornball dialogue and a healthy abundance of sex and violence make this passable B-movie fun.

THE WEDDING SINGER (12)
Shamelessly dumb but very winning comedy about a romantic wedding singer (Adam Sandler) who falls for a waitress (Drew Barrymore), only to find that she's already engaged to someone else.

THE X-FILES (15)
David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson reprise their roles as FBI agents Mulder and Scully and, for their first big-screen outing, get a meaty conundrum to chew on involving a shifty secret government and a deadly virus from outer space. Duchovny and Anderson are most engaging; through little dialogue and even less facial movement they manage to convey great tenderness.

CINEMA WEST END

ABC BAKER STREET
(0171-935 9772) @ Baker Street
Cousin Bette 12.00pm, 3.40pm, 6.00pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The Last Days of Disco 1.40pm, 3.50pm, 5.50pm, 8.40pm

ABC PHANTOM STREET
(0171-930 0631) @ Piccadilly Circus
The Big Lebowski 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
Jackie Brown 1.30pm, 4.40pm, 7.45pm, 10.10pm

ABC PIZZADILLY
(0171-437 3561) @ Piccadilly Circus
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

ABC SHAPESHIFTER AVENUE
(0171-435 6279) @ Leicester Square
Squid & The Devil 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

ABC SWISS CENTRE
(0171-439 4470) @ Leicester Square
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

ABC TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
(0171-636 6148) @ Tottenham Court Road
The Last Days of Disco 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

BARBICAN SCREEN
(0171-382 7000) @ Moorgate
The Object of My Affection 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

CHELSEA CINEMA
(0171-351 3742) @ Sloane Square
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

CLAPHAM PICTURE HOUSE
(0171-498 2242) @ Clapham Common
The Horse Whisperer 1.30pm, 5.00pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

CURZON MAYFAIR
(0171-369 1720) @ Green Park
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE CORONET
(0171-703 4968) @ Elephant & Castle
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

EMPIRE LEICESTER SQUARE
(0171-437 1234) @ Leicester Square
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

HAMMERSMITH VIRGIN
(0870-9070716) @ Ravenscourt Road
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

ICA CINEMA
(0171-254 6677) @ Charing Cross
The Last Days of Disco 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

METRO
(0171-437 0757) @ Piccadilly Circus
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

NOTTING HILL CORONET
(0171-727 6705) @ Notting Hill
Cousin Bette 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm

CINEMA EAST END

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN
(0181-315 4229) @ Camden Town
Cousin Bette 12.00pm, 2.50pm, 5.45pm, 8.15pm, 10.45pm
The Last Days of Disco 12.45pm, 3.25pm, 6.00pm, 8.50pm, 12.05pm
Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.40pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm, 8.55pm, 11.30pm
Saving Private Ryan 12.30pm, 4.10pm, 7.45pm, 11.15pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3pm, 5.55pm, 8.40pm, 11.20pm

ODEON HAYMARKET
(0181-315 4212) @ Piccadilly
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON KENSINGTON
(0181-315 4214) @ High Street
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE
(0181-315 4215) @ Leicester Square
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON MARBLE ARCH
(0181-315 4218) @ Marble Arch
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON NOTTING HILL
(0181-315 4219) @ Notting Hill
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON SWISS COTTAGE
(0181-315 4220) @ Swiss Cottage
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
(0171-636 6148) @ Tottenham Court Road
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON VICTORIA
(0171-369 1720) @ Victoria
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITE CHURCH
(0171-369 1720) @ White Church
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
(0171-369 1720) @ Whitehall
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
(0171-369 1720) @ Whitehall
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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
(0171-369 1720) @ Whitehall
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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
(0171-369 1720) @ Whitehall
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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
(0171-369 1720) @ Whitehall
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

CINEMA EAST END

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN
(0181-315 4229) @ Camden Town
Cousin Bette 12.00pm, 2.50pm, 5.45pm, 8.15pm, 10.45pm
The Last Days of Disco 12.45pm, 3.25pm, 6.00pm, 8.50pm, 12.05pm
Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.40pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm, 8.55pm, 11.30pm
Saving Private Ryan 12.30pm, 4.10pm, 7.45pm, 11.15pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3pm, 5.55pm, 8.40pm, 11.20pm

ODEON HAYMARKET
(0181-315 4212) @ Piccadilly
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON KENSINGTON
(0181-315 4214) @ High Street
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE
(0181-315 4215) @ Leicester Square
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON MARBLE ARCH
(0181-315 4218) @ Marble Arch
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON NOTTING HILL
(0181-315 4219) @ Notting Hill
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON SWISS COTTAGE
(0181-315 4220) @ Swiss Cottage
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
(0171-636 6148) @ Tottenham Court Road
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON VICTORIA
(0171-369 1720) @ Victoria
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITE CHURCH
(0171-369 1720) @ White Church
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
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The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
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Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
(0171-369 1720) @ Whitehall
Cousin Bette 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm

ODEON WHITEHALL
(0171-369 1720

WARNER VILLAGE (0181-427 9009) *Harrow-On-The-Hill Armageddon* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
Dr Dollittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm
The Horse Whisperer 10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm
Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 2.35pm, 5.05pm, 7.20pm, 9.45pm, 12.10pm
Lost In Space 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.15pm
Private Ryan 12.40pm, 1pm, 4.10pm, 4.30pm, 7.40pm, 8pm, 11.05pm, 11.25pm
Species II 12.00pm, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.30pm, 9pm, 11.20pm
The X-Files 10.10am, 12.50pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

HOLLOWAY (0181-315 4213) *Holloway Armageddon* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
Dr Dollittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm
The Horse Whisperer 10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm
Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 2.35pm, 5.05pm, 7.20pm, 9.45pm, 12.10pm
Lost In Space 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.15pm
Private Ryan 12.40pm, 1pm, 4.10pm, 4.30pm, 7.40pm, 8pm, 11.05pm, 11.25pm
Species II 12.00pm, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.30pm, 9pm, 11.20pm
The X-Files 10.10am, 12.50pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

ILFORD (0181-315 4223) *Gangs Hill* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
Dr Dollittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm
The Horse Whisperer 10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm
Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 2.35pm, 5.05pm, 7.20pm, 9.45pm, 12.10pm
Lost In Space 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.15pm
Private Ryan 12.40pm, 1pm, 4.10pm, 4.30pm, 7.40pm, 8pm, 11.05pm, 11.25pm
Species II 12.00pm, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.30pm, 9pm, 11.20pm
The X-Files 10.10am, 12.50pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

KINGSTON (0181-315 4213) *Holloway Armageddon* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
Dr Dollittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm
The Horse Whisperer 10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm
Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 2.35pm, 5.05pm, 7.20pm, 9.45pm, 12.10pm
Lost In Space 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.15pm
Private Ryan 12.40pm, 1pm, 4.10pm, 4.30pm, 7.40pm, 8pm, 11.05pm, 11.25pm
Species II 12.00pm, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.30pm, 9pm, 11.20pm
The X-Files 10.10am, 12.50pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

MUSWELL HILL (0181-315 4217) *Highgate* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
Dr Dollittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm
The Horse Whisperer 10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm
Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 2.35pm, 5.05pm, 7.20pm, 9.45pm, 12.10pm
Lost In Space 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.15pm
Private Ryan 12.40pm, 1pm, 4.10pm, 4.30pm, 7.40pm, 8pm, 11.05pm, 11.25pm
Species II 12.00pm, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.30pm, 9pm, 11.20pm
The X-Files 10.10am, 12.50pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

PECKHAM (0181-235 3008) *Peckham Rye Armageddon* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
Dr Dollittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm
The Horse Whisperer 10am, 1.40pm, 5.20pm, 8.50pm
Stock & Two Smoking Barrels 12.10pm, 2.35pm, 5.05pm, 7.20pm, 9.45pm, 12.10pm
Lost In Space 12.10pm, 2.50pm, 5.35pm, 8.30pm, 11.15pm
Private Ryan 12.40pm, 1pm, 4.10pm, 4.30pm, 7.40pm, 8pm, 11.05pm, 11.25pm
Species II 12.00pm, 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.30pm, 9pm, 11.20pm
The X-Files 10.10am, 12.50pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

PURLEY (0181-315 4217) *Highgate* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
Dr Dollittle 11.30am, 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 5.30pm, 7.30pm, 9.30pm, 11.30pm
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PUTNEY (0181-315 4217) *Highgate* 10.20pm, 1.30pm, 4.50pm, 8.10pm, 11.30pm
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The X-Files 10.10am, 12.50pm, 3.40pm, 6.30pm, 9.20pm, 11.50pm

THEATRE WEST END
Ticket availability details are for today; times and prices for the week; running times include intervals. — Seats at all prices — Seats at some prices. O: Out of town. M: Matinee. — Sun: Sun. [3]: Tue. [4]: Wed. [5]: Thu. [6]: Fri. [7]: Sat.

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS Michael Foy's new comedy about a dinner party which is interrupted by mysterious messages stars Felicity Kendal and Josie Lawrence. Gielgud Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-494 5065) *Alarms and Excursions* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

ART STACY David Dukes, George Wood in *Art Stacy*, a comedy about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Art Stacy* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

AS YOU LIKE IT A literary comedy from Shakespeare contrasting the court and the natural world. The Globe Theatre, New Globe Walk, SE1 (0171-401 9919) *As You Like It* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST A musical based on the popular fairy tale. Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, W1 (0171-636 1888) *Beauty and the Beast* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

BLOOD BROTHERS Willy Russell's musical about two boys who are separated at birth and reunited. Phoenix Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1733) *Blood Brothers* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE BLUE ROOM A comedy about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Blue Room* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

BUDDY A musical about a boy who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Buddy* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

CATS Lloyd Webber's musical about a group of cats who live in a tenement building. Sondheim Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-405 0072) *Cats* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

CLOSER A play about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Closer* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE A musical about William Shakespeare. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

CRUISING A play about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Cruising* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

DR DOLITTLE Philip Schofield's play about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Dr Dolittle* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

GREASE A musical about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Grease* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME A musical about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE INVISIBLE MAN A play about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Invisible Man* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

JURIS A play about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Juris* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE LADY BOYS OF BANGKOK A musical about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Lady Boys of Bangkok* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE A play about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Merchant of Venice* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE A play about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Merchant of Venice* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE MOUSETRAP Agatha Christie's whodunnit. St Martin's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Mousetrap* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

PEONY FAMILION A musical about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *Peony FAMILION* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.50-E23.50.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA A musical about a man who is a painter and a comedian. Wyndham's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-369 1736) *The Phantom of the Opera* (PG) 7.45pm, [5][7] 3pm, E10-E25.50, previews E8.

FRIDAY RADIO

PICK OF THE DAY

ROGET'S THESAURUS ranks alongside William Tyndale's English translation of the Bible and Dr Johnson's dictionary as one of the best books that have not merely changed the English language, but have also changed the way we think about words. In *A Gothic Cathedral* (11am R4), Simon Fanshawe (right) investigates the book and its maker, Peter Roget, who wanted

to apply to language the same principles of classification that he used in biology. There is more biological thinking applied to the human world in *Beauty and the Beasts* (9pm R4), a snobbish comedy in which a Jane Goodall-type primatologist (Stella Gonet) finds that her experience among the apes comes in handy when dealing with the decorators.

ROBERT HANKS



RADIO 5 LIVE

(893, 90.9MHz MW)
9.00 Breakfast.
9.00 Nicky Campbell.
12.00 The Midday News.
1.00 Ruscoe and Co.
4.00 Nationwide.
7.00 News Extra.
7.30 Alan Green's Sportnight.
After topical chat with this evening's guests, commentary from Pront Park, where Tottenham Rovers play Huddersfield Town in the First Division.
10.00 Late Night Live. Insight and comment on the day's big issues with Brian Hayes. Including Papertalk, 10.30 sport round-up, 11.00 the late night news, and 11.15 The Financial World Tonight.
1.00 Up All Night.
5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

CLASSIC FM
(100.0-101.9MHz FM)
6.00 Nick Bailey. 8.00 Henry Kelly. 12.00 Requests. 2.00 Concert. 3.00 Jamie Cullum. 6.30 Newswatch. 7.00 Smooth Classics at Seven. 9.00 Evening Concert. 11.00 Alan Mann. 2.00 Concerto. 3.00 - 6.00 Mark Griffiths.

VIRGIN RADIO
(125.157-125.014MHz MW 105.9MHz FM)
6.30 Jonathan Ross. 9.30 Bobby Hain. 1.00 Nick Abbot. 4.00 Mark Forrest. 7.00 Wheels of Steel. 11.00 James Merritt. 2.00 - 6.00 Howard Pearce.

WORLD SERVICE
(168kHz LW)
1.00 Newsdesk. 1.30 From the Weeklies. 1.45 Britain Today. 2.00 Newsdesk. 2.30 Stories from the Afterlife. 2.45 Short Story. 3.00 Newsdesk. 3.30 Crime and Punishment. 4.00 World News. 4.05 World Business Report. 4.45 Sports Roundup. 4.30 Weekend. 5.00 Newsdesk. 5.30 Outlook. 5.55 - 6.00 Spotlight.

TALK RADIO
7.00 Bill Overton and Kirsty Young. 9.00 Scott Chisholm. 11.00 Lorraine Kelly. 1.00 Anna Rasmussen. 3.00 Tommy Boyd. 5.00 Peter Dealey. 7.00 Nick Abbot. 10.00 Mike Allen. 2.00 - 6.00 Mike Dickinson.

RADIO 4

(92.4-94.6MHz FM)
6.00 Today.
9.00 In the Psychiatrist's Chair. 9.45 The Owl's Watchsong. 10.00 NEWS. 10.00 Woman's Hour. 10.00 NEWS. A Gothic Cathedral. See Pick of the Day. 11.00 Bobblewick Hall. 12.00 NEWS. You and Yours. 12.57 Weather. 1.00 The World at One. 1.30 Foul Play. 2.00 NEWS. The Archers. 2.25 Afternoon Play. Legal Affairs. (R) 3.00 NEWS. Check Up. 3.30 Blind Man on the Rampage. 3.45 Feedback. 4.00 NEWS. Open Book. 4.30 The Message. 5.00 PM. 6.00 Six O'Clock News. 6.30 The News Quiz. 7.00 NEWS. The Archers. 7.15 Front Row. Francine Stock chairs the night's arts programme. 7.45 Dear Jayne Browne. 'End of Innocence' by Nick Fisher. Voices from the past call Jayne back to a final reckoning and reveal crucial clues to the identity of her nameless correspondent. With Jill Balcan, Stella Gonet, Angela Pleasence and Valerie Sam. Director Celia de Wolff (5/5). 8.00 NEWS. The Commission. Nick Ross invites panels of public figures to hear expert evidence on an issue of current concern and reach practical conclusions to resolve the problem. 3. 'Education'. With Lord Clement Jones, Ruth

RADIO 4 LW

(168kHz)
9.45 - 10.00 An Act of Worship. 12.00 - 12.04 News Headlines. Shipping Forecast. 5.54 - 5.57 Shipping Forecast.

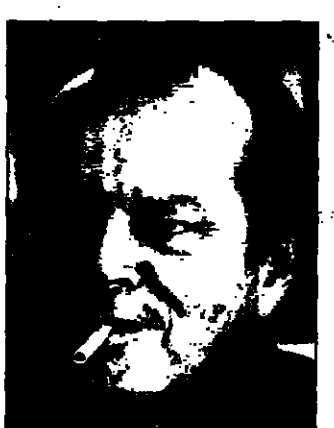
SATELLITE AND CABLE

PICK OF THE DAY

DIRECTOR TIM BURTON has a quirky eye - remember the idiosyncratic worlds he conjured up in *Edward Scissorhands* and *Beetlejuice*? In *Mars Attacks!* (9pm Sky Movie Max), he brings his distinctive vision to this clever, darkly humorous homage to 1950s B-movies. Receiving its satellite premiere tonight, the film features Jack Nicholson (right) as the US president whose country comes under attack from hostile

Martians. A top-class supporting cast features Glenn Close, Annette Bening, Faye Dunaway, Pam Grier and Tom Jones. This is a big night for fans of the *Simpsons* (7pm Sky 1) - they are treated to a quadruple bill of their favourite series. The sitcom remains the most acute social satire on US television, purely because the animated figures can get away with things real-life characters never could.

JAMES RAMPTON



(6002169, 7.30 Arthur C Clarke's Mysterious World (2880353), 8.00 Lonely Planet (7076850), 9.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 9.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 10.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 10.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 11.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 11.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 12.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 12.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 1.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 1.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 2.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 2.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 3.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 3.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 4.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 4.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 5.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 5.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 6.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 6.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 7.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 7.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 8.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 8.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 9.00 Medical Detectives (322243), 9.30 Medical Detectives (322243), 10.00 Medical 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